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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JULY 1, 1953

26 JUN 1953

Vol. 21, No. 5

THE MOTHER ON THE BATTLESHIP

NOT so long ago there was the Royal Spithead Review. There were so many miles of ships—300 of them from 16 nations—that the eye couldn't see the end of them.

And what does a woman do?

A bosun's wife picks that moment to give birth to a baby on Britain's biggest aircraft-carrier.

There were two types of comment on this rare occurrence.

One was exclamatory.

"Have you ever heard of such stupidity!" it went. "Imagine even boarding a battleship in such a condition!"

The other had admiration touching the edges of its pleased amusement.

"Good for the girls of the modern breed," this one ran. "Nothing daunts them."

If you shared in the first comment, you must agree, on reflection, that the second had something.

If this mother is anything like the thousands of others having babies in this uncertain world, the risks of such a jaunt wouldn't daunt her. She copes with more than that every day.

There's her husband's pay envelope, and the rent and the shopping; there's housing, and the cost of clothing and rearing yet another baby.

Why should she let several fleets, plus a baby, stop her from seeing one of the sights of the century?

Good luck to her.

Our cover:

● Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara and their children were photographed by staff photographer Ron Berg on a deck of the P. and O. liner Strathmore, soon after they travelled by plane from their North Coast home at Bellingen to Sydney to board the ship on their way to England. The children were very excited, and as the ship moved from the wharf they pointed to other boats, trains on the Harbor Bridge, and "birdies" (gulls).

This week:

● The Quads' mother has acquired additional fame on the North Coast by winning a contest which aimed at finding the resident who most closely resembled the Queen. Photographs of the five finalists were shown on the screen of a Coff's Harbor picture theatre on Coronation night. Betty Sara won by a big majority when the audience of about 600 cast their votes for the candidates. The picture of Mrs. Sara was taken by the Marie Hunt Studios in the town. On pages 28 and 29 are more pictures and a story of the Quads, giving their reaction to shipboard life.

Next week:

● Food and cookery expert Charmian Maynard has prepared a winter cookery section with so many interesting and unusual recipes in it that keen cooks will feel like making for the kitchen at once to try some of them. As they watch the resulting dishes being polished off by the family with appropriate comments they will be more pleased than ever. There are recipes for all occasions, including a buffet supper-party, which has a special color page devoted to it. Other pages deal with "sausages and sundries," snacks round the fire, and meatless meals.

Novel of mixed-up loves in genteel England

Book review by GEORGINA MORLEY

AUTHOR Robert Henriques is a gifted writer whose past novels have earned just praise. It is doubtful, however, if his latest book, "A Stranger Here," will add to his credit as a story-teller.

With more attention to telling his story clearly, Mr. Henriques could have produced a worthwhile novel. Instead, his concentration on a literary style clutters the story with a world of irrelevancy.

He presents as his hero Will Bowar, successful farmer and civic-minded citizen beyond middle-age.

Will has a devoted wife, Lucy, several married daughters, a single daughter who believes in free love, and a son even less interested than his sister is in a moral existence.

He also has a strong, silent affection for Grace Jones, an attractive nurse in her mid-30's who analyses every thought and action.

Grace is nurse to the dying Mrs. Sirrier, wife of George Sirrier, an undersized millionaire whose country home is next to Will Bowar's farm. George, who feels that a successful amorous life compensates him for his lack of stature, is also in love with Grace—though not as nobly as Will is.

The author emphasises countryman Bowar's taciturnity and business-like toughness. But the emphasis on these traits becomes unbelievable on a night when the two men meet with personal tragedy.

It is quite a busy night. George Sirrier's wife dies. Will Bowar's wife's tortering mind slips over the edge of sanity. Then both

men walk into the cottage occupied by a farm foreman and find ample evidence that Will's daughter, Helen, has spent an anything but innocent evening there.

That is a tiresome enough night for anyone, but more follows. A midnight journey to London takes both men to a night-club, where they learn once and for all that their sons will never be satisfactory citizens.

Yet, after all this, Will Bowar thinks how funny his best country boots must have looked in "that night-club place," and George Sirrier mentions that he has asked Grace Jones to marry him.

In the last pages the workings of Will Bowar's mind, never really clear to the reader, become decidedly peculiar; Grace Jones' rather spiritless personality takes too sudden a leap into wild abandon, and daughter Helen, living a life which would distress most parents, is commended for her sense in other matters.

Although even the simplest greeting between friends carries a multitude of irrelevant thought—much of it written staccato fashion—Mr. Henriques fails to properly introduce some of his characters to his readers.

At first meeting, Barry, a solicitor, is described as an honest but somewhat vulgar man. In case this unfortunate characteristic escapes

observation, whole paragraphs throughout the rest of the story are devoted unnecessarily to it. Actually, Barry seems to be one of the few down-to-earth people in the book.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 188 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4088W, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 24 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 183C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 40 Belling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

A GIRL TO AVOID

**He was wise enough to know he
had enough problems on his hands
without adding romance to them**

By
**PHYLLIS
DUGANNE**

*No offence meant," said the
man and bowed elaborately
to Eleanor and the angry
Travers.*

THE heavy walnut table was covered with papers, and the papers were covered with figures. The bills were for the most part paid; a small pile, beneath a glass paperweight, were recent arrivals. A new dress for Peggy, the final payment on Carol's typewriter, some annuals which his mother had bought.

Outside, Sid Vernon's yellow roadster slid quietly down the street. Time marches on, Travers Gilmore thought. Five years ago he and Sid had entered college together. For a year Trav had been a college man. Then, with his father's death, overnight he became a family man, and it was as though he had been lifted bodily into an older generation than Sid's.

He looked back at the figures. The budget, reflected Trav, was going to have to budge. An irresistible force was going to have to be stronger than an immovable object, because the money for his Spanish lessons was an irresistible expenditure.

"Vaya, vaya," he encouraged himself aloud. He added, for good measure, "Valgame Dios." The sound of the syllables enchanted him and the walls of the room faded away . . .

Hot sunlight beat upon the striped awning of the cafe terrace, Bougainvillea vines and exotic flowers bloomed riotously. A girl, her skirt swinging from her hips as she walked, glanced with interest at the young man seated at a table. He was obviously a norteamericano, with his blue eyes and red hair.

Interest changed to recognition. It was Senor Gilmore, the South American manager of the Peabody Glass Works, who arose, murmuring in his perfect Spanish, "Buenas dias."

Trav opened his eyes and the world about him moved considerably north of the equator. Through the open window he saw Carol coming up the garden path. The girl beside her was a stranger to him, and his casual glance became suddenly intent.

She was a slender girl, ash-blond. Something about her was so different from any girl he knew that he was unable to look away.

Carol waved. "Trav! Come out!"

"Can't," he answered. "I'm busy!"

The strange girl looked up. She did not smile, but her eyes spoke to him.

"Oh, come on," said Carol.

He shook his head. The last thing which his budget included was girls. Girls always cost money.

He heard the screen door slam, the murmur of feminine voices below. It was a month since Nathan Peabody had asked him, "You don't happen to speak Spanish, do you, Trav?" and Trav asked why.

For one hundred and fifty years the Peabody Glass Works had been in existence, producing ordinary glassware. Nathan Peabody commenced an era of specialisation. Now, the bulk of their production consisted of private orders. Monogrammed goblets, plates, and platters and bowls riched with coats of arms or other individual patterns.

Bill Gilmore, Trav's father, had been their chief designer, and Trav's earliest memories were of exquisite sketches, made often on this table where he was sitting, and the



Illustrated by

John Miller

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Ask for the Extra Large size, the real economy buy for family use.

The boy was young to be left alone, but the courage of his forefathers ran true in his blood

Claws of the Cat

BY STUART CLOETE

IN his firmest voice, the boy said, "I am old enough."

"He is old enough," his father said from the bed.

"He's only twelve," the woman said.

"And I'm not afraid," the boy said.

"That's it," his mother said, putting her hand on his shoulder. "It makes me afraid that you are afraid of nothing."

"It's his blood," his father said. "He has bold blood from both sides."

"Ja, Jan!" the woman said. "And look where our boldness has got us. Because of it you are crippled."

"I shall get well," the man said. "The doctor has promised it. Besides, how could I refuse to ride the horse? If there had been no rain he would not have slipped and fallen on me."

"I have Moskou!" the boy said, pointing to the big hound, half-foxhound and half-collie. "And I have the gun."

"He's young to leave alone on the farm," the woman said again.

She looked round the kitchen. She looked at the door of the great oven where she baked bread, where her mother had baked bread before her. At the wood-burning stove, at the clay floors so carefully smeared each day with cow dung from the bucket outside the door. She looked at the wall recess that held the crockery.

This was reality to her. All that was real in the world. Her home, her husband, her son. She had been born here and had never slept away from the place, except when they went camping each year by the sea, till she was grown up.

And now she must leave all this and go with her husband to Capetown to the hospital. The doctor had said she must be there, just in case. Besides, she knew that Jan would not be happy if she was not near him. Like a big black-bearded baby was this bold husband of hers.

"Kaaptad, Capetown," she said to herself. "And in a motor-car." She had never been in a car. But it would get them there in a day, and it would take five with horses. Besides, the horses had never been in a town any more than she had. And though she could drive them in the open veldt and over the mountains, she would be as frightened as they in a great town.

A bed had been moved into the kitchen because it was easier to take care of her husband there. A man put his head into the half-door and said, "It is here." That was the motor-car.

"I do not hear it," she said.

"It's a new one," he said. "It moves very quietly."

"You have the gun," the man said.

"Ja, pa, I have the gun."

The man and the boy stared at the old Mauser hanging from a nail on the wall. The nail was as old as the house, hand-forged.

"And the dog," the man said.

"Ja, and the dog."

Two men came in, followed by the doctor. He said, "We'll take you now, Jan, if you're ready."

"I'm ready," he said.

The two men picked Jan Swart up. He was a big man, and they staggered under his weight. His wife followed them to the car, and the boy followed his mother.

The doctor propped the sick man up, wedging him in the corner of the back seat. "Get in, wife," he said.

Jappie pushed past her to kiss his father.

"Do not fear for me," his father said.

"I cannot die. I can only be killed. It is not reasonable to think that I shall be the first of my race to die in bed like a woman."

"Be good," his mother said, "and take care of yourself." She got in beside his father and wiped her eyes on a blue cotton handkerchief.

The doctor took the wheel. The car started.

The boy shouted, "Good-bye, tot siens, till I see you."

"Tot siens," shouted his father.

The car grew smaller. In a few minutes it had stopped being a real car and became a toy. Then it stopped being even that. It disappeared behind a shoulder of the hill and was gone.

Then Herman Smit, the bigger of the two men, said, "It's gone. If you have any trouble, Jappie, come over to us."

His brother said, "Yes, come. And one of us will ride over every now and again to see how you are doing."

"Baie dankie," the boy said; "very thank you, but I shall be all right."

He watched them go up the face of the hill, the pink heath closing about their knees as they climbed. They, too, got smaller and smaller. He saw them reach the top of the hill, where the white limestone was bare from the last-year burn. They turned and waved to him. Then their legs disappeared, their bodies, their heads.

Now he was really alone. Moskou pushed his head into his hand. He cracked a little higher than his hand, because without bending the boy could hold his collar.

Moskou was yellow all over, with a thick, smooth coat, and eyes like yellow, black-centred agates. The only other black things about him were his wet nose and the short hard nails of his round, catlike feet. He stood twenty-seven inches at the shoulder and had the legs of a foxhound, strong and straight, set on at the corners of his body. Round his neck he had a ruff of thicker hair from his collie mother.

It seemed now as if he knew his responsibility. As if they knew they were alone on the farm, the sole protectors of the homestead and the stock, because he came closer to the boy, his great shoulders rubbing against Jappie's thigh.

Alone, the boy thought as he stroked the dog's head and gently pulled his ears. He was not afraid, but he was uneasy. It was a new experience, and a great responsibility. The silence of the hills and their mystery fell upon him, covering him like a cloak. A green-and-scarlet sugarbird flew into the pomegranate by the orchard gate. Then it, too, flew away and the world seemed quite empty.

He thought of his mother and tears came into his eyes. He thought of how she had married his father. She had told him the tale many times. Of how he had come courting her on the strong wild horses he was breaking, and how her heart had fluttered like a bird in her breast when she saw this great bearded man on a big wild horse.

Breaking and training horses and oxen for draft and saddle was his business and his pleasure. He was also a kind of vet, attending animals when they were sick and curing many of them with simple country remedies. He had a great way with dumb things, and his wife often laughed about it, saying, "I was as tame as a cow with that man from the first."

People paid him for his work in cash and in kind, but mostly in kind, so that he had effects of all sorts on his place. Crippled animals that had been given to him, broken ploughs and carts, poultry, and the like, that he doctored up or mended and sold. People said, "If you can do anything with that, you can have it." And he took it.

He had the friendship of all, for they sent for him only when they needed help, and were always glad to see him when he came.

At first, though his coming had made his mother's heart flutter, she had not wished to marry him because of his wild-

ness and his lack of education. But when she had inherited the farm and he had said, "My heart, let us go into the mountains together and farm the place," she had agreed. Because otherwise she would have had to sell it, and big as it was—it was eight thousand acres—it was worth little, being all mountain, bush, and forest.

So thirteen years they had lived on Baviaansfontein—Baboon Spring—and he had tamed it a little, building dams, clearing bush and ploughing patches of arable land that they had discovered among the trees and rocks.

And now all this was in Jappie's hands—with the stock, four horses, six cows, four calves, eight oxen, one mule, a flock of twenty almost pure merinos and the poultry.

Now, till his parents came back, he was the master of all this. All, now, looked to him. It seemed to him that even the wheat in the land below the house swung in the breeze towards him saying, "Keep the beasts from eating us up." And the chickens walking on the short grass near the house said, "Protect us at night from the wild, prowling thieves."

His father had said he was old enough, and he was. But only just. His father had said he must not be afraid, and he was not afraid. Not much afraid. But his blood and his nerve were untested, like a young soldier going into battle for the first time. What he was most afraid of was being afraid.

His work he knew. All of it—feeding, milking, herding, weeding. All of it he had done many times before, but never with no one to talk to about it. This was the first thing he noticed.

When he found that the black hen, sitting in a barrel, had hatched ten chicks, and he had put her in the big barn and given her water and mealies and bread-crumbs, there was no one to whom he could say, "The black hen has ten chicks and I have put her in the barn and watered and fed them."

He told Moskou, and Moskou wagged his yellow tail, and smiled up at him with open jaws. And so the first day went by, with all the work well done, and after cooking his mealie porridge and making coffee he went to bed in his father's bed in the kitchen. He lay with the dog stretched out beside him, and the Mauser leaning against the wall in the corner, and matches and a home-made candle on a shelf behind his head.

The next day passed quickly. There was no time to think till evening, when all the work was done, and then he was too tired.

But he was proud of himself. He had accomplished the work of a man this day. "I am," he thought, "a boy no longer, since I can do a man's work." The responsibility which had weighed him down disappeared, cancelled by his ability to meet the demands which had been put upon him.

He dreamed, half-awake and half-asleep, of the time when the twenty sheep would number a hundred, five hundred. When the six cows would be a herd of fifty, when— And then he slept, his arm thrown out and hanging beside his dog's head. The dog licked his hand and then curled up beside him on the floor.

The next day Herman Smit rode over to see if he was all right.

"Ja," he said, "I am all right."

"That is good," Herman said.

The boy put the coffee on the fire, and when Herman had drunk he mounted and rode away.

When he had gone, Jappie almost wished he hadn't come, because a loneliness he had not felt before now descended upon him. Five more days



ILLUSTRATED BY

J. Phillips

went by, days filled with the work of the farm, the ministering to the beasts and birds that depended upon him and upon which his welfare and that of his parents depended.

Then Herman rode over again. He said, "I have had news from the Dorp, a man passed—Piet Fourie—with a message from your pa."

"My pa?" Jappie said, his heart almost stopped as he spoke. "He is well?" he asked.

"Ja, he is well. It is all over. They cut something in him. He has it in a bottle and is bringing it to show you."

"When are they coming?" Jappie asked.

"That is the message," Herman said. "They will be here Tuesday, if God is willing and all goes well."

"I will pray that all goes well," Jappie said. "I have prayed it every night and morning since they went away, but now I will pray more strongly." In his heart he prayed already, "Dear God, let nothing happen. Let them come back, for this burden is too great for a small son like me."

For though he was bold enough and unafraid with one part of him, the other part cried for the presence of his mother in the kitchen and the sight of his tall father working on the lands. The world was empty without them.

"If there is more news, good or bad," Herman said, "I will bring it."

Then he mounted and rode away, leaving a space behind him. A space

that was filled by the thought that the day after to-morrow he could say, "To-morrow."

Sunday passed, also a working day for a boy alone, since the beasts must be tended. But he read from the Gospel of St. John, which was where his father had left off. Each Sunday he read a chapter aloud, reading the Bible through from end to end.

In that Bible were the names of his forebears, the dates of their births, marriages, and deaths. It belonged to his mother, and he saw her birthday. She was thirty-one, and then he began working out the dates on the calendar that his father had been given by the storekeeper. Tuesday was the twelfth of September. It was his mother's birthday. That was a good omen.

He wished he could bake her a cake or give her some gift. He generally managed to buy something. His father used to take him to the store, ten miles away, for the purpose. But now there was nothing he could do. He could not leave the farm to ride twenty miles. It would take too long. Then the violets came to his mind. Some were in bloom by the pomegranate trees. His mother loved flowers and if he picked them now they would last.

He went out to get them and arranged them in a glass, with a border of their own leaves. Their perfume filled the room. And all the time he was thinking that to-morrow he could say, "To-morrow."

He was up before dawn saying it, "To-morrow, to-morrow." And then

As Jappie reached for his knife the lynx bit him on the arm and scratched with its sharp claws. He felt its breath on his face.

he saw Herman coming on his black horse. "News," he thought. "Good or bad," Herman had said.

And the news he brought was bad. His father was wonderfully well, but they were not coming until Thursday—not for three days. Well, three days would pass, as the others had, but it was a blow to him. His mother would not be home for her birthday and the violets would not last. Still, there had been plenty of buds, and on Wednesday he would pick more.

"You are a good boy," Herman said. "Your father will be proud of you, for it is not every young son who could have done what you have done. And many would be afraid."

"I have Moskou and the gun," the boy said.

"Nevertheless," Herman said, "many would be afraid. Why," he said, "many men would fear to be alone in so wild a place."

Again Herman rode away, but this time he left no space behind him; Jappie was getting used to being left alone. As he watched him go he saw the sheep coming in, led by Wit Booi, the big white Kapaster, the gelded goat. He had a bell fastened to a strap around his neck, and each evening he got a handful of mealies as a reward for leading the flock home. Behind him came the ram, and, strung out behind them, the ewes and lambs.

That night Moskou was uneasy. He barked once and growled.

Jappie got up, and taking the gun from its nail went out with the dog. But they saw nothing. All was still.

In the morning when he went to the sheep kraal, one ewe lay dead. There was no mark on her, no blood. Perhaps she had died of sickness, but when they had come in last night all had been well. They had moved quickly and their eyes had been bright.

While he wondered, Moskou began to whimper. He went to the dog and there on the soft ground outside the kraal was a spoor. "Rooikat," he said—lynx—and then, calling the dog to him he went back into the kraal, and, parting the heavy wool round the ewe's neck, he found two toothmarks.

He dragged the sheep to the back verandah, and fastening a strap about its hocks hoisted it on to a beam and made the strap fast. Later he would skin it and the meat would be good. But now he must make a plan. He worked quickly, milking, watering, feeding, and turning out the stock.

Plan? Before God, there was only one plan. He must do as his pa would have done. He must kill the lynx, for it would be back. There had been a shower in the night. The scent would be good and the spoor easy to see. He went into the house for the gun.

The boy went back to the kraal, patting Moskou and pointed to the spoor, saying, "Now go and find him

and we will kill him before he kills more of our sheep."

The dog put his nose to the ground. His tail lashed furiously, and then he was off at a canter. He went up the mountain, giving tongue. Jappie ran behind him. The gun was heavy in his hand, and the bandolier bumped up and down against his hip. He could hear Moskou, the bell-like note of his cry coming from not more than a hundred yards ahead, and then he came up to him.

The hound had checked. Marking the place where he had lost the scent on a rocky flat, Jappie cast round in a circle with the dog and picked it up again. This time it was hotter and the hound went faster. The note of his voice deepened to a bay.

He is near, Jappie thought, and ran hard. Then in some heavy milk bush he heard Moskou barking loudly. He's treed him, he thought. Then came savage yelps and deep bays, as the lynx broke cover with the dog close behind him.

Jappie thought: "He's seen me and he knows I can shoot him down from a tree." With the dog alone he would have stayed up there. The lynx ran up a steep cliff, and turned into a small cave in the limestone. "Now we've got him," Jappie thought, because Moskou was barking at the entrance and looking back at him as he climbed.

The cave raved on to a ledge, and as he reached it he saw the lynx

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C.31 WWFPC

Don't mind me

When you've been hurt once, Greg thought resolutely, you take very good care not to let it happen again

THE grey September drizzle drifts across the station, wetting the carriages of the waiting train and making them glisten.

She is standing at the doorway of one of the compartments, one hand on the safety rail, the other in the pocket of her raincoat.

I let myself look at her for quite a while, noting everything, from the trim nylon-clad ankles to the rakish angle of the navy-blue beret. She hasn't changed. Not that you could expect her to, in twelve months.

Presently, while I still eye her, she steps down from the train on to the platform. As she does so I feel a twinge of something. Not pain, not excitement. Just a queasy feeling of discomfort.

She begins to stroll about leisurely, killing time. On her the raincoat and beret look both casual and smart, and still intrinsically feminine.

I make no move to go over and say hello. And I know why. It's because I'm afraid of resurrecting an emotion I've been trying to bury.

When you've been hurt once, really hurt, you don't look for an opportunity to have it happen again. Not if you've got any sense.

Even so, my eyes follow her as she moves around, not missing much, anxious in case they should lose her among the people coming in through the ticket barriers.

In my hands I still clutch the newspaper I was reading when I first noticed her. But it's nothing more than a fixture now. I'm not seeing a word.

She reaches the far end of the platform, stays there for a little while, then turns and wanders back towards me. I slide my eyes down on to the mass of print between my hands and keep them there. When I raise them again I look straight at her.

Her face registers no surprise. She just stares a little—carefully—as if to be sure she's not making a mistake. Then she comes over to me. I might be rock. I haven't moved an inch.

"Hello, Greg."

Her voice is as familiar as the things I hear every day of my life—a window going up, the swish of water when a tap is turned on.

It brings back one or two little memories. Fleeting if you don't dwell on them. Vivid if you do.

"Hello." That's all I say. You couldn't get anything briefer. But it sounds pleasant enough.

Her blue eyes dart over me. Impersonal but alert. Anticipating. Waiting for a cue as to how to behave.

No cue is forthcoming. I don't give it. Or perhaps I can't.

There follows a brief but absurdly awkward silence. She breaks it with a trivial commonplace.

"Fancy seeing you here."

My answer is equally commonplace.

"Funny, isn't it?"

She smiles.

"Not really, I suppose. A railway station is as common a place as anywhere else when you come to think of it. But I wasn't prepared."

"No—neither was I."

The small talk is as perfunctory as the scene around us; the rain pattering on the roof of the station and the train, the porters wheeling luggage about on their barrows, the people entering and leaving the platform.

We stand there staring, more conscious of ourselves and each other than we should be. Or perhaps I should speak for myself.

"How is everything these days?" She's trying again.

I fold up the newspaper and stick it in the pocket of my burberry.

"Everything's all right. I'm still Greg Farmer. I still write copy, only it doesn't have to be checked now. I'm advertising manager as well. How about you?"

She gives another little smile.

"Me? Oh, I'm the same little girl. Up to my eyes in art. Making a small but comfortable living."

"Still drawing funny pictures?"

"Sometimes. Sometimes not so funny. It depends on what turns up."

"Not married?"

There! It's out before I can check it. And what a silly question to ask. What can it matter now whether she is or isn't?

The blue eyes stop darting. "No, not married. Why?"

"I only wondered. There was a certain gentleman by the name of Dane Burrows."

"So there was. He took me out a few times. And there was also, if I remember rightly, a certain Mr. Farmer."

Something has crept into her voice. Derision? Mockery? It's hard to tell which. Whatever it is it's cleared the air. The inconsequential chatter is over. The past is looming up.

"You seemed to be very fond of Burrows."

"I was. He was courteous and understanding."

I hadn't wanted any of this. But again my answer snaps back before I can check it.

"He was a snob."

Her answer snaps back pretty sharply too.

"By whose standards? Yours?"

I can't ignore that challenge.

"He acted as if he owned the world."

"At least he owned considerably more than his rival."

So that was it. My answer comes more slowly this time.

"I always had the idea it might have been money—"

She interrupts me quickly.

"Don't kid yourself. It wasn't money." She's talking seriously now. No banter. No kidding.

"The trouble with you was that you used no imagination. You took me for granted."

"Is that why you dumped me for Burrows? Stood me up that last night just to have the satisfaction of knowing I'd wait two or three hours in vain?"

My voice is sharp and tense now. So is hers when she answers.

"After the display of temperament and jealousy you put on the night before that unhappy occasion



you must have been crazy to expect me."

On the other side of the platform a whistle blows. Seconds later the train there rumbles, hesitates, then rolls into motion.

A young woman, stout and dowdy, passes us, a child clinging to each hand. One child is crying.

I look at them and laugh. That's marriage for you. At least it's part of it. I'm lucky. I ought to be glad I escaped it.

She has been watching them too. I wonder what she's thinking. But I can't guess. Her face gives nothing away. But when she turns back to me again, the brief anger has faded from it.

She shrugs and says quietly: "No use holding post-mortems, Greg."

Her blue eyes dart over me. Impersonal but alert. "Fancy seeing you here," she says at length.

I'm told it's nice and restful. And expensive. But who minds paying for comfort? All I hope is that it's good and hot."

"I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed."

She looks at me in surprise.

"About the weather?"

"About something else. I'm headed for Morningside and the Belmont Inn, too."

"Oh." The smile about her mouth, which isn't so much a smile as an attempt at relaxation, fades completely. "How quaint."

"Quaint" isn't the word I'd have used. Not that words matter. But it's going to be worse than anything that's happened during the past year.

As long as you can't see or hear something you want you're all right. When you can you're really up against it.

I try to be reassuring. "You don't have to mind about me. I won't spoil your holiday. I'm going to stick by myself. Just sleep and read."

"Thanks. But aren't you being rather presumptuous? Your presence won't bother me. Not the least little bit."

"I'm glad to hear it." I say that a little savagely. I mean to. Why shouldn't she be bothered? Why shouldn't the thought of something that might have been touch her, too? That one's easy to answer. She never cared that much.

She glances at her wrist-watch. "The train's due to leave in a few

minutes. I think I'll hop aboard."

"Do that. And have a good time."

"I will. I'll have a whale of a time. Good-bye for now. See you at Morningside. Or perhaps I won't. Perhaps you'll be too busy sleeping and reading."

She holds out her hand and I take it. Her fingers are a cool, electric current. Then she's walking away. Stepping up on to the train.

My carriage is right behind the engine. I make for it. The only way out of a situation like this is by the back door. The only way to stop a girl hurting you is to hurt yourself by not giving her a chance.

I reach my compartment and pull my suitcase down from the rack. Outside a railway official's voice announces the pending departure of the train.

I step back on to the platform and put my suitcase down beside me. I do it with regret and yet with relief. A whistle blows. The passengers put their heads out of the windows and wave to friends. There are some shrill cries. Then the train is moving, slowly at first, then steadily.

I look around. She is standing beside me, her suitcase on the ground, just like mine.

Her eyes come up to meet mine, casually, as if forfeiting her holiday was the most natural thing to do—under the circumstances.

I look at her and say the first thing that comes into my head.

"Come and have a cup of coffee."

(Copyright)

Sundry Creditors

By NIGEL BALCHIN

AN hour earlier a stream of cyclists would have been turning into the main gate of Lang's. Now, at five to nine, an occasional one branched off there. The rest, a mere trickle, went on another fifty yards to the office entrance.

Lawrence Spellman changed down and edged the car among them at a walking pace.

Humphrey Peart looked at the jumble of buildings and said: "There is a certain sort of red brick that time cannot assuage. When was all this built, Lawrence?"

"Built?" said Spellman vaguely. "It wasn't built. At least not for us. It was just here."

Moirá Peart said: "What's that rather intriguing bit that looks like a disused chapel?"

"A disused chapel, darling. It's still called 'the chapel.' We use it as a sheet metal store."

The car nosed cautiously through the big iron gates, Lawrence said: "This house straight ahead is where old William Lang started. It is now the offices. Then he bought a bit more and a bit more until he ended up with this muddle. Those saw-

tooth sheds at the back are the only building on the place that was ever designed for its job.

"We had an American here once to see if he could help us to improve the layout. He went round the place and said: 'Gentlemen, what this place needs is a few charges of dynamite and a clean start.' Spellman slid the car neatly into one of the white parking rectangles outside the offices.

"They say in the works that during the war Gustavus Lang used to go to chapel on Sundays and pray for the Germans to pop a bomb down on the place. Then we could have built a proper factory."

Peart said with mild disbelief: "And you come here every day?"

"That's right, Humphrey. Every day. Except Saturday, Sunday, and any other day when I can find some reason not to."

As they climbed out of the car, a shining four-and-a-half litre limousine drew up twenty yards away. Lawrence waved a hand vaguely towards it and the driver flapped in reply.

"Is that somebody very import-

ant?" said Peart. "It's a very important car."

"Jim Talbot-Rees, Sales Director. He's like that."

Talbot-Rees had jumped out of his car and was hurrying ahead of them towards the main office door.

"Observe," said Lawrence without malice, "the brisk walk. The Burberry. The hat at precisely the right angle. The brief-case. Wouldn't you rather place an order with that than with some scruffy little man?"

"No," said Peart briefly.

"Nor would I. But we're not representative."

There were a lot of puddles in the yard, Moirá Peart picked her way carefully between them. She had been uncertain whether a visit to a factory was Town or Country, and was glad now that she had plumped for tweeds and flat-heeled shoes. Moirá looked up at the big gilt letters over the main office entrance and said: "Why does Mr. Horseman get such a raw deal?"

"Does he?"

"Yes. It says 'William Lang, Sons and Horseman' here. Outside it says 'William Lang Sons,' and over the factory it just says 'Langs.' Is there a Mr. Horseman?"

"No. Horseman was old William Lang's first partner in the days of bows and arrows. Drank himself to death as soon as he'd made enough money to buy the liquor. I've often thought he had the right approach to industry."

Humphrey Peart said: "You know, darling, I don't believe Lawrence is happy in his work."

"Nonsense," said Spellman. "I live for nothing else." He nodded as the commissionaire touched his

hat. "Come up to my office and drop your things . . ."

There was a big hole in Hilda's stocking, and underneath the knee was swollen and reddish-blue.

Miss Warner said: "That's a nasty bruise. How did you fall off like that?"

Hilda said: "It was on the tram-lines, nurse. They were slippery and it slid away under me."

"Why didn't you come in straight away?"

Hilda blushed and said meekly: "I—I thought it'd be all right, and then it got stiff and started to hurt and Miss Stark . . ."

Miss Warner said: "All right. Well, take your stocking off, dear, and I'll bathe it. Shan't be a moment." She picked up the box of elastic dressings and hurried into the next room. The big dark workman was holding his hand in the bowl of antiseptic. Miss Warner took the hand by the wrist and looked carefully at the cut running across the ends of three fingers.

"Weren't wearing your gloves I suppose?" The man grunted. "You boys in sheet metal, I don't see how you reckon to have any hands left the way you go on. You'll have to have three dressings, one for each finger. Better than a big bandage. Morning, Mr. Spellman."

Lawrence said: "Good morning, Miss Warner. More cut hands?"

"Yes. Not too bad, this one."

Lawrence turned to the Pearts. "We get a lot of this. It's handling sheet metal. Filthy stuff for cutting yourself, and you have to watch the cuts, or they go wrong on you." He nodded towards the inner room.

"Can we go in, Miss Warner?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Spellman. There's nobody in there but a girl that's fallen off her bike."

Hilda pulled her frock and overall down hastily. Lawrence said: "Hello, 'Rene. What have you been doing to yourself?"

Hilda blushed and said: "I fell off my bicycle, Mr. Spellman."

"What did you want to do that for?" said Lawrence, with automatic familiarity. He turned to the Pearts. "This is the girls' first-aid room and that's the men's."

"Beautifully fitted up," said Moirá. "Oh yes. This whole welfare section is the chairman's pride and joy."

"How do you divide in numbers between girls and men?" said Peart.

"Oh—let's see. About half and half, counting the offices. About a thousand of each."

Moirá said: "I'm very ignorant, but is that big for this district?"

"Medium. It's big for this district. But, of course, you get places running up to ten thousand and

more." As they passed Hilda, he said: "I expect you'll have to lose your leg, you know, 'Rene. You really should be more careful."

Moirá smiled brightly and said: "Good morning."

When they were outside Peart said: "I hope she doesn't. They were rather nice legs."

"Yes. Pretty little codger, isn't she?"

Moirá said: "Do you know them all by name, Lawrence?"

"Lord no. Why?"

"You called her 'Rene.'"

"I always call all the girls 'Rene. About four out of every five are 'Rene.'"

Peart said: "I love Lawrence's jovial manner. The very essence of good fellowship."

"That's what's known as the human approach. This place is a shrine dedicated to the human approach. Old William Lang didn't worry much about it. He just made a quarter of a million out of sweated labor. But son Gustavus, who's chairman now, read somewhere in a book one day that workers were human beings, and he's never forgotten it. We never have a board meeting without the chairman reminding us that workers are human beings."

Moirá said: "Well, aren't they?"

"Yes, dear. And so we have a welfare department, and proper seats for the workers to sit on, and hot water in the cloakrooms, and a good pension scheme, and a democratically elected Works Council, and we're just one big happy family."

Humphrey Peart said: "I don't quite see what you're saying, Lawrence. Surely all that's a good thing?"

"It's an enormously good thing, Humphrey. And I'll tell you another thing—it shows a good profit. It's the only form of practical Christianity I know that pays at least ten per cent." Lawrence's whole body suddenly sagged as he walked. "Don't take any notice of me, my dears. It's just that I work here."

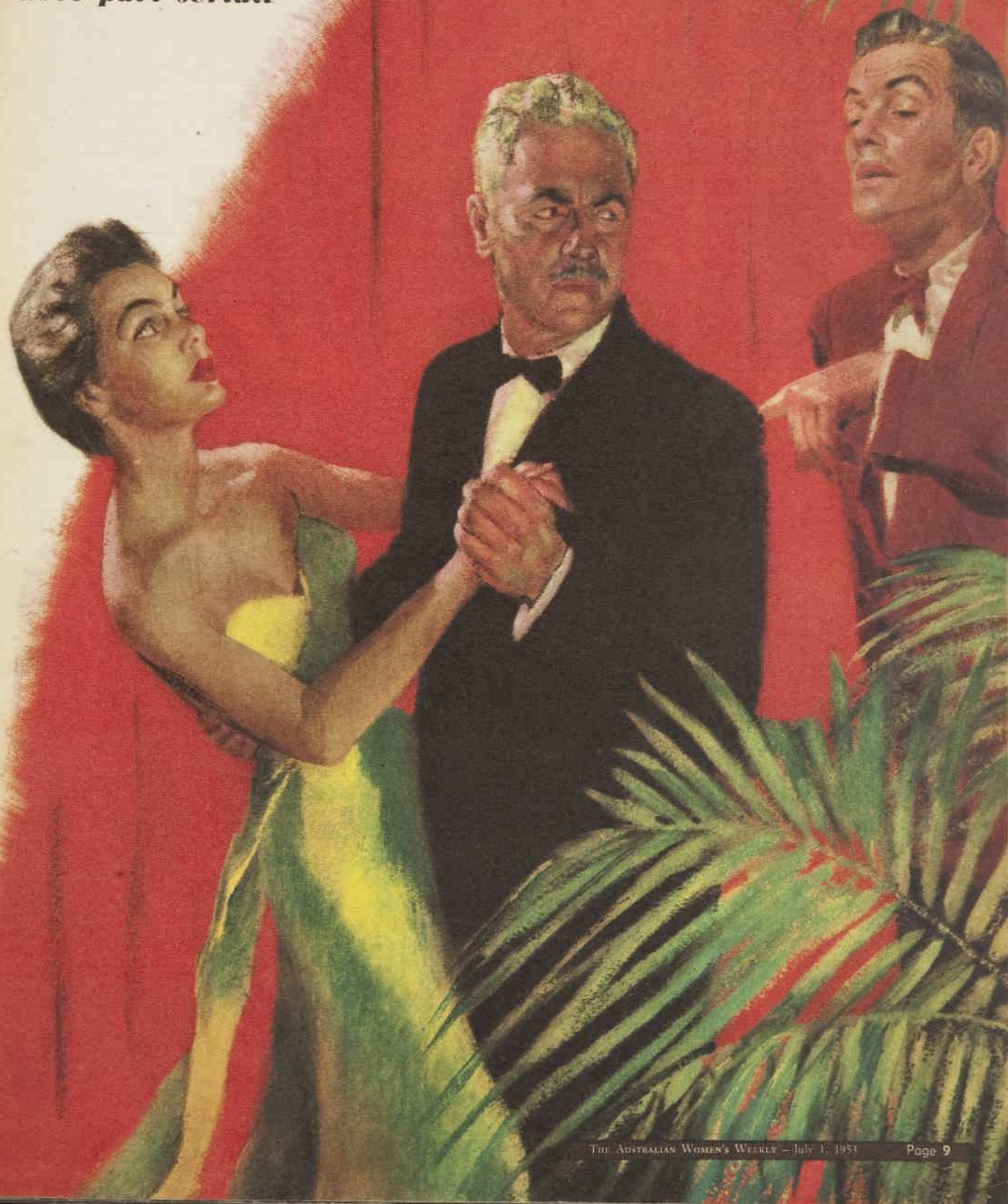
The big presses were ranged down each side of a wide gangway marked by white lines. The service men moved along the gangway with their heavy jack-trucks, bringing a platform full of blanks and taking away a platform full of pressings. The air was full of a heavy rumble, overlaid with a squeaking and clanging.

Lawrence leant close and said through the noise: "As I told you, this is the only bit that's properly laid out. One-way traffic. Blanks

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"Excuse me," said Jack again as Walter Lang turned around from his daughter. "This is a Ladies' Choice, so I can dance with her."

***A big modern industry links
the lives of its people from
owners to assembly-line
girls . . . this is the theme
of our dramatic new
three-part serial.***



Australian climate dries,
ages your skin!

Don't let drying skin give you that "getting-older" look

Harsh winds . . . burning sun . . . "sticky" humidity
can play havoc with your skin!

Almost every woman after 25 knows that dismaying little shock of finding dry skin signs—flaky patches, tiny criss-cross lines that say: you are getting older. At about 25, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh, starts decreasing.

But many, many Australian women show these dry skin signs even earlier.

It's our severe climate—drying, roughening winter winds; a burning summer sun; often a humid "sticky" atmosphere—that can make you look as many as 10 years older than your real age.

Yet—you can offset this loss of natural softening oil. You can use the special replacer known and loved by so many women for its really remarkable help. You can use Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Three features make this rich cream extra effective for drying skin. It is very rich in lanolin—most like the skin's own precious oil. It is homogenized—to soak in better. And it has a special emulsifier for extra softening.

Smooth away dryness—this way
Soften by night. Cleanse skin thoroughly. Then work in plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream over face, and throat. Leave cream on a few minutes—then

tissue off lightly, leaving a thin veil of cream to coddle your skin while you sleep.

Protect and soften by day. Be sure to smooth in a softening touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make-up. You'll find that this rich cream guards your skin from parching winds and dehydrating sun.

Use this remarkable cream for a week. See if it isn't the finest help for dry skin you've ever used. Get a jar or tube of Pond's Dry Skin Cream today.

3 features make it extra effective for dry skin

1. Rich in lanolin.
2. Homogenized to soak in better.
3. Special emulsifier for extra softening.



That Matronly-Looking Sagging starts to show so unpleasantly along your chin-line. **To Tone Up Chin-Line**—pinch along from point of chin to ears, with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This treatment gives dry skin the lift and rich lubrication it needs.



Dry Skin "Down-Lines" by your nose and mouth harden your expression. **To Help Soften Lines**—"knuckle in" softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream out and up from nostrils, mouth. See this lanolin-rich cream smooth that "dry skin" tense look. It's homogenized to soak in better.



Crêpy-Dry Eyelids make your skin look darkened, fade out your eyes. **To Lighten and Soften**—nights, touch Pond's Dry Skin Cream to inner corners of eyes—tap gently out over lids. Leave a little of this lanolin-rich cream on all night. A special emulsifier makes it extra-softening.



Little Crosses Settle by Earlobes when your skin begins to get dry and inelastic. **To Flatten Out**—make "U-Turns" with Pond's Dry Skin Cream back and forth under your ears. Cream from front of ears, under, then up in back. This helps keep your skin soft, resilient.

THE VISCOUNTS ROYLE

"I'm so pleased with Pond's Dry Skin Cream. It's wonderfully rich; you can feel it help dry skin right away."

THE PRINCESS MURAT

"My skin roughs up easily. But Pond's Dry Skin Cream corrects dryness so quickly. It's a delight to use."

Continuing . . . Sundry Creditors

from page 9

come in—pressed—pressings go out. It's a good press shop, as press shops go."

Moir said: "What are they making?"

"I don't know. We make some finished things of our own, but most of it is making bits of things for other people to assemble."

Jack Partridge glanced up for a moment from the pit in front of the big press at the three figures above him. His hand went on slipping the blank into place. He stamped on the pedal and the heavy press began to rumble down. As the die struck the blank there was a squeaking crunch. The die moved up and the ejector pushed out the bowl-shaped pressing.

Humphrey Peart said: "The whole thing is obviously an act of worship—of sacrifice. The press is the obscene idol. The light down there by the jaws is its eyes. The man crouches in a pit below and feeds it and that noise as it crunches its food is the death cry of the sacrifice."

Lawrence said: "There'll be another sort of cry in a minute if that young fool doesn't use the guard." He stepped forward and said something to Jack Partridge. The young man looked up sulkily and then, reluctantly untied a piece of flex.

Lawrence said: "He'd got the guard tied back. He could be fired for that. You see, when the press comes down the guard comes across so that he can't get his hands squashed. But it gets in the way slightly, so he ties it back and takes the chance. They all do that if they're not watched. We spend thousands of pounds on safety devices here—guards and goggles and gloves and so on. And nobody uses them if he can get out of it."

"Stupid, but understandable," said Moir.

"Workers are human beings, my dear."

"But really," said Humphrey. "But really it is an act of sacrifice. Look at it. The one-eyed god."

As they moved away Jack Partridge glanced up again. His eyes followed Moir's close-fitting tweed skirt with appreciation.

Lawrence was saying: "Jack Partridge ought to know better than to work without a guard. He's on the Works Council, and anyhow he's second generation here. His father's a pattern-maker. Been here since the flood."

"Have you got many like that? Two generations?"

"Oh Lord, yes. If people come here they stay for life and bring their children. I tell you it's just one big happy family."

Jack Partridge paused for a moment in the steady rhythm of his work, picked up his piece of flex and carefully tied back the guard. But instead of knotting it he secured it with a bow, so that a quick tug would bring the guard into action again.

It was not really necessary for Hilda to go through the press-shop to get from the Welfare Section to the assembly room, but it was a possible way. Hilda was a shy girl, and if Jack had been working and had not noticed her she would just have gone past without speak-

ing to him. But he was still fiddling with the guard and saw her. He said: "Hallo. Where you been?"

Hilda half paused: "Been to nurse."

He nodded, uninterested.

Hilda said: "It was to-night you meant?"

"That's right. Odeon. Half-past O.K."

"Yes."

Jack nodded again and turned to his work.

Hilda said to his back, "I must get on."

There were thirty girls in each conveyor assembly team, but they worked in three groups of ten, and by the time the job reached Hilda's group it was only a question of tightening down the six screws that held the upper ring, slipping the cover cap over the projecting spindle and the holding bolts, tightening them down, and wiring on the instruction tab.

As number two, Hilda's job was to tighten three of the screws with an electric screw-driver. Madge, as number one, would already have tightened the other three. When everything was going smoothly Hilda would start to tighten her first screw when the assembly was well to her right, get her second finished as it was nearly opposite her, and finish her third just before the conveyor took it out of reach.

It wasn't a bad job now because they had slowed the belt down. When the job first came on, the belt had been much too fast, and you were always rushing and missing ones out.

HILDA worked with a slow rocking movement from right to left. If you did that you could follow the job as it went along the conveyor, and besides it was soothing. Everybody rocked—even Jean, who was putting on the cap and really didn't need to follow along.

Jean and Rene always talked all the time. . . . it said, one pair of nylons if you got two ordinary, and I thought, well that's not bad, because the ordinary's all I want for here, so I wrote up, but it was shocking stuff, looked all right, but you get it on. Short, hardly covers your knee.

Rene said: "I had some like that. Reg gave me them for Christmas."

"Course they get them in at Gage's, but they're all gone in ten minutes, and it's always in the morning. Doesn't give you a chance if you've got to work."

"Phil Lewis says her mother goes and queues for her. I asked Ma if she would get me some, but she wouldn't. I might get my sister."

The frock was of white stuff—tulle. It was right off the shoulders, and then it fitted tight in the bodice and had a big wide skirt. As Hilda came down the stairs she held the skirt forward and up slightly, so that the silver shoes were visible.

Robert Taylor was standing in the hall waiting for her. He

was in evening dress, and he had a small moustache and a ribbon round his neck with a medal on. He stood there with the fur coat over his arm ready, smiling up at her.

Hilda stopped for a moment half-way down the stairs and they stood for a moment, she looking down and he looking up, just smiling at each other. He said, "Gee, you look swell." She didn't say anything for a moment, but just came slowly down some more stairs, still holding her skirt in that lovely way.

Then she said: "Well, you don't look too bad yourself." Her voice was husky and thrilling, and she looked at him and raised her eyebrows.

He put the coat round her shoulders very gently, only it wasn't a coat, of course, but a cloak, and came right down to her ankles.

He said: "Come on, honey, let's go," and she could hear the love in his voice, and they went out to the car, which was one of those huge ones that are the same at both ends.

Madge said: "Take mine a mo', dear," and slid off her seat and went off with her queer splay-footed walk, rather like a duck.

It wasn't till she was gone that Hilda realised what she had said, and she missed two assemblies. But after that she started to do number one as well as number two, which was quite possible as long as you stood up and followed along beside the thing.

But you wouldn't want to go as fast as that for long. She forgot to call Jean not to cap the two she had missed, but unless they happened to be picked out for inspection nobody would know. Madge came back and said:

"Thank, duck."

Hilda sat down and went back to doing number two. The chauffeur was in a dark green uniform, and he held the door of the car open and touched his cap.

Moir said: "How many of them are there in here, Lawrence?"

"About two hundred. It's the biggest single department."

"It looks like more than that."

Peart said: "And they go on doing this all day and every day."

"Oh Lord, no. As Walter Lang will tell you, that's the great difficulty—to get long runs on a single job. As it is, they're probably changing over to a different job every day or two."

"But always working like this with things going by them on a belt?"

"Yes."

Humphrey Peart said: "Again, clearly a religious ceremony. The female acolytes swaying in the ecstasy of worship. There should be a low chant."

"There often is. If you wait a minute they'll probably sing 'Clementine'."

Moir said: "Queer, that rocking movement. I wonder if they—if they mind the job?"

"Why should they? Comfortable, scientifically designed seats. Air-conditioning. Rest

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

BY RUD



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 1, 1953

Special feature
for moviegoers

Film Fan-Fare

CONDUCTED BY M. J. McMAHON



Rita Hayworth

● **Sure-fire box-office star, Rita Hayworth is the golden girl all movie-makers hope to find.**

SINCE she joined Columbia studio 16 years ago Rita has made 20-odd major pictures.

All of them earned a tidy profit for her studio. Hollywood explains this phenomenon by saying "whatever allure is, Rita has it."

The Hayworth success story began in Agua Caliente, Mexico, where buxom Manhattan-born Margarita Carmen Cansino appeared as a Spanish dance team with her father, Eduardo Cansino.

Attracted by the dark-haired dancer, visiting movie man Winfield Sheehan offered her a dance spot in a big-budget film flop titled "Dante's Inferno."

Her performance in the film didn't set Hollywood on fire, but it did lead to several other jobs in B-class Westerns.

In 1936 18-year-old Margarita Carmen married husband No. 1—Edward C. Judson, shrewd 42-year-old auto dealer and oil man.

Judson was largely responsible for transforming Margarita Carmen into film star Rita Hayworth.

Lessons in voice and drama were part of her training for stardom. Margarita changed her name and dyed her hair red. She slimmed her figure.

THAT was the turning point. A Columbia contract resulted, and before long Rita's 5 feet 6 inch pin-up proportions were attracting public attention in "Blood and Sand" and "Strawberry Blonde."

As an actress-dancer Rita teamed with Fred Astaire for "You'll Never Get Rich" and "You Were Never Lovelier."

Glamor roles in "Cover Girl," "To-night and Every Night," "Gilda," and "Down to Earth" established Rita Hayworth as a top star.

The Judson marriage went on the rocks in 1942 after a bitterly contested legal battle.

Rita married husband No. 2—Orson (too-much-genius) Welles in 1943. Their daughter, Rebecca, was born in 1944.

Orson and Rita made one film together—a chase story called "The Lady from Shanghai." The picture didn't earn much prestige, but, as usual, it paid off at the box-office.

"The Loves of Carmen" was Rita's next film.

Meanwhile Welles, an intellectual snob, tried to re-educate his wife. It didn't work.

Neither did their marriage; after several years Hayworth and Welles were finally divorced in 1948, leaving Rebecca in her mother's custody.

The same year, at Cannes, Rita met Prince Aly Khan, one of the world's richest men, and their romantic escapades made world headlines.

Rita became Princess Aly Khan in May, 1949, at Vallouris, France.

Their daughter Yasmin was born late in 1949.

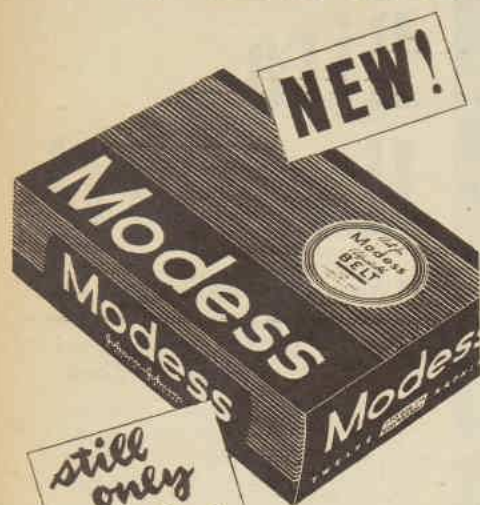
But happiness eluded Rita Hayworth. Separated from Aly Khan in 1951, marriage No. 3 was dissolved in 1952. Rita secured custody of Yasmin.

After three years' absence from the screen the red-haired actress was happy to pick up her career with a trifling whodunit titled "An Affair in Trinidad." The picture made one thing plain—that at 35 Rita Hayworth still has lots of allure.

Her next picture is "Salome," a lavish technicolor spectacle in which Hayworth may make history by portraying wicked Salome as a good girl.

● **This is the first of a series of film biographies. Next week, Clark Gable.**

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Film festival at Cannes Stars and studios in whirl of parties and premieres

The film world has been flocking to its elected paradise, the French Riviera, for spring is here, and with it the International Film Festival at Cannes.

AFTER a gentle hibernation amid the flowering mimosa, this year's festival opened the fashionable Cannes season with a gaiety and brilliance unequalled in any other world playground.

A bombardment of fireworks, flower battles, an orgy of international banquets, cocktail soirees, and midnight parties accompanied a fortnight of premieres of the world's best films.

France won the Grand Prix of the festival—and deserved it richly—with a thrilling production called "The Wages of Fear," which goes down as a classic in the annals of the cinema.

It stars a hefty male who till now has been known entirely as a personality singer—Yves Montand. His first straight dramatic role is a triumph.

This year's festival drew more stars from more countries than ever before. It also drew more films.

Every day the crack Blue Train from Paris unloaded stars and directors from the studios of France. And every day planes landing at nearby Nice airport unloaded stars

from Spain, Sweden, Portugal, Italy, Germany, Finland, Hollywood, and even the Belgian Congo.

Anne Baxter and Olivia de Havilland were the first to arrive from Hollywood. Anne, her curly straw-blond hair parted in the middle, and with a smile to match the Riviera sunlight, has made one of the great personal conquests of the festival.

She arrived beaming contentedly from an orgy of eating her way down through France from Paris.

Feasting en route

EQUIPPED with a list of the celebrated eating places which dot the celebrated "Route Bleue" from Paris to the Cote d'Azur, she motored with her mother in a zig-zag from banquet to banquet.

Anne's progress at Cannes was marked by a wake of photographers and admiring Frenchmen.

In the gilded, chandeliered ballroom of the Carlton Hotel, where the Americans poured champagne and served canapés for international film celebrities before the premiere of the Baxter-Montgomery Clift film "I Confess" (which is now being shown in Aus-

tralia), Anne's sunny smile wavered a little uncertainly.

"I've never been so scared. I'd rather face a hundred movie cameras than one movie premiere," she confessed.

She went alone to her own premiere, slipped in demurely and unnoticed by a swarm of photographers, and sidled into her seat in the circle.

But gradually the festival friendliness and the charm of the European stars broke down her reserve.

At a sunny, wine-drenched outdoor lunch on the islands off Cannes, where the great Arletty, new French star Gisele Pascal, and a horde of journalists broke into folk songs, Anne startled them during a full in the revelries. Timidly she cleared her throat and spoke in French. There was an uproar. Revellers swarmed around her. "Where did you learn French? And with an accent like that?"

"In Quebec," she admitted. "While I was making 'I Confess'."

At every film the flashlights popped around diminutive Edward G. Robinson, puffing an enormous cigar, his face creased in smiles, and exuding a mischievous bonhomie. Edward G. was having the

From
BILL STRUTTON,
of our London staff

time of his life in a new, strange role. He was a member of this year's international jury appointed to judge the films.

It meant, alas, attending at least two long films and four short features a day. But Edward G. Robinson, a man who enjoys life immensely, chuckled and said, "You know, it's nice to be on a jury for a change. Gotta make the best of it. My next film starts shortly and there I'll be back in a chain gang."

His only lapses from grace have been to escape the festival for a week-end to roam briefly through the subarked Provençal hills exploring the country of the painter Van Gogh. He is an ardent collector of French Impressionist paintings, and owns the greatest collection of Renoir pictures outside of France.

His other lapse? Robinson threw his floor of the Carlton Hotel into confusion by getting up early several mornings, tiptoeing around the corridors, and switching the shoes left outside the doors.

Thus one morning Kirk Douglas awoke to find himself the possessor of a pair of dainty spike-heeled evening slippers, and Anne Baxter, wider-eyed than usual, looked out of her door at a pair of hefty male brogues belonging to Gary Cooper.

Finally, unmasked and with the manager wagging a finger at him, Robinson broke into his wicked grin and confessed serenely, "I guess I'm just lawless by instinct."

Gangling Gary

THE shyest visitor to step off a plane to face the battery of cameras welcoming him was gangling Gary Cooper, suntanned, sheepish, eyeing his shoes and fiddling with his hands while he answered a bombardment of questions.

"Where are you staying?" "Dunno," mumbled Gary, and squinted uncomfortably at the sun.

"Will you tour Europe while you're here?"

"Switzerland, Italy, Sweden." He thought a bit. "Maybe in a jeep," he added helpfully.

"Do you know any of the European stars?"

"Er . . . um . . . no."

"Your last film?"

"Blowing Wind," he said briefly. "Barbara Stanwyck, Ruth Roman. It's about the first oil drillers. I'm an oil driller." He stuck his thumbs in his pockets and shuffled his feet.

"G-la," groaned a French columnist. "He doesn't say much, does he?" An anguished, perspiring colleague thrust a microphone at Gary. "Say something," he pleaded. "Please say something to the people of France."

Gary braced himself. He leaned forward, his nose wrinkled, and all of a sudden he broke into his dazzling smile. He turned it on the crowd around him.

"Thank you," he said—and escaped.

But if in his long screen



ROMANCE TALK linking husky Lex Barker (centre) and Lana Turner fills columns of the European Press. At the Cannes Film Festival they usually preferred each other's company. Rumors are that the couple will marry somewhere in France.



LAUGHING ANNE BAXTER confides a secret to bulky Orson Welles at The Ambassadors at a reception given by the Italians. Welles came from Rome, where he was making a film.



CLOWNING Edward G. Robinson, dancing with Olivia de Havilland, was the comedian of the Cannes Film Festival. Between jokes, he served on the film jury awarding prizes.

career he has never got over his shyness of crowds and strangers, he wasn't long in making cronies. And in particular a lovely female crony, Gisele Pascal, a new and captivating star of French films.

Gary, towering above the crowds milling around the tables at the midnight banquets, shouldered his way through, cutting a gallant, protective path for the tiny, bronzed Gisele.

Romantic rumors

NOWHERE are people quicker to note romantic auguries than on the Riviera. It began in the boulevard cafes with a sly, fond smile, a nudge, and several pairs of eyes followed Gary Cooper striding along the Croisette with his arm occasionally slipping around the dainty waist of their new screen favorite, Gisele Pascal.

That night, at the Casino, they danced cheek to cheek. And soon, wherever they saw the rangy figure of Gary Cooper, they would have been disappointed not to find the

trim shape of Mademoiselle Pascal. But they were not disappointed.

However, it threw the gossip into a pleasant bewilderment. For beguiling Gisele Pascal, one of the idols of the Riviera international society, is also said to be the idol of Prince Ranier of Monaco, reigning in his tiny principality at Monte Carlo.

Already a constitutional crisis has arisen there because the Prince's courtiers want him to marry, but not to marry an actress. Gisele Pascal's holiday friendship which she struck up with shy, easy-going Gary Cooper merely heaps confusion upon confusion.

Cannes, with its gracious, palm-lined Croisette, is already a venue for the rich and the beautiful, but its Film Festival is a rare time when reigning international beauties come face to face.

From the Argentine blonde Tilde Tamar held court in a cafe to the sound of guitars and to the sight of gauchito waiters serving wine.

Gypsies from Spain sidled among the guests, read their palms, told their fortunes, and demanded ransom-sized rewards.

The festival spectacle was enriched by the colorful kimonos of Japanese stars. They treated the Western world to champagne, Oriental politeness, and a buffet the size of a cricket pitch laid out under the scented pergolas of a waterfront terrace.

Among all the nations vying to outdo one another's hospitality at the midnight receptions, the Viennese struck a note of romance and charm. They converted the Casino of Cannes into a "Heurigen"—a wine garden like one of the many in the hills of Grinzing, which overlooks Vienna.

There they served the season's new wine with food, laid presents of Viennese wine glasses on the tables, while a



HANDSOME JEAN MARAIS, France's No. 1 male star, smiles genially at a young fan preparing to film him in the wine-garden of the "Drop d'Or" on the Croisette at Cannes.

small "Heurigen" band—fiddler, accordionist, tenor—walked among the stars and serenaded them with old Viennese songs.

In another part of the Casino, a subdued King Farouk played at the gaming tables. Accompanied by a statuesque brunette, he squeezed his way through the pack of guests coming into dine, blinked owlishly behind his gold-rimmed glasses, and caressed a moustache now trimmed to toothbrush size.

He stayed at a suite in the lofty Majestic Hotel on the Croisette, a hotel packed with film celebrities, delegates, journalists, and his existence among this glittering company passed almost unnoticed.

Far more in the public eye were Olivia de Havilland, Lana Turner, Lex Barker, Orson Welles, Mel Ferrer, the piquant Leslie Caron, suave George Sanders and his wife,

Zsa Zsa Gabor, Errol Flynn—tanned to the color of old brick and spreading the glad news that his wife, Patrice Wy-more, is expecting a baby.

Climax to this world film jamboree was the famous Riviera Battle of Flowers. All the spring blossoms from the gay hills of Cannes and Grasse, the perfume centre, were gathered into half-a-million bouquets, which were poured into the laps—for ammunition—of the crowds lining the great waterfront boulevard, La Croisette.

Every nation and all the great Cannes hotels decorated and supplied floats—and stocked them with stars, beauties, and children in party clothes.

Up and down the waterfront the bombardment raged, while five hundred pigeons, released from cages, swooped and fluttered around the be-flagged Festival Cinema.

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YVES MONTAND, French singing star, scored a triumph in his first straight dramatic role in "The Wages of Fear," which won the Grand Prize of the Cannes Festival.

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From Under My Hat

by HEDDA HOPPER

★ In the movie world noted American columnist Hedda Hopper knows everyone and everything of interest. We begin on these pages the first instalment of "From Under My Hat," which tells the amusing story of her life and adventures in Hollywood after she left a small-town butcher's shop.

ONCE upon a time there was a six-toed cousin. Mine. When I first saw him I knew I was in show business. Kids in the neighborhood couldn't afford pennies, but I made them pay five pins every time they got a look at him. Years later in

Hollywood, as an actress and a newspaper columnist, I wished I still had that cousin with me.

At the time when my six-toed cousin and I were in business I was Elda Furry.

I was born in Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, a peaceful, pretty town fourteen miles outside the industrial city of Altoona. My father was a butcher, my paternal grandfather a farmer, and my mother was an angel. I was the fifth of her nine children.

Born with good lungs, I've never stopped exercising them. To-day I can outshout any producer in Hollywood.

When I was three we moved to Altoona. My growing pains were done to the rhythm of hard work. I didn't have it easy. When life became intolerable at home I ran away to New York and went on the stage. There I met the famous DeWolf Hopper. Inasmuch as I left home to escape the heritage of being a butcher's daughter, it seems ironical that I should have spent the rest of my life dealing in ham.

MY marriage later to DeWolf had nothing to do with glamor. I loved the man. But for DeWolf Hopper this book would never be written. Life with him was a liberal education. He set my feet upon the way. To me DeWolf was something special; something new under the sun. I had been on the stage only a few years when I joined his company. His massive size, his voice, and his story-telling gift—Wolfie was a six-foot-three riot. From the moment I saw him he fascinated me.

To him I was a new audience. I was fresh as an unhatched egg. He enjoyed the attention he got from his raw recruit, went all out to give a continuous performance. I drank in his every word. But he was then a married man.

I was still in his chorus when I made the discovery that chorus and understudy jobs weren't acting. I knew I just had to act. And I'd have to leave Wolfie's company and prove myself before I could hope to get anywhere in the theatre.

Hearing that Edgar Selwyn was casting his play "The Country Boy" for a road tour, I went to his office and asked him to give me the leading part.

"Why, my girl, you're too tall!" he laughed. "The male lead is only a medium-sized man."

I kicked my shoes off. I didn't know there was a hole in my stocking. "Look—I'm not really so tall—it's the heels."

Edgar liked that, or at least it amused him. "All right, I'll try you out."

We went touring for thirty-five weeks. Audiences gave me confidence and I got the feel of acting.

HEDDA HOPPER (left). Her years as a screen actress are of tremendous value in her work as a columnist-author and radio broadcaster. In "From Under My Hat" she discusses herself with ready wit and candor.

I loved it. I could hardly wait for the time to put on make-up for each performance—and the applause.

While I was on tour Wolfie wrote to me regularly. But by the time I got back to New York I had made another discovery. Now acting wasn't enough for me. I'd have to get into a musical. I studied singing all summer and in the autumn went out with "The Quaker Girl"; not as the Quaker Girl, but as second lead.

In every town we played "The Quaker Girl" a letter from Wolfie would be waiting for me—and how he hated to write! The people in the company were dying to know who my faithful swain was. They knew that Wolfie and I had been friendly when I was in his company; but I never had mentioned him by name. Just let 'em guess. They say women can't keep a secret. Well, I did. But the strain on me was so great I've never been able to keep one since.

By the time "The Quaker Girl" closed in Albany Wolfie was divorced. When the curtain was rung down on our last performance no one had the faintest idea they wouldn't be seeing me at the train for New York the following morning.

I got up before daylight and secretly took the milk train at 5 a.m. Wolfie met me at the station and we went over to New Jersey to be married. The man who performed the marriage ceremony mumbled his words, I remember. And I'm certain the whole thing didn't take more than a minute and a half.

Wolfie was then living at the fabulous Algonquin Hotel—everybody who was anybody either lived at Frank Case's Algonquin or ate there. We weren't going to announce our marriage right away, so Hopper confided in Frank and Frank arranged the rooms next to Wolfie's for me, with a connecting door.

AS soon as we got upstairs, Hopper gave me a hasty kiss, said jauntily, "Well, see you later," and left. He was rehearsing in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" at the Old Casino Theatre and was opening in four days.

He played the Lord Chancellor and, in the circumstances, one of those Gilbert lyrics he had to sing was really something. It goes like this:

"Far I'm not so old and not so plain,
And I'm quite prepared to marry again,
But there'd be the deuce to pay in the Lords
If I fell in love with one of my wards!

Which rather tries my temper, for I'm such a susceptible Chancellor!"

Even as enthusiastic a patron of marriage as DeWolf Hopper would have the grace to feel a little diffident about facing the drama critics and singing such sentiments when he had just taken on his fifth bride, who was young enough to be his own daughter.

With Wolfie busy at rehearsals, I telephoned our friend Mrs. Derby Farrington. We were both devoted to her and called her by a pet name, BB.

"BB," I said, "can you come over at once to the Algonquin?"





TWO photographs of author Hedda Hopper (at left and above) wearing outrageous hats. Over the years, her strange and often spectacular headgear has become a personal trademark.

When she arrived I held up my hand with the ring on it.

"Oh, Elda—don't tell me!"

"We were married this morning."

"To—whom?" she faltered.

"To Wolfie."

"Oh no!"—and she burst into tears. "Darling, do you know what you've done?"

"I think so. Why?"

"But—your age—Wolfie's older than your own father. What are people going to say?"

"What does it matter what they say? I love him." But instead of hearing happy good wishes I spent the rest of the day drying the tears of our friend BB.

That night we had a little wedding supper in Wolfie's rooms. Frank Case was there with Bertha Grayson, who later became Mrs. Case. We could depend on these friends not to let the news leak out. Wolfie cracked a bottle of champagne, told wonderful stories, and sang scraps from Gilbert and Sullivan.

I FINALLY telegraphed the glad tidings to my parents back in Altoona. Seizing on his position as parent, my father threatened to horsewhip Wolfie and issued a pompous statement to the Press:

"The Furrys for generations have revered the sacredness of the marriage vow," he proclaimed, "and the report that my daughter Elda has married DeWolf Hopper pains me greatly. If Hopper loves my daughter and means well I will be satisfied. But if he married her like he took up with his other four wives, as he would a plaything, it will be an outrage that her old dad will not stand for!"

That was my dad, a fast man with the wrong words! The idea of

his horsewhipping anyone was a joke. But he got headlines, and New Yorkers got the biggest laugh of that year.

The present generation doesn't know DeWolf Hopper except through their elders who remembered and envied his recitation "Casey at the Bat." Wolfie, first-named William, was born twelve years after his parents had been married. They showered him with much affection. He often said to me, "My parents loved me not wisely but too well. I would have been such a spoiled brat if my father had lived."

After the father's death Rosalie Hopper indulged her boy even more. I remember his explaining, "I always just took for granted the best of everything. If there was steak for dinner, naturally I would get the tender loin. When things like that keep up for years you don't realise you're just a pampered nuisance; you take it as your due."

After Wolfie took part in an amateur performance of "Conscience" in 1878 at the old Lyceum Theatre on Fourteenth Street, in New York, his mother resigned herself to his interest in the theatre. In later years she made over her fortune to her son, so that he would have no material obstacles in pursuing his career.

Having tasted blood in "Conscience," he spent the next summer studying all the young romantic roles he could lay hands on. His engagement in "One Hundred Wives" marked both his first personal financial backing of a show and his first marriage. She was a second cousin. Both were stage-struck. Each was afraid that some charmer would come along and, in the name of love, kidnap them into marriage and destroy their careers.

They hit upon the idea of marrying each other for a mutual protection against romance.

BB was right. Wolfie was older than my father, four years older, when I married him. Consumed with the passion to be an actress, I had never cared a great deal for

FAMILY GROUP. Hedda Hopper with her son Bill, daughter-in-law Jane, and grand-daughter Joan in Hollywood. Cautioning his mother about her strenuous job, Bill wrote: "Remember, I am 35 years of age—you must be close to 40."



THE DUKE OF WINDSOR with Hedda Hopper (right) and Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby at a party in New York in 1950. Mrs. Culp Hobby was recently appointed U.S. Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare in the Eisenhower administration.

men and none at all for young men, with whom I had no common meeting-ground.

But when Wolfie spoke you forgot his age. Every woman he ever won fell in love with his voice. It was like some great church organ. This giant of a man was all music and traded joyously on his voice.

Everyone always screamed for Wolfie to give "Casey At the Bat." He always obliged. His identification with "Casey" began in 1890, when he was the star of "Castles in the Air." One day he received a piece of paper on which a stranger had copied down a poem entitled "Casey At the Bat." He asked Wolfie to recite it between the acts the next evening, as the Chicago and New York baseball clubs would be attending the performance. Wolfie learned "Casey" in an hour. He used to remark: "If 'Casey' is anything, it is a mile long." But he always was a very quick study.

"At the evening performance," he said, "I pulled Casey on them between the acts—and what a hit!"

From that moment he was interested in Casey, and off and on for years tried to find out whose initials, E.L.T., were signed to the poem. The author turned out to be a New Englander, Ernest L. Thayer. Casey was produced twice as a movie: In 1915, with DeWolf

Hopper, and later with Wallace Beery. Both pictures were stinkers.

No one could say I married Wolfie for money. He didn't have any. When we were married he was supporting four women—two ex-wives and two aunts—and I knew it. He made a lot of money at times, but could never afford to stop working.

HIS first wife, Ella, was his second cousin, with whom he had the mutual protection pact. It was a foregone conclusion the union would end in divorce. It did.

His second wife, Ida, an attractive New England girl, was a member of his company. One day at rehearsal Wolfie asked the girls what they would do if he raised their wages. "Drop dead!" sang out Ida. He liked her spunk, fell in love with her, and they were married.

Wolfie's third wife was a cute bundle, Edna Wallace. For many years they co-starred on the stage. I'm always amused when people mix me up with Edna Wallace Hopper.

Number four was Nella Bergen, whom Wolfie married while they were appearing in London during the Boer War. Ye gods! Hardly a man is now alive...

Well, Ella, Ida, Edna, Nella, and Elda were all pitched in the same key. I soon noticed that at breakfast I was being called Ida—"Ida, pass the biscuits, please." At lunch—"Edna, some more coffee." And at dinner, either Ella or Nella, but never Elda.

I didn't have much personality of my own then, but I'd be darned if I was going to give up the shred I did possess. So when a friend of mine caught on to what was happening, she suggested that I go to the numerologist who had changed her name. I went flying!

Cryptically she made with the dates and numbers, and it came out Hedda. "Hmmm-mm," I said, "Hedda Hopper does have a nice, round sound." And I went home and told Wolfie.

He regarded me bleakly and grunted, "Hedda cheese, hedda lettuce, hedda—nothing. I don't like it!"

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HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN



ADMIRING children crowd around village cobbler Hans (Danny Kaye), above, who sings to them the lilting narrative songs "Thumbelina," "The Ugly Duckling," and "The King's New Clothes."

BALLERINA Doro (Jeanmaire), at left with a member of the corps de ballet, is the piquant heroine of "Hans Christian Andersen." As well as dancing and acting, Jeanmaire shares a song duet with Danny Kaye.

FARLEY GRANGER (right) as Niels, handsome ballet director and husband of ballerina Doro, with whom naive Hans falls in love in Copenhagen. Niels sternly disciplines his dance-star wife.



In the last century there lived
in Denmark a great spinner
of fairy tales named Hans
Christian Andersen. Samuel
Goldwyn's technicolor extravaganza
"Hans Christian Andersen" is a
musical, ballet-studded fairy
tale about that famous
storyteller played by Danny Kaye.



DREAM BRIDECROOM (above). In a music and ballet fantasy, poor cobbler Hans, gorgeously clad, dreams that he marries the lovely dancer Doro, the unattainable girl of his heart.

HANS, right, and his faithful boy apprentice, Peter, sing to an insect "The Inchworm" song in the village of Odense before they leave their home town to travel together.



COLORFUL Copenhagen square where cobbler Hans Andersen and his apprentice, Peter (Joey Walsh), plan to set up shop is thrown into uproar when Hans is arrested for climbing on to a statue of the King to make his announcement.



BLACK AND SCARLET DECOR backgrounds this sequence of the Little Mermaid ballet. Roland Petit, leader of the Ballet de Paris, is in the foreground with Doro. In the film Petit makes his screen debut both as choreographer and dancer.



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Korda's third marriage broke a vow

From our London office

Sir Alexander Korda, the greatest personality British filmdom knows, has broken a public vow by marrying again. After his marriage to Merle Oberon failed, he said he would never marry again.

THE lady who changed his mind is fair, 25-year-old Canadian beauty Alexa Boycun, one of whose other qualifications—more arresting even than her looks—is that she doesn't want to play in films.

Alexa became Lady Korda at a private ceremony at St. Paul de Vence, in southern France, last month.

Wary of the lovely but ambitious actress types who surround his plushy active life as England's most consistently brilliant film producer, Sir Alex had long ago decided that the dazzling and determined women he met in his milieu were not for him.

For weeks before the wedding Mayfair gossip centred on his close three-year-long friendship with Alexa Boycun, wealthy Canadian society girl, often seen riding in his Rolls Royce.

But silver-haired, 60-year-old Sir Alex fended off hints from friends and columnists with his usual charm and wit. Even when the first wedding present (labelled as such to placate British customs), a £1500 Italian painting sent from New York, arrived, Alex Korda explained it away with a mischievous smile as "just a friend's little joke."

Recently Alexa Boycun accompanied Korda on a holiday trip to the French Riviera in his famous yacht, Elsewhere, and it was at Antibes that they



RECENT BRIDE, Lady Korda is a wealthy Canadian girl, who has no aspirations for a movie career.



BRIDEGROOM Sir Alexander Korda, British film magnate, chose France for the scene of his third marriage.

finally announced their engagement, after being seen together in all the fashionable spots.

Up to the last moment, they received friends on the yacht, Alexa, informal in tight black slacks, rich red blouse, diamond earrings, and a technicolor scarf, joking about rumors of the impending wedding.

"If I ever marry again," cracked Korda to the ladies, with that flair for charming each one personally in turn, "it will be just to please you, my dear."

This is his third marriage. In 1919 he married famous Hungarian vamp actress Maria Farkas. They were divorced in 1930. Nine years later he had got over the failure of his first marital adventure and married Merle Oberon, the dance hostess he made a star. Their happiness lasted only five years.

But Korda's life has known more romance than those of a dozen film stars, and his suave personality dominates the most exotic film gathering.

Korda was once a young and hungry Hungarian peasant boy, and has known the witfulness of pressing his nose against windows of pastry shops.

He graduated to films via journalism. But it was a London cabby who really decided his future when, as a young and still struggling producer

from Hollywood, he was invited to Britain to make a small film.

"All Hungarians love the English," he says. "It is their snobbism, and I am a snob."

On the taxi journey from the station he heard the cabby singing a popular song, "I'm Henry the Eighth, I Am, I Am."

Korda stuck his head out of the window and demanded to know who was "Henry the Eighth." Explained the cabby kindly, "One of our kings, guv. He had six wives, poor fella. When one bothered him too much he chopped off her head. Ar, we are very fond of him, we are."

When Charles Laughton came to Korda soon after with an idea for a horror film, Korda remembered the song. He decided Laughton should be Henry, and that his wives should be beautiful and young.

His film was an international success—Britain's first really great film success. He settled to work in England, saying he had hated Hollywood anyhow—"It is like Siberia."

Korda built the greatest film studios in England—Denham—with a million pounds sterling borrowed on the strength of his success.

Soon he was putting British films on the world map with "Four Feathers," "Elephant Boy," "The Drum."

They made him a British citizen and a knight.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "The Big Clock," crime drama, starring Ray Milland, Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan. Plus ★ "Captain China," drama, starring John Payne, Jeffrey Lynn, Gail Russell. (Both re-releases.)
EMBASSY.—★★★ "The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan," technicolor musical drama, starring Robert Morley, Maurice Evans, Peter Finch. Plus featurettes.
ESQUIRE.—★★ "Elizabeth is Queen," Warnercolor Coronation feature. Plus ★ "Three Men and a Girl," romance, starring Paula Valenska, Jean Pierre Aumont, Burgess Meredith, Richard Murdoch.
LIBERTY.—★★★ "Julius Caesar," Shakespearian tragedy, starring James Mason, Marlon Brando, John Gielgud. Plus featurettes.
LYRIC.—★ "Frontier Badmen," Western, starring Robert Page, Diana Barrymore. Plus ★ "North to the Klondike," adventure, starring Broderick Crawford, Evelyn Ankers. (Both re-releases.)
MAYFAIR.—★ "Where's Charley?" comedy, starring Ray Bolger, Robert Shackleton, Allyn McLerie. Plus featurettes.
PARK.—★ "Destination Gobi," technicolor desert war drama, starring Richard Widmark, Mervyn Duvall. Plus ★ "Captive Women," fantasy drama, starring Margaret Field, Robert Clarke, Ron Randall.
PLAZA.—★ "Iron Mistress," technicolor period adventure, starring Alan Ladd, Virginia Mayo. Plus featurettes.
PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Just for You," technicolor musical, starring Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman. Plus featurettes.
REGENT.—★★ "Limelight," drama, starring Charles Chaplin, Claire Bloom. Plus featurettes.
SAVOY.—★★ "Il Trovatore," Italian opera, starring Gino Siminbergi, Gianna Pederzini. Plus featurettes.
STATE.—★★★ "A Queen is Crowned," technicolor Coronation feature, narrated by Sir Laurence Olivier. Plus featurettes.
ST. JAMES.—★★★ "The Naked Spur," technicolor adventure drama, starring James Stewart, Janet Leigh, Robert Ryan. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Fast Company," starring Howard Keel, Polly Bergen, Marjorie Main.
VARIETY.—★★★ "Come Back, Little Sheba," drama, starring Burt Lancaster, Shirley Booth, Terry Moore. Plus ★ "Two Dollar Bitter," gambling drama, starring John Littel, Marie Winsor.
VICTORY.—★ "Girls in the Night," suspense drama, starring Joyce Holden, Harvey Lembeck, Jocelyne Green. Plus ★ "The Lone Hand," technicolor Western, starring Joel McCrea, Barbara Hale.

Films not yet reviewed

CENTURY.—"Beautiful But Dangerous," comedy, starring Jean Simmons, Robert Mitchum. Plus ★ "Tropical Heatwave," musical comedy, starring Estrelita Rodriguez, Robert Hutton.
CIVIC.—"The Woman They Almost Lynched," Western, starring John Lund, Brian Donlevy, Audrey Totter, Joan Leslie. Plus ★ "Experiment Alcatraz," prison drama, starring Joan Dixon, John Howard. (Re-release.)
LYCEUM.—"Fort Ti," technicolor 3-D Western, starring George Montgomery, Joan Vohs.
PALACE.—"Bandits of Corsica," adventure, starring Richard Greene, Paula Raymond, Raymond Barr. Plus ★ "Close Up," murder drama, starring Alan Baxter, Virginia Gilmore.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The Naked Spur
METRO'S "The Naked Spur" is a good, tough Western that is weakened by the hero's final reversal of character.

The story, told with strong film sense against magnificent natural backgrounds of the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, is a character study in greed and guilt.

The motives of all the men concerned are mercenary.

Embittered rancher James Stewart rides out of Kansas and captures bandit Robert Ryan, who has a price on his head. Stewart has plans for the reward money.

Along the trail he is joined

by discredited cavalryman Ralph Meeker and Millard Mitchell's likeable old prospector. Both men are down on their luck and demand a share of the reward.

On the trek back to collect the cash, Ryan, a thoroughly astute villain, ferrets out the weakness of his three captors and succeeds in creating conflicts between them.

Janet Leigh is a charming, tow-haired waif who is staunch in her belief that Ryan is an innocent man until she falls in love with Stewart.

Janet manages to convince Stewart that the money doesn't matter, upon which the two of them head for California.

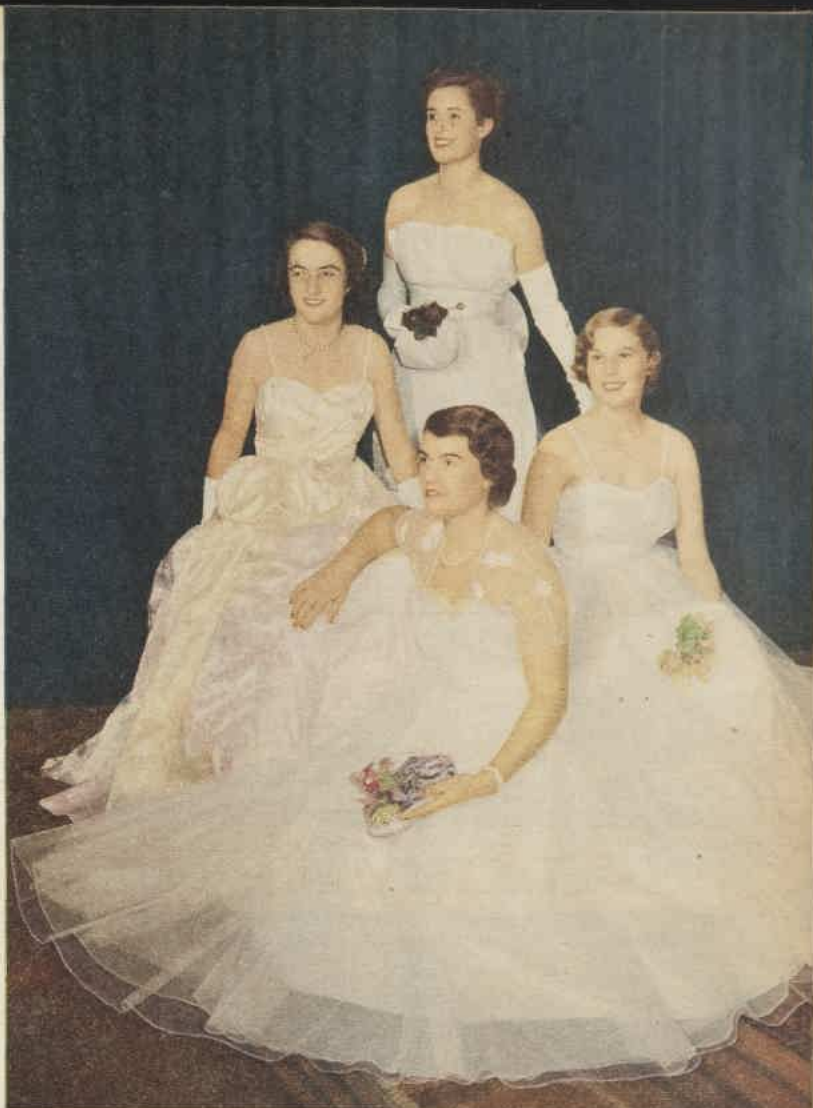
In Sydney—St. James

Social News: DEBUTANTES

● Pictures on this page show some of the many hundreds of pretty young girls who made their debut at dances during the winter.



CURTSY. Nerrel Dowsett (above left) curtsies to Brigadier and Mrs. Denall Macarthur Onslow at the T.P.L. Ex-Servicemen's Ball in Sydney. Matron of honor Mrs. Tom Bateman at back.



QUARTET. Prudence Teece (left), Mary Whitney (in front), Mary Jane Moore (standing), and Diana Horn. Their parents gave a coming-out dance for them at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.



FAIR-HAIRED Jan Withers made her debut at a dance at Lordello House, Adelaide, given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Withers, of "Naipo," Strathalbyn.



MELBOURNE DEBUTANTES Janet Dunlop (left) and Jenny Home. Janet is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Dunlop, of Kew. Jenny's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Keith Home, also of Kew.



QUEENSLANDER Helen Morris made her debut during the season at the annual ball of the Presbyterian Girls' College and Scots College at Riverside, Brisbane.

Social News
continued:

June weddings here and in England



INTERSTATE INTEREST. Lawrence Simpson and his bride, formerly Julia Mary Rouse, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Rouse, of Toorak, Melbourne, are piped from St. John's Church, Toorak, after their wedding by Pipe-Major Dan Macpherson, of Scotch College. Lawrence is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson Simpson, of "Noweranie," Oaklands, N.S.W. Bridegroom's sister, Margaret Simpson, and Margaret Russell were bridesmaids.



PARENTS OF THE BRIDE. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Rouse, who gave a wedding reception for their daughter, Julia Mary, and Lawrence Simpson at their home in Toorak.



HAPPY COUPLE. Dr. Gerald Dalton and his bride, formerly Adele Carroll, Camden, after their wedding at Sacred Heart Church, Randwick.



SYDNEY GUESTS. Mr. Ben Arnott (left), Mrs. Audrey Winter-Irving, and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Layton (right) at the reception following the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Simpson.



FROM SINGLETON. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crane, of "Plashett," were among guests from New South Wales at the wedding of Julia Mary Rouse to Lawrence Simpson.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Mr. and Mrs. Harry O'Halloran leave St. Mary's Cathedral. The bride was formerly Nola Byrnes, daughter of the J. H. Brynes', of Upper Manilla.



LEAVING THE CHURCH at Sandgate, in England, are Lieutenant Huw Gethin-Jones and his bride, formerly Joan Payne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Payne, of Mosman. Huw is son of the Rev. and Mrs. Gethin-Jones, of Sandgate Vicarage.



BRIDAL GROUP. Staff-Sergeant James Leland Grande, of Minnesota, U.S.A., and his bride (centre), formerly June Hazlett, of Northwood, after their wedding in London, with attendants Staff-Sergeant Frank Gully and Susan Flynn, of Sydney.



TO MARRY. Well-known model June Dally-Watkins and Lieutenant John Clifford, R.A.N., who will be married this Saturday, June 27, at St. Mary's Cathedral.



BOUFFANT GOWN of pastel lilac floral organza was worn by Desiree Macarthur, of Rose Bay, at the University Regimental Ball with Chris Cullen.



BETWEEN DANCES. Antoinette Kendall and Mick McGowan at the University Regimental Ball, which was held in the Union Refectory. Antoinette covered her aqua nylon net frock with a matching stole.



PILE OF LOGS which will provide a blazing fire to warm guests at the "Night of the Year" Ball is given finishing touches by Mr. and Mrs. Bill Buckingham. The ball will be held at "Fernleigh," Rose Bay, this Saturday, June 27.



STATE PRESIDENT of the Country Women's Association, Mrs. W. H. Cullen, of Bringelly (right), and Mrs. Edwin Withers, S.A., at the C.W.A. Conference in Melbourne.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE small Presbyterian Church at Birregurra, Victoria, will be the scene of a quiet, early afternoon wedding next Tuesday, June 30, when George Osborne, of "Kilgoulah," Tarcutta, marries Paddy (Janet) Ramsay.

Paddy, the daughter of Mrs. Ramsay, of "Turkeith," Birregurra, and the late Mr. Urquhart Ramsay, will be unattended.

George is the son of Mrs. R. T. Osborne, of Double Bay, and the late Mr. Osborne.

A family party at "Turkeith" will follow the ceremony.

"WE wouldn't have missed our four years in Australia for anything," Mrs. Patrick Jubb told me. Mr. and Mrs. Jubb—he is the B.B.C. representative in Australia—leave for England on August 12. Once home, their objective will be to find a house in London, as they have sold their 16th century farmhouse in Surrey. When I admired a delicate sapphire- and-pearl brooch worn by Mrs. Jubb, she told me it was originally a pendant which belonged to her grandmother.

AFTER a honeymoon in Spain and Portugal, Tony Rose and his bride, who was formerly Elizabeth Hooke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hooke, of "Skibo," Gloucester, have made their home at "Hill Farm," Ridgewell, Essex, England. Tony's family have lived at "Hill Farm" ever since his grandfather went to England from Scotland many years ago. Tony and Elizabeth's romance began in January of this year after Elizabeth had gone to England for a holiday.



PIANIST Walter Suskind with Mrs. Charles Moses (left) and Mrs. Frank Lount at the Sydney Symphony Orchestra Committee's reception at the Royal Empire Society.

THERE was great excitement in two Rose Bay households—those of Malcolm and Lois Goldfinch and Keith and Joan Willis—when Mrs. A. H. Chartres returned from her recent trip to Japan. Mrs. Chartres had her suitcases filled with some wonderful toys for her grandchildren, David, Susan, and Johnny Willis, and Ian, Janet, and Andrew Goldfinch.

BRIEF respite from duty was enjoyed by Doonee Gurney, of "Maranoa," Coonamble, when she dined at Prince's with Owen Rooney last week. Doonee is a nurse at the Mater Hospital. Owen, who lives in Townsville, left the next day for a holiday at home.

FAIRY lights lining the driveway guided party guests to the door of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Walls' home in Pymble when their daughter, June, celebrated her coming-of-age. The guests, who included recently married Jim and Prue Robson Scott, Diane and Barbara Ball, and Dr. Bob Reid, dined in the poinsettia and fern decorated ballroom, and supper was served in a marquee on the lawn.

GUEST OF HONOR at a luncheon party at Romano's was Lady Barwick (centre), wife of newly knighted Sir Garfield Barwick, Q.C. Hostess was Mrs. Mavis Blau (left), and Mrs. Frank Kitto was among the guests.

NEWS comes from Mrs. John Dixon, of Toorak, Melbourne, and formerly of Sydney, that her younger daughter, Mrs. George Repetti, of Colorado Springs, U.S.A., has had another baby girl, named Susan Elizabeth.

FRIENDS from all over New South Wales will converge on Young on December 19, when Frances Horton Browne, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Horton Browne, of "Wirruna," Young, will marry Patrick Moore. Patrick is the son of Mrs. L. A. Moore, of Belfast, North Ireland, and Calcutta, India, and the late Mr. Moore. Frances will have three matrons of honor, her sister Beverley (Mrs. Selwyn Ravenscroft), Mrs. Edmund Playfair, and Mrs. James Maslin, and a bridesmaid, Jenny Street. The reception will be held at "Wirruna" homestead. After their marriage, Frances and Patrick will live in Bombay.

Anne



THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH Toy

Whenever it's time for toys—and you don't have to wait till Christmas—you'll find something "just right" in the PLAYMATE "Parade." Soft toys, mechanical toys, dolls, educational toys, games. Look at the wonderful range below. See these and all the other PLAYMATE Toys at toy shops and department stores everywhere. They're priced to suit your pocket.



DOLLS. Soft, unbreakable, from 12/11.



MONKEY. Series of 10 sets, soft toys, 24. 8/11.



BARBIE. Famous model, 29/11.



SAX-O-TONE. Realistic musical instrument, 3/6.



RATTLE. Lively baby's delight, 2/11.



ALPHA BLOCKS. 18 bright blocks with alphabet, 18/2.



ZOO BLOCKS. Twelve big blocks with animal pictures, 18/11.



BUILDERS. Interlocking building blocks, 10/6.



SPEEDING CAR. Strong motor, no winding, 7/6.



SPEEDING CARS. Four-wheel drive, 12/6.



COUNTING FRAMES. Bright plastic-covered wire, from 12/6.



PLATBALL. Soft, knobby, plastic, 2/11.



BEACH BUCKET. Won't rust, hard to break, 5/11.



SKIPPING ROPE. Plastic-covered cord, 3/11.



SQUIREL. Another unbreakable soft toy, 8/11.



YACHT. Unbreakable, waterproof plastic sails.



FLYING BIRD. Unbreakable, plastic cord, 5/11.



LOCOMOTIVE. Pulling across of wild animals.



BEAR BEARS. Flexible cord stretches across front, 11/6.



PRICE CASE. Works like a clock, 4/11.



PLAYWORDS. 25 letters make 10,000 words.

Made in Australia by

Moulded Products (Australasia) Limited

Melbourne . Sydney . Newcastle . Brisbane . Townsville . Adelaide . Perth . Launceston . Hobart

Social News
continued:

Agent-General's party in London



LEGAL MEN. Mr. Justice Roper with the Leader of the Opposition in the N.S.W. Legislative Assembly, Mr. Vernon Trentt, and Mrs. Laurence Tully, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Tully's daughter-in-law.

HOST. The Agent-General for New South Wales in London, Mr. J. M. Tully, with Mrs. Ronald Harvey, whose husband is consulting engineer for the New Zealand Government.



GUESTS. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Thompson at the reception given by Mr. J. M. Tully and Mrs. Tully for the N.S.W. Premier, Mr. J. J. Cahill, and Mrs. Cahill.



CORONATION VISITORS. Mrs. Selwyn Finney (left), of Glenorie, N.S.W., and Mr. and Mrs. George Moore, of Melbourne, at the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Tully at their Westminster home in London.



ABOVE: Mr. Selwyn Finney, of Glenorie, N.S.W., with Mrs. Ian Fuller, of Melbourne.

LEFT: Mrs. J. J. Cahill, wife of the Premier of N.S.W., with the Leader of the Opposition, Dr. H. V. Evatt, and Mrs. Evatt at the party.

RIGHT: Mrs. Keith Dwyer (left), of Gosford, with Dr. and Mrs. Des O'Shea, of Bondi, at the reception.



AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS IN ENGLAND



LED BY the captain, Lindsay Hassett, the Australians leave ground at East Molesey. Shown here are (from left): Jim de Courcy, Richie Benaud, Ron Archer, Neil Harvey, Doug Ring, Bill Johnston, Ray Lindwall.

● The excitement of the first Test Match in the England v. Australia series has been a tonic to cricket. Long in the doldrums because of walkover Australian victories, the game, for weeks now, has been the top sporting interest here and in England.



ABOVE: Australian team youngster, Ron Archer (left), is ribbed by Yorkshiremen Len Hutton, Johnny Wardle, and Willie Watson (right) about Australia's cricket form.



LEFT: Keith Miller, "the world's best all-rounder," sweeps back his hair in a gesture that has now become familiar to cricket fans.

RIGHT: Australian vice-captain, Arthur Morris, of Sydney, leaves Bradford ground followed by Victorian left-hander Neil Harvey.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - JULY 1, 1953



WATCHED by an admiring crowd, Nigel Howard, Lancashire's captain, leads out the Lancashire team. Behind him is former English Test player, Cyril Washbrook, a dour batsman, and veteran at 38, who was caught by Johnston, off Miller, just when he looked like piling up a big score. The match ended in a draw.



AUSTRALIAN OPENERS Arthur Morris and Graeme Hole take the field. Morris' seasoned play has been responsible for many Australian successes of the tour. Hole has become a great favorite with English fans.



LINE-UP of some of Australia's best cricketers (from left): Ron Archer, Colin McDonald, Ian Craig, Lindsay Hassett, Keith Miller, and Ray Lindwall.

The difference between

this...



and
this...



is often this...

**Johnson's
BABY POWDER**



So silky-soft, so cool, so smooth!

Johnson's Baby Powder is such a pleasant way to chase away prickles and chafes, keep baby comfy and contented.

The famous SARA QUADS

Johnson's Baby Products are used exclusively in the Sara nursery. Chosen above all others for this most important care.

"Best for Baby... Best for You"



Be smart . . .
be popular . . .
**Serve Hot Chocolate
for supper . . .**

Here's a grand idea that will put you on top as a successful hostess. Serve Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate piping hot for a new, exciting supper drink. Simply sprinkle Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate on to hot milk (or milk and water) and stir. Use two teaspoonsfuls to every cup. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packet 2/-.

Made in a minute

**CADBURY'S
DRINKING
CHOCOLATE**



MOTHER



"Stick 'em up!"

BUTCH



"Not that way, Slug. It's a pretty tough neighborhood after dark."

It seems to me

LISTENERS to the hit-tunes cannot fail to be struck by the number of songs which take a dismal and defeatist viewpoint on love.

Songs such as "I Went To Your Wedding" (I am aware that I am a few weeks out of date) and "Half As Much" belong to the school I refer to.

The singer, whether male or female, is suffering from unrequited love in its severest form, and encourages members of the audience in similar plight to enjoy a good cry.

Consequently I was pleased to hear the other night a number which expresses what might be called the constructive, or aggressive, attitude towards the opposite sex.

It was sung by Ellen Sutton, whose raucously confident tones are most suitable to the sentiment, and runs: "You can't buffalo me like you buffalooed the others. Who do you think you are?"

AMATEUR decorators have been interested to read advertisements for a quick-drying paint which, the makers say, enables the user to paint a room in the morning and entertain in it at night.

Nobody quarrels with the manufacturer's claims. Doubtless they have been busy with stop-watches for a long time.

But their line "Decorating in the morning—dancing at night" (adorned with a drawing of an elegant gathering in black ties and Paris gowns) belongs to the realm of pretty thoughts.

Let us skip the furniture-moving, the wall-cleaning, the soothing cups of tea, and the encouraging female cries as work progresses.

Let us come to the actual painting. The job is done, and dries as promised.

The paint must now be removed from the children's hair and the crick from the painter's back. The furniture must be moved again.

If, at this stage, you are un-depressed by the look of the old slip-covers, if you are prepared to welcome a throng of happy guests and stay up half the night watching them lean their heads against the walls and kick their heels on the skirtings, you are a woman of stamina.

You shouldn't be running a house. You ought to be engaged on polar exploration.

MANY a smoker must feel envious of the strength of mind of Mr. H. S. Cordery, retired Collector of Customs at Christchurch, New Zealand, who gave up smoking 50 years ago so that he could save up and see the world.

In 1902 he put 5/2 a week into a life assurance policy which eventually netted him nearly £1000. Last week he arrived in Sydney after seeing 30 countries—and put that in your pipe and smoke it.

But one needs Mr. Cordery's singleness of purpose.

Unfortunately, I once had rather a discouraging experience. Cutting the quota to practically nothing, I was so impressed with the money saved that I kept buying all sorts of attractive oddments. The accounts that came in the next month were so alarming that I had to resume smoking for the sake of my nerves.



Dorothy Drain

YOU have to admire the authorities of Princeton University, U.S.A., for their showmanship on a recent graduation day.

An address was delivered in Latin. Degree winners received it with laughter (in the right places) and responsive applause. Proud parents and friends were most impressed at this scholarly display. They discovered later that the students all had copies of the address, marked where to laugh and where to applaud. One picture the scene which possibly took place the night before.

"Ha, ha, gentlemen," says the Dean to his professors, "I have just thought up an excellent canem hirsutum for my speech to-morrow."

Nobody laughs.

"Shaggy dog, you dopes," says the Dean crossly, and an embarrassed silence falls.

"Do you think, sir," asks the youngest professor (of Applied Arts and Advertising), "that it might be an idea to organise a cheer squad? It works very well on the radio, where they sometimes display placards encouraging audiences to laugh at gags spoken in English."

"Gratias, amicus" (Gee, thanks, sport), cries the Dean. And so an idea is born . . .

BUSINESSMEN of Sydney's seaside suburb of Manly are planning to hold a contest to find the most courteous shop assistant.

They were inspired by the visit to Sydney of Mrs. E. Wheeler, whose trip was a prize for a similar competition held in New Zealand.

It will be interesting to see how they judge it. Strains on tempers surely vary according to departments. It must be easier, for instance, for a hardware assistant to please a man who wants a pound of two-inch nails than it is for a shoe saleswoman to hear with a customer who can't decide on one of the 20 pairs of shoes strewn round her.

USING a new type of "snort" breathing apparatus, the British submarine Andrew crossed the Atlantic underwater. Many people thought that the Andrew should have taken part in the Spithead Review, instead of being diverted to Portland. The Navy explained that she might have been a navigational hazard to other ships.

Polished and holystoned, gleaming, neat, Beflagged for the Queen to see, Were the bravest ships of Her Majesty's fleet—

"Except," said the Andrew, "me."

"So they fobbed me off with my barnacted hulk."

"They inferred that I'd get in the way."

"Oh, a submarine's never a ship to sulk. But people had something to say."

"I didn't say much (one can't, you know), As I rustily crept into port, For the Navy's the Silent Service, so— 'I snorted a snort with my snort.'"

TRICKS FOR
HUSBANDS



Husbands! Don't let week-end chores Condemn you to a day indoors . . .



TRIX will bring you quick release From all old-fashioned elbow grease.



For floors, for windows or the car TRIX is easier by far.



For clothes, for dishes—carpets too—TRIX will leave them all like new.



Teach your wife a trick or two—Get TRIX to do the work for you!

TRIX dissolves grease . . . absorbs dirt . . . banishes hard-water problems. It's "magic" for practically every household cleaning job. Anything guds can do, TRIX can do better!



Are you possessive?

You seldom need go further than the possessive individual for the most convincing case of arrested development.

The next time you find yourself tempted to hang a "hands-off" label round the unhappy neck of someone—a boy, a girl, or your best friend—visualise the two-year-old toddler.

WATCH him squatting pat on his collection of toys, chin jutting out belligerently and ready to do battle with his red-headed playmate if he so much as looks at them.

He's possessive for exactly the same reasons you are:

- (a) The lack of social adjustment;
- (b) insecurity;
- (c) the joy of the power of possession.

His attitude is natural in babyhood.

Fortunately, most people learn to leave it, along with the teddy bear, in the nursery cupboard.

Some, however, carry their possessiveness with them all their lives.

Comical in the child, tragic in the adult, it has shattered more human relationships—mother and child, husband and wife, boy and girl—than its lethal twin, jealousy.

In the psychologist's notebook the "let me grapple you to my soul with hoops of steel" type of adult is a maladjusted, lonely person.

Not prepared to accept the give and take of friendship ("if I can't have you on my terms I don't want you"), his circle of friends is very limited.

And in a desperate effort to hold their affections, he uses the underhand means of playing on their sympathy and the overhand ones of domination and force.

Do you recognise these types?

- That possessive best friend who sulks when you allow anyone else to make demands on your time.

• The girl so possessive over her boy-friend that he daren't breathe without her permission.

His friends are sweetly but firmly frozen off, his family thrust into the background, his cricket and tennis matches cancelled for the week-end, while he is disciplined into paying sole homage to her.

THE hottest gal on wax, as they call Joni James, has for her second disc "Your Cheatin' Heart." The title betrays the fact that Joni is suffering the pangs of a battered heart, and on the reverse, "I'll Be Waiting For You," she again chides her faithless lover. "Heart" has been topping overseas polls. Number is MGM5135.

TOMMY DORSEY'S back again just to show how it's done—and what a double! On one side is a smash version of the old negro spiritual "Nobody Knows De Trouble I've Seen"; reverse is the Jerome Kern favorite "They Didn't Believe Me."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 1, 1953

Flattered for a time at being the very reason for her existence, he is the dazzled recipient of her all-encompassing love.

But restrictions begin to pall. He resents his role of the pet poodle; scenes over continued submission to her rules fray his nerves.

When he finally rebels, she is left with the crumbled ruins of her dictatorship.

Here are the boys on the subject:

"She stages a mood every time she catches us in animated conversation with another lass.

"She monopolises us at parties, ignoring her social obligations and upbraiding us when we try to fulfil ours.

"She grills us every time we meet her and insists we account for every second of

*A possessive young lady of Wight
Wouldn't let her boy out of her sight.
Now she finds not his arms
Surrounding her charms,
But the dust of his heels in full flight.*

every hour spent away from her.

The girls:
"Take it from us, most of those warning signs apply to boys, too. And we'd like to add another.

"Nothing more infuriates us than to find a boy with a personal rating of casual acquaintance suddenly strong-arming us in front of the gang.

"When it comes back to our shell-pink ears—and it usually does—that he's attempting to scare off other males by claiming us as his exclusive property, that's when we really see red.

"If there is a mutual pact, we reserve the priority of announcing it in our news bulletin."

While possessiveness is

often forgiven in the young and uncertain, its danger lies in its power to transform the boy or girl into the possessive husband or wife, and, unhappiest of all, the possessive parent.

The possessive one practises a petty tyranny hard to relinquish. If the victim isn't made of the stern stuff of rebellion, he or she is completely absorbed—and unhappy.

Of formidable status is the possessive mother who wields her power so deftly and cunningly that the victimised children aren't aware of it until too late.

Old maid and bachelor offspring of this bear-hugger spill out of novels into real-life tragedies every day.

There are plenty of Auntie Janes and Uncle Bobs who sacrificed their youth protecting Mother's weak heart, only, by an extraordinary coincidence, to have Mother's out-tick theirs.

Many a wife or husband, baffled by the domination of a mother-in-law and the unhappy influence she exerts in the young people's married life, wonders how such power ever came into being.

I'm witnessing its origin in the young mother of a four-year-old son.

Possessive in adolescence, she is carrying it through to motherhood with a vengeance.

Shielding the lad from playmates other than one or two carefully selected ones, molluscating him because of his so-called delicate constitution, sabotaging the child's companionship with his father, she is reducing him to absolute dependence on her.

School will be a heart-breaking adjustment for him, and, if her pernicious pattern persists, she'll encourage his tendency to retreat to the security of her skirts by contriving the flimsiest excuses to keep him home.

And all this is achieved under the sanctimonious cloak of maternal devotion and duty.

ON their way to Australia at time of writing are the matrices (metal discs from which records are reproduced) of a long-playing H.M.V. record to commemorate the Coronation. Entitled "From Childhood to the Throne," the disc introduces extracts from the Queen's various recorded speeches, as well as the voices of many notable persons of the past two decades. Historically, this should be a most interesting L.P., but, unfortunately, I haven't been able to hear a sample. All going well, it should be available when you read this.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

DISC DIGEST

If you appreciate style, this is a tailor-made job for you. Ask for DO70015.

THOSE friendly enemies Bing and Bob obviously adore singing "Chicago Style" on DO70031 and "Hoot Mon" on DO70032. Songs are from "Road to Bali," and their disc stand-in for Lamour is Peggy Lee. She has the solo "Moonflowers" to back DO70031. The trio are heard on the reverse of the second disc clowning to the hilt in "Merry-Go-Round-Around."

When a dentist finds MOUTH ODOUR

...here's what he does!

I CLEAN MY PATIENTS' TEETH WITH MENTASOL TOOTHPASTE BEFORE STARTING TREATMENT AND RECOMMEND ITS DAILY USE TO DESTROY ALL MOUTH ODOURS



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BEFORE BEDTIME on the Strathmore the Sara Quads, dressed in new pale blue dressing-gowns and red-and-blue slippers, line up on mother's bunk with picture-books. Mrs. Sara reads to Mark (left), but Phillip, Judith, and Alison manage for themselves. The Quads go to bed about 6.30. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Quads get their sea legs

Settle down quickly to ship life on luxury trip to England

By MARGARET BINGHAM,
who travelled to
Perth with the Quads.

On the first stage of their 12,000-mile journey from Australia to England, the Sara Quads have settled down to life on board the P. and O. liner Strathmore as though they had known no other.

THE Quads are travelling with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara, and their elder brother, Geoffrey, to visit Mrs. Sara's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holmes, in Chiswick, London.

This trip was promised by The Australian Women's Weekly when the Quads were born. The family will spend about eight weeks in England before leaving for home in September in the P. and O. liner Himalaya.

The Quads are nothing if not adaptable.

Overnight their quiet, somewhat restricted existence in Bellingen, N.S.W., disappeared, and they were whisked into a new world, surrounded by hundreds of people who are interested in them and who show their interest.

While they are completely unconscious of the reason for this sudden change, the Quads

do seem to realise the novelty of it, and are taking all their new experiences in their stride with tremendous gusto.

Betty and Percy Sara found the sudden transition from Bellingen to the Strathmore a bit disturbing at first.

For some time past Betty has been managing the house-keeping and the five children single-handed.

Now she can simply concentrate on the children. The first strangeness over, she is enjoying herself.

Betty is firm about one thing.

On the very first day I heard her tell Percy: "Don't call me 'Mum.' I'm going to be 'Betty' on this trip." Percy is obeying orders.

Betty is organising the "Mum" part of her life so well that there is plenty of time for the "Betty" part too, particularly in the ship's social life after the children are in bed at night.

She knows she needs this holiday badly and is going about having it in the most sensible way.

Percy, too, with work and responsibility off his shoulders, is having the time of his life.

Probably the actual sailing of the ship and the journey up the Harbor to Sydney Heads is the most exciting experience the Quads have had yet.

As all seven members of the Sara family stood on the sports deck below the bridge as the ship moved up the Harbor, the Captain, D. F. H. Armstrong, leaned over the rail of the bridge, and called out: "Are they all there?"

His inquiry was typical of the friendly and helpful interest that everyone on board has shown in the Sara family.

Staff Commander, Captain J. P. McArthur, can now easily distinguish between Phillip and Mark, and Judith and Alison.

New friends

THE purser, Mr. L. S. Warren, made a point of showing the ever-curious mark where the ship's siren came from, and made a friend for life of Geoffrey by explaining the difference between port and starboard.

Mr. G. P. Veysey, the chief steward, is another who gives a helping hand and a friendly word to the Quads. He often appears at meals to see how they are getting on.

The cold, brisk sea air has given the children very good appetites and meal-times are usually very quiet in the Quads' corner of the dining saloon as the four hungry youngsters eat their way through one, two, or sometimes three courses.

Betty Sara is enthusiastic in her praise of the great variety

of food available for the children on board.

When meal-time comes and their cabin door is opened, Betty and Percy have to be extremely alert to get to the top of the stairs before the line of Quads.

They run out of the door, down the stairs in double-quick time, and then file into the saloon, steering a straight course for their corner table.

The children's young table steward, Norman Highley, is very attentive to their needs, and seems to enjoy looking after them, especially Judith.

Betty and Percy usually superintend.

Brother Geoffrey is there, too. He likes to take his meal with his younger brothers and sisters.

Although Strathmore struck strong winds, a slight swell, and choppy seas at first, the Quads showed no sign of seasickness.

The Saras visited the Paddles' Shoes factory and the Myer Emporium in Melbourne.

A special morning tea—a children's delight—was turned on for them at Paddles'.

In between games and eating, Managing Director of Paddles' Shoes, Mr. Leslie Paddle, and his brother, sales manager, Mr. Herbert Paddle, fitted the children for their three-year-old shoes, which they will be wearing in about two months' time.

The 60-year-old firm will supply shoes to the Quads throughout their childhood.

At the Myer Emporium the Quads were almost too willing to step into the limelight.

When his mother had said a few words into the microphone, Mark insisted on having his turn, and made loud noises of appreciation.

Alison and Judith were delighted with the dolls and Mark and Phillip with the trains given to them by the store.

The family then had lunch in the restaurant.



AT DINNER, Phillip (left) looks around to see if his meal is coming, while Alison, next to him, makes friends with the chief steward, Mr. G. P. Veysey. On the right side of the table (left) are Mark, Judith, and Geoffrey.



THE SARA FAMILY pose on the boat deck of the Strathmore with the staff-commander, Captain J. P. McArthur, left, and the purser, Mr. L. S. Warren. The Sarus are all enjoying their trip.



AFTER BOAT DRILL the Quads (from left): Phillip, Alison, Mark, and Judith, with their life-jackets on, present buckviews only as they peer enthralled through the rails at the big ocean. They say "Oo, water!" whenever they see the sea.



BATH-TIME. The Quads (from left): Phillip, Alison, Mark, and Judith, and six-year-old Geoffrey, on their way to the bathroom.

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DRESS SENSE

Shipboard fashions... casuals for the deck for the young and for the older woman... interchangeable separates for dinner and dancing...

WHEN selecting cruise and travel-by-ship clothes, cabin space and a cold and tropical weather cycle are the two most important items to consider.

Dual-purpose fashions with adaptable accessories are the logical choice.

For embarking and disembarking the best fashion is a casual suit with one of the new loose jackets. It looks perfect ashore or ashore.

Illustration: Loose tweed jacket, just to the hips, in black-and-white tweed, plus a narrow black wool jersey skirt.

The skirt balances the bulky look of the tweed jacket; the jacket becomes a "shortie" for day and night, the skirt an "extra."

Basic requirements for a daytime wardrobe are a suit (described above), a blouse, a skirt, a short-sleeved pullover-sweater, an all-round top for day and evening wear, an extra skirt, a pair of shorts, a pair of slacks, a summer dress and stole and/or a cotton skirt with a low-cut cotton blouse, swimsuit, and wrap, plus a few scarves and costume jewellery pieces to vary the ensembles.

Pants for the young are the top requirement for the deck.

The tapered above-ankle-length trousers, Bermuda-length shorts, and snug-fitting slacks give a good choice.

Dress-stole twosome

THE older woman can forgo the trouser fashion for a skirt designed with gored or pleated fullness. The dress and matched stole is another excellent choice for the deck, and one that can be worn by all ages.

The dress-stole twosome is at its newest in knitwear, and is a wonderful traveller because of its uncrushable qualities.

Quilted cotton is a good treatment for shipboard wear because it looks summery yet has a little warmth, and it packs well.

The quilting can be used for shorts, a skirt, or as a trim.

There is an overwhelming fashion choice for the separate "top."

A shirt copying the cut of a man's is a smart, useful idea—and its color and material can't be too dizzy or too loud.

Another male fashion, the Edwardian waistcoat, adapted into a florid feminine style, becomes a piece of chic casual nonsense to wear over a sweater and pants or sweater and skirt.

The over-blouse and shirt with a slim tunic line, and all types of middie blouse, are well in the picture for deck fashions.

A cut-out sweater or "double look" makes new fashion talk in handknits. This sweater



D.S. 45. Hip-length topper coat in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material. Price 3/6. Pattern may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

is cut low back and front, has a plain oval neckline, and can be worn with or without a "fill-in."

A daytime top can also be feminine.

Illustration: A sheer white blouse with enormous puffed-up above-elbow-length sleeves.

Current fashion puts stress on a wardrobe of changeable separates for shipboard dining and dancing and late-day entertaining.

A slim black floor-length wool skirt wrapped with its own cummerbund and a bouffant street-length one in black lace or net can form the basis of this theme.

Betty Keep

The separate top might be styled in any of the following designs.

A bare top with simple strap sleeves in jersey; a long-sleeved sweater, dipping lower at the back than the front; a camisole top in coarse black or white lace; a flower-printed sheer blouse with enormous puffed-up sleeves; and black confetti dots printed on white for a strapless top worn with an enormous stole. Black on white is at the peak of its importance.

Readers' problems

"PLEASE advise me if you think a cotton frock and stole would be a suitable outfit for a cruise up north. I would also like your advice about colors. I don't wear pastel tones or floral prints."

A dress and stole is one of

the most important styles in cruise fashions and one that offers endless possibilities for imaginative color combinations. Illustrations: A pine-green linen dress and white angora stole, or a violet cotton dress and white jersey stole.

"WOULD you please advise me about a suitable trimming for a formal ball gown made in beige lace?"

For formal wear a glitter trim is the trimming of the season. Lace is often delicately traced with sequins or pastel-colored pearls. Beige lace would look charming studded with gold sequins.

"WOULD you please answer the following problems? How will I finish the waistline of a black taffeta cocktail frock made with a full skirt, and for the same frock I would like an idea for the neckline, something soft and becoming. I would also like to know if a bolero jacket is still fashionable with an evening gown."

A cowl neckline is one of the prettiest and softest neckline treatments of the season, and a black velvet ribbon sash would be a perfect finish for the waistline of your cocktail dress. Tie the ribbon in a small neat bow at centre front and have the two ends falling to just above the knees. In the evening an Empire jacket looks newer and more formal than a bolero. It is fitted to just below the bustline, collarless, and nearly sleeveless, with a low oval scooped-out neckline.



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SOAP**

Stand-in says stars have easy jobs



FAMILY GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Heywood and their daughter Susan. After acting as stand-in for Vivien Leigh, and being chased up a hill by elephants, Mrs. Heywood says she is glad to be "just a wife and mother again."

Doubled in film for Vivien Leigh

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

After spending four weeks as Vivien Leigh's stand-in during the making of "Elephant Walk," in Ceylon, Mrs. Carrol Heywood, who has returned to her home city, Sydney, says film stars have easy jobs.

AS well, Mrs. Heywood now has a realistic attitude towards film making and film actors.

She knows, for instance, that Miss Leigh wears wigs for all her film parts, because it saves the time that hair-sets would take; and that Australian star Peter Finch has one false tooth, which "he always loses just as the cameras start clicking."

Slight, dark-haired, softly spoken Mrs. Heywood is quite like Vivien Leigh when her face is in repose.

She has similar well-defined cheekbones, delicate jaw-line, and high forehead.

Her eyes, too, have that dark brooding quality, but are topped by more natural, thick-growing eyebrows, and when she smiles there is an attractive "lucky" space between her two front teeth.

But after meeting and working with her favorite film stars, Mrs. Heywood says her main interests are still her good-looking husband, Tommy, and her year-old daughter, Susan Elizabeth.

Her husband, an airline station engineer in Ceylon, thought that he would make a good stand-in for Dana Andrews in the film, and that the change of work would be a holiday for him.

He met Paramount production manager Ken Deland after the company had chartered a plane to go on location, and asked him about the possibility of a job.

"While we talked I noticed him looking at Carrol," Mr.

Heywood told me. "Later, Mr. Deland told me that he thought she would be 'just the one' for Miss Leigh's double."

"We didn't discuss the Dana Andrews business again."

Mrs. Heywood, who was a stenographer before she married, had never done any acting.

"I was terrified at the idea of standing-in for Vivien Leigh, because she has always been my favorite film star," Mrs. Heywood said.

Lives on nerves

"VIVIEN is a charming and delightful woman who isn't a bit temperamental, as some people seem to think, but does live on her nerves," she went on.

"Although we worked from about seven in the morning until dark, Vivien always wanted to rush off in the evening to see something."

"So much so that we could see she was wearing herself out."

"So could Sir Laurence, who came from England to attend a big party we had at Kandy."

"I heard him say to a cameraman, 'I've just had to spank my wife's knuckles—she's been overdoing it.'"

"Of course, it was just after she got back from Ceylon that she had her breakdown. I think Sir Laurence could see it coming, because he looked worried when she was dancing with everyone at the party."

(Although Elizabeth Taylor has since replaced Vivien



"ELEPHANT WALK" company assembled in front of the house from where elephants pursued Mrs. Carrol Heywood, who was doubling for Vivien Leigh. Fourth from the left, in the front row of the crowd, is Dana Andrews.

Leigh in "Elephant Walk," some of the scenes in which Mrs. Heywood appears will be incorporated in the finished version.

Mrs. Heywood was also very impressed with Peter Finch, whom she found easy to work with and very modest. He was so nervous when he was first going through a scene that he asked those looking on if they thought it was all right.

"It's very flattering to have an established actor saying to you, 'Do you think I should have done it some other way?'" she said.

"Even more flattering when people like you to anyone as lovely as Vivien, of course."

"But I think that actors and actresses must have the easiest job in the world."

"The simplest-minded person could do it."

"They are told how, when, and where to do everything, and don't seem to have to use any initiative."

"It is particularly easy for the stars, because their stand-ins do all the early run-through, while they just watch and say if they like the idea or not."

"If Vivien didn't like a thing she would say so straight away."

Mrs. Heywood found that stand-ins could not pick and choose.

The scene she would rather have missed was an elephant stampede, which was shot five times in one morning.

"The director, William Dieterle, explained it quite calmly to me," she said. "At first I thought it sounded fairly safe."

"He said, 'Now, darling, first we call the elephants and they start to break up the house. Then we throw in a few smoke bombs to make it look on fire. Then we call you, and you

have to run out of the house, down the steps and up the hill opposite—O.K.?"

"I said 'O.K.' and got ready. But by the time they had called my name I could feel the elephants breathing down my back."

"I took off like mad in high-heeled shoes and a fairly tight skirt and made for that hill like an Olympic champion."

"I thought I got well ahead, but the joke is that you can't hear elephants coming. They're as quiet as fairies."

"When I looked round they were within trunk distance and ahead were sharp tea bushes."

"I shall never know how I got up that hill. All I can remember is the pruned branches cutting my legs, and thinking, 'Whatever will happen to Tommy and little Susan?'"

"After five takes of that I was quite happy to go back to the life of a wife and mother."

Mr. Heywood told me his heart was in his mouth most of the time that scene was being filmed.

Big compensation

WHEN he protested to the director, all he said was: "Don't worry, Tommy, we've got a doctor on the spot if she cuts herself, and if anything serious happens you'll get enormous compensation."

Apart from cuts and bruises, Mrs. Heywood was unhurt. Her usual £5 a day pay was raised to £10 for the stampede scene.

As a souvenir of her month in the movies, Mrs. Heywood brought back a suit and hat which she wore in the film.

"I shall cherish them, and think of all the fun we had whenever I wear them," she said.

"But I don't care if I never see another elephant."



"PRETTY EXCITING," was how Carrol Heywood described this champagne picnic breakfast in "Elephant Walk," with Peter Finch gazing passionately into her eyes.



RICKSHA RIDE for Vivien Leigh and Peter Finch. Mr. and Mrs. Heywood are standing alongside in identical clothes. The shot is taken from a film Mr. Heywood made.



VIVIEN LEIGH, wearing a native hat, talking to Peter Finch, right. Tommy Heywood, whose wife doubled for Vivien in the film, is seated in the foreground at left.

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BUT in less than a week I was Hedda. I never heard him call me Ella, Ida, Edna, or Nella again. At last I had an identity of my own, and was on my way.

I learned to work hard while I was growing up in Altoona, and I got a standard of behaviour from my mother. She had dark, wavy hair and eyes like woodland pools. She didn't have to mention it if you'd done anything wrong; just a look from those eyes was enough.

Unless you happen to have been born into a big family equipped with healthy appetites, you can have no idea of the labor that goes into cooking three square meals a day, washing dishes, baking, cleaning house, doing the family washing and ironing. I was as strong as a horse and was at it from dawn to late at night. I liked working alongside my mother. She was a fine housekeeper. It made you proud just to see the way things had to be to suit her.

My brother got sick of working in the butcher market—he was only paid a few dollars, when Dad happened to think of it—and went to work for a man who would pay him regular salary. So Dad told me to help him in the market.

When I was called the best-dressed woman on the street I had to laugh, remembering the days when I wore a pair of overalls, an old sweater, and an apron, and went into the cooler to cut off a quarter of beef and carry it out over my shoulder to the chopping block. The job had one drawback, it developed my muscles along with my strength, which didn't make me any too dainty a figure for the boys to take dancing—if I had had the beaux and the clothes for dancing.

I had only one beau in Altoona, a dentist. For a while I dreamed about what marriage to him would be like. But then he took me to see Ethel Barrymore in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." From the instant I laid my eyes on Miss Barrymore I stopped listening to anything he said.

After it was over we rode home in the trolley together, but we were on different planets. Finally he said, "What's wrong with you?"

"Don't say a word," I whispered. "This is the greatest moment in my life. I've decided something—just now—"

He brightened. "You have?" "I'm going to become an actress."

If he'd laughed I'd have slugged him. But he just gaped at me as though I'd gone crazy. Maybe I had; at least I'd seen a vision.

My father took a good deal of understanding. After he succeeded in getting us all born he wearied of his responsibility and yearned for the wide, open spaces. He just closed up shop, packed a few belongings, and announced that he was off to the Klondike to find his fortune. What about all the bills outstanding at the market? What would we live on? When you don't have to answer you just shrug. My father was one of the most accomplished shruggers I ever saw.

The bills were allowed to pile up because he was afraid to ask people to pay—they might take their trade elsewhere. It made him mad not to be paid and, not having the nerve to ask for his money, he took it out in throwing his weight around the house.

My brother Sherman tried to collect the bills, but no one took him seriously.

"Can I collect 'em?" I asked Mother.

"Child, you wouldn't know how to go about it," she said.

Continuing . . . From Under My Hat

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"They owe us money, don't they?" I said fiercely. "They know Dad's in the Klondike, don't they? They know what a fine woman you are, don't they? And I can talk—which seems to be more than Sherman can do."

I asked myself what an actress did on the stage when she wanted something. She cooed like a dove; she raged like a lion. She smiled or burst into tears. I wanted to be an actress and here was my chance.

I came in fighting. I was the fightingest fourteen-year-old bill collector ever seen in Altoona. I persuaded, I threatened, I was demure, I was a holy terror—and I collected enough for us to live on till Dad came home.

Once having seen Ethel Barrymore, the idea of becoming an actress gave me no rest. When the household was asleep I acted out scenes from lurid novels, alone in my room. Besides wanting to act I wanted to sing. I sang out loudest of anyone at church. My voice had two notes: high C and low C, with a sheer abyss in between. I did mighty well with "Onward, Christian Soldiers." That's why to this day it's my favorite hymn. I associate it, too, with a hat.

It was my first store-bought hat. I paid five dollars for it out of my own money. It was a thing of beauty, of bright green straw trimmed with red velvet geraniums. That hat was a greater attraction on Easter morning than the choir or the preacher's sermon. I said if a hat can get the attention of this many people, I'll never go bareheaded.

I badgered my father to let me go to the Garter Conservatory of Music in Pittsburgh. The Carters had a daughter, Hattie. We struck up a bosom friendship. She wanted to go on the stage, too. "Since you intend to be an actress, why don't you run away and come with me?" she said.

BEFORE I left home for good I had been allowed to go on to New York to visit my Uncle Sam. He was a missionary and ran the Sunshine Mission down on the Bowery.

I loved visiting him. After I helped my aunt get supper and do the dishes, I would go down with Uncle Sam to his mission. He let me sit by him on the platform and I joined in the singing.

"You must come and visit us again," my uncle said when it was time for me to go home to Altoona. He said it without thinking. He reckoned without his niece Elda.

In this life you can take poverty, you can take failure; you can take the big things; it's the little griefs that destroy you.

In our house there was a bamboo love seat which I adored. It was one of those curlicue double things in which you face the person who is sitting in it with you. I used to dream of the dark and handsome man who would some day sit in it with me.

I protected that love seat, to save it for the day. When it legs got wobbly, I cemented them. I kept the seat brushed, the frame dusted and watched over it jealously.

One day my father happened to stop in the parlor. I had just finished inspecting the love seat. My brother Frank came in and said, "Dad, will you give me five dollars?"

"I can't—I just gave you five a week ago."

This was too much for Frank, who had a foul temper. Grabbing for the thing nearest at hand, he picked up my love seat, raised it over his head, and



AN EARLY photograph of Hedda Hopper as a chorus girl with DeWolf Hopper's company of "Happy Land" (about 1912). Even then she had an eye for striking headgear.

banged it down on the floor. It smashed to pieces.

That did it!

That marked the end of everything as far as living at home was concerned. I went up to my room and counted the money I had saved. I never got paid for my work in the butcher shop and none of us got an allowance. When I thought I'd earned a certain amount I just took it out of the till. So by this time I had two hundred and fifty dollars.

That night I found a valise and packed up my clothes. Before the family was up in the morning I was down at the station waiting for the train to New York.

Uncle Sam's work at the mission steeled him for anything—even me. Anyway, he didn't seem exactly surprised to see me. He let Dad and Mother know where I was, so they wouldn't worry. Dad was disgusted. He took the attitude, "She's made her bed, let her lie in it."

Luckily for me I had kept in touch with Hattie Carter and knew where she lived. She had a chorus job with the Aborn Opera Company. "Maybe I can get you in, too," she said. The stage manager gave me a job at twenty-five dollars a week. Things were different in those days. There weren't a hundred stage-struck girls for every job. And I was young and pretty. My figure wasn't bad. I had a peaches-and-cream complexion. I was working under one handicap, however. No talent.

That year there must have been an unusual scarcity of chorus girls who would brave the road for twenty-five dollars a week, because they kept me on the full season. After paying for my room and food and laundry, there wasn't anything left.

The next season I got a chorus job with the Shuberts. Our chorus master, Ned Weyburn, was as tough an humbug as they come. We'd been rehearsing three days when he yelled, "Stop!" He pointed a finger in my direction and snapped, "You! Step out!"

He couldn't mean me! Believing like that? I stole a glance to right and left of me. "You!" he roared again.

Meekly I said, "You don't mean me?"

"Yes, you!"

I stepped out and this is what he said, in front of the entire company: "Without doubt you are the most awkward cow it's ever been my misfortune to come across. How did you get into this theatre in the first place? Who grabbed you off the farm? What you're doing here I'll never know. But if you've got nerve enough to take it, I'll give it. Now get back there in line and learn those steps!"

By that time I was so shaken I didn't know my left foot from my right. I decided that I'd have to take dancing lessons and learn fast.

Well, you can't be hanged for trying. I went to see Mr. Romeo, ballet master for the Metropolitan Opera, and told him what had happened. "Please teach me a few steps, Mr. Romeo, so I can keep my job. I've just got to," I pleaded. It was either keep my job or accept a fate worse than death—go home to Altoona.

I was still a chorus girl, of course, when I was in Wolfe's company. When I first thought about getting Edgar Selwyn to give me a dramatic part in "The Country Boy," I talked it over with my friend Louise Dresser. The previous summer I had been lucky enough to get four weeks of work in stock in Mt. Vernon, New York, and I lived with Louise. She had been DeWolf Hopper's leading lady.

After the fourth week I asked Louise's mother, who had seen all four plays we had put on, which part I'd played best.

"That Indian woman in 'Girl of the Golden West,'" she said. "But I only got to say, 'Ugh!' in that."

"That's why I liked it best," she said.

With that doubtful encouragement I advanced on Mr. Selwyn and he gave me the leading part. To this day I can't help admiring his reckless courage.

The cast of "The Country Boy" was a wonderful little company, with a lot of eager beavers just as anxious to learn as I was. One boy, who seemed to know more about the drama than the rest of us, organised a study club. We'd get together in the afternoon and learn a variety of parts—Ibsen and some Shakespeare.

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VENCATACHELLUM
Genuine Madras
CURRY POWDER

The Same Grand
Curry Grandma used

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL RECIPE

NUT CURRY

4oz. shelled mixed nuts, 1 onion, 1 tbsp. butter, 1 aml. apple, 1 tbsp. sultanas, 1 d/sp. curry powder, 1 d/sp. flour, 1 medium potato, 1½ cups milk or stock, salt, cayenne. Blanch nuts and roast briefly in oven. Peel and dice apple and onion, and fry in butter for few minutes, then add diced potato, and stir in curry powder and flour. Cook slowly for few minutes, then add milk and stir until mixture boils and thickens. Add nuts, sultanas, salt, and cayenne, and simmer until vegetables are tender. Serve hot with border of boiled rice, lemon, and parsley.

JUST ASK FOR "VENTS"

Continuing . . From Under My Hat

I was a honey at Shakespeare. My lilting blank verse sounded like the braying of a mule. Anyway, we tried.

It was after "The Quaker Girl" closed in Albany that I ran back to New York secretly and married Wolfie. I couldn't help wondering what the neighbors in Altona were saying. Probably, "Just think of that! Why, Edna used to cut steaks for me in the butcher shop!"

When Wolfie was wooing me, he let his imagination run riot in one of his letters about our honeymoon. It was going to be the gayest anyone ever had. Every wish of my dear, fluttering heart was to be satisfied.

I'd never had a letter like that and believed every word of it. After our marriage the honeymoon wasn't mentioned until after eight weeks' run of "Iolanthe," and then I didn't have to do the talking.

Laurette Taylor and her author husband, Hartley Manners, did it for me. Hartley, who wrote "Peg o' My Heart" especially for Laurette, was taking her to his native England for her first visit. They wanted Wolfie and me to go along and make it a touring quartet. I was ecstatic until Wolfie said, "No, we can't. We'd only have six weeks before I have to assemble a company and plan next season's tour."

"But think of our honeymoon," I argued. "We could live off the memory of those six weeks for the rest of our lives." I'd completely forgotten that he'd already had four honeymoons.

Europe being out, we took the ideal tour through the White Mountains by motor. As we turned for home we had an automobile accident in Goshen, New York. The car couldn't be repaired under two days. The town of Goshen was only a hop, skip, and jump from New York City. But with Wolfie, when you travelled by motor, by motor you returned. So we settled down to stay in Goshen until the car was ready.

Wolfie never owned a home but always had the latest model automobile. If you said, "I want some red thread," he'd say, "I'll get it for you," because it might mean a ride of twenty miles. To me an automobile was a convenience to get from plate to plate quickly. To Wolfie it was a mode of life.

The swank racing meet for harness horses was on in Goshen, but we didn't know it. When we came down to dinner at the hotel, Wolfie was instantly recognised and we were invited to join the biggest party. Young, middle-aged, or old always welcomed him.

We were rotten spoiled at Goshen. Wolfie had such a grand time that he ate too much. We reached New York in the sizzling heat, and he felt so awful that we got back in the car and headed for French Lick, Indiana, with its sulphur springs.

The cure seemed to him such a fine experience that, never a man to keep a good thing to himself, he insisted on my taking it, too. I was a great big strong husky girl, and there was nothing the matter with me, except perhaps being lovesick. But Wolfie insisted that mud and sulphur water would be perfect for me, too.

Though the water smelled and tasted like rotten eggs, I said, "Yes, dear," and plunged in. He had promised me the world for my honeymoon, but what I got was sulphur water. If I had only realised then that it was possible for a bride to employ the word "No!" When I did catch on, I overdid it.

When we reached New York, Wolfie assembled his repertory company for his tour. I couldn't sing well enough to do Gilbert and Sullivan, but I travelled with the company.

Among the players in that

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company were Alice Brady and John Charles Thomas. They were unforgettable in "Iolanthe." Their voices had such freshness and vibrancy, all you could think about was wood violets and spring.

With her tremendous vitality, Alice was the despair of Wolfie. She would come flying into the theatre fifteen minutes before curtain time. Some of the Gilbert and Sullivan roles are extremely tricky to sing. For instance, Mabel, in "Pirates of Penzance." She makes her entrance at the top of a long, winding staircase. A brilliant trill is followed by a difficult cadenza as she descends to the stage. Many of the night Alice would give us cold chills by irresponsibly forgetting the words and music, just standing on the stairway and giggling cheerfully.

I hit on a remedy and suggested it to Wolfie, who said to go ahead and try it.

"Alice," I said solemnly, "if you do that again I'm going to hiss you, and, believe me, my girl, the audience will join in."

She stared at me with those great eyes. "Why, Hedda, you wouldn't do such a thing to me!"

"Try, and see."

She did. I did. The audience did. Alice never fumbled the lyrics again. Of course she never meant to throw the opera off. She was only high-spirited, young, and thoughtless. Alice's marriage to Jimmy Crane was to me a tragedy. I had known him since we toured together in "The Country Boy." Jimmy was a good actor and an amusing companion, but undependable.

When I heard that Jimmy and Alice had fallen in love, I took myself to Alice's dressing-room at the Playhouse and poured out everything I knew about Jimmy.

Two days later they were married.

Within two weeks Jimmy and I were working together in a picture in support of Billie Burke. When Jimmy caught sight of me he cut me dead. After we'd worked several days, I walked over to him and said, "I want to talk to you."

"Well, I won't listen."

But rather than create an out-and-out scene, he followed me into another room.

"I know you're hurt because Alice told you what I said."

"Should I love you for it?" he asked.

"No, but put yourself in my place."

"What do you mean?"

"This. I've known you a long time. I didn't feel you'd make Alice happy."

"That's none of your business," he shouted.

"I know, but remember, Alice is my friend. Perhaps I had no right to interfere, but I was thinking only of her happiness."

After the divorce I ran into her one day. "I'm sorry," I said.

She looked at me with a straight steady gaze from those beautiful eyes, and said slowly, "Hedda, for almost a year I knew perfect happiness. That's more than most women ever get."

That was the first time I'd heard that line. Many times since I've heard it on stage and screen. But to me forever it comes straight from the heart of Alice Brady.

Alice had signed on with Wolfie's company for only one season, but John Charles Thomas had signed for two. It was his first important theatrical engagement. It was important to him for another reason, too. He was a bridegroom and Wolfie was paying him the princely sum of one hundred dollars a week. His contract called for no rise in salary, but for the second year he asked for twenty-five dollars more weekly. To Wolfie a contract was binding—except a marriage contract, of course—and he was very stubborn in such matters. So he lost that glorious voice.

Although John Charles had a poor opinion of Wolfie's rules for paying his artists, he never failed to give him credit for his perfect enunciation. While John was a member of the company Wolfie would take him night after night into his dressing-room, saying patiently, "Young man, these audiences pay their money to hear music and words. You're cheating them; you mumble. You've got to let them hear the words."

Only a few years ago John and I were touring on the Pennsylvania Railroad to help celebrate Pennsylvania Week.

"Your voice is just as good as it was when you joined Wolfie's company," I said.

"Yes," replied John, "and I have him to thank for much of my success. If he hadn't helped me with my enunciation I don't believe I'd be travelling on this train to-day."

As Wolfie's wife I didn't hover around the fringes of a world of celebrated people. I was pitchforked right in among them. But don't think I was blasé about mingling with the famous. No such thing! I was over-awed. At that time—and this may come as a shock—I was shy. I had high coloring and blushed outrageously.

At a dinner-party the man sitting next to me made some pleasant comment on my complexion. I turned red like grandfather's underwear, burst into tears, and rushed out of the room! I wasn't used to compliments and thought people were only making fun of my country manners and Pennsylvania accent.

I still rolled my R's like the edge of a cultivator.

"Motherrrr, sisterrrr, fatherrrr,"



CLARK GABLE and Hedda Hopper share a few secrets on the set of "The Hucksters" in 1947. In "From Under My Hat" Miss Hopper tells what Gable was like when he was working as an extra in Hollywood.

I said, and spread Alleghannany all over the place. As he had with John Charles Thomas, Wolfie went to work on my enunciation. He taught me to clip off words. It was hard for me to learn, but he kept after me.

In fact I got an overdose. I became so affected, I nauseated myself and my friends. It was that very affectation chipping my R's that got me into all those phony society female roles that I played on the screen.

On the domestic scene I was right handy. Wolfie liked me to fill his pipe, light it and hand it to him. One night we were dining with Laurette Taylor, Hartley Manners, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and a dozen other famous people, including the hero of the U.S.S. Maine incident, Lieut. Richmond P. Hobson. After dinner cigars were passed to the gentlemen and a pipe was brought to me.

Knowing what was expected, I filled it and got it going. Poor Hobson watched me, pop-eyed. Mrs. Wilcox said in distress, "My dear young lady, don't you realise this dreadful habit will stunt your growth?"

"Stunt her growth?" yelled Wolfie. "I wish something would!"

MY first meeting

with Maude Adams came when Wolfie took me to her dressing-room in the Empire Theatre. No star-to-day compares with her. Whenever I hear her name it conjures up for me James M. Barrie's wonderful bit about charm from "What Every Woman Knows."

"It's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it you don't need to have anything else; if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have."

I never saw her again until David Selznick brought her to Hollywood for his picture "The Young in Heart." She consented to a test, but after looking at herself on the screen she realised that although she was young in heart, she was no longer young in body.

While in Los Angeles she made one appearance at our Philharmonic Auditorium. She didn't walk, she floated on to the stage in a cloud of grey-chiffon. The audience, moved by something it couldn't define, rose to greet her. It was an evening to be remembered. She told about her first meeting with James Barrie. Trembling at the idea of greeting this great man, she seated herself in the living-room of his home to wait, having come to see him by appointment.

He came into the room holding a huge dog by his collar.

Looking at his diminutive visitor, crowded into a corner of her chair, he said in an offhand manner, "Would you care to see us wrestle?"

Slipping on a cap to protect his face, he and the dog wrestled around the room. Miss Adams tossed her audience a timid smile, full of April light, and added, "If you sometime have a visitor who is shy, try putting him or her at ease by doing that."

Then she told how she learned to laugh and there wasn't a straight face in that packed auditorium. "I'd finished a year's engagement," said she. "I was about to take the train for New York. I was young. My producer called for me in a carriage."

"As we started off he said, 'Now that the season has ended, let's have a lesson. I'll teach you how to laugh. On the stage you always sound self-conscious.'"

"I thought," said Miss Adams, "that it was a strange time for him to start giving me lessons, but I wanted to learn. He began by saying, 'Listen to the clip-clop of old Dobbin's feet.' I did. And then he went on, 'I want you to say, 'Ha! Ha! Ha!' to that rhythm. Do it now and in a minute I'll ask the driver to make Dobbin go faster.'"

"By the time the horse was galloping," related Miss Adams, laughing gently, "my 'Ha! Ha! Ha!' were a crescendo of hysteria. And do you know, I've never been shy of laughing either on or off the stage since."

Everybody who was anybody either lived at the Algonquin Hotel or ate there. Men from Wall Street came to lunch to flirt with the beautiful actresses; and rich dowagers to oggle the handsome actors. While they were at it they'd top off their meal with the fabulous pastry made by Sarah, Frank Case's pastry cook.

Another of her creations was a favorite with Wolfie—Indian pudding. He was a great salesman, along with his other talents, and he spread the word far and wide about the Algonquin's matchless Indian pudding.

One night Frank came over to our table. "Well, Wolfie," he said, "you'll be glad to know we've got your favorite—Indian pudding—to-night." Wolfie was so delighted that he jumped up from his chair and loped around the dining-room to sell other the idea of having some. He finished his steak and turned unctuously to the waiter, saying, "Well, now, bring me my pud ding."

Pretty soon the waiter came in from the kitchen. I thought he looked queer. He stood beside

Wolfie, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. "Mr. Hopper," he quaked, "I hardly know how to tell you this. But—you got so many people to eat Indian pudding that—well, sir, it's—that is, it's all gone!"

"Gone!" roared Wolfie like a wounded buffalo. "Gone? How can it be gone? That was my pudding!"

There was a bouquet of in-and-outers who stayed at the Algonquin Hotel when they could afford it and were absent when they had to retrench. Jack Barrymore was one of the best. When he had money, or Frank Case felt delicate about reminding him of his bill, Jack would be there, a combination of cricket and cock o' the walk. When his finances were in too serious eclipse to be laughed off, he would disappear. We missed his jaunty wildness; but one fine day he would come bouncing back, his spirit carefree and gay.

I've always suspected that one of the greatest attractions at the Algonquin was the long mirror-lined dining-room. What the exercise rail is to ballet dancers, those mirrors were to the actors. You could watch Jack Barrymore, Violet Kemble Cooper, Douglas Fairbanks, Glenn Hunter, Margalo Gillmore, Glenn Anders, Jane Cowl, Fred Stone, Constance Collier, and any number of others give their greatest performances. They could not only watch their own act but also through the mirrors see the reactions of their friends.

In the mirrored dining-room I saw Tallulah Bankhead give a rare performance. She had raised a forkful of scrambled eggs to her mouth when Jack Barrymore strode in and sat across the room from her. They were back to back, but she saw him in the mirror. Her hand trembled, the eggs straggled off her fork, which clattered to the plate. She turned so pale, you'd have thought she was a Victorian lady. Maybe she did it to attract Jack's attention; maybe emotion really seised her. I like to think that it was the latter. Jack had announced his engagement the day before, but Tallulah, as well as half a dozen beautiful actresses of that day, was mad about him.

I met Tallu when she first came to New York. She was perfectly beautiful and bound to succeed. She left no stone unturned, no lever unused. When she had the price of a room, Tallu lived at the Algonquin; if jobless, she haunted the stages where Ethel Barrymore, Elsie Ferguson, and Jack Barrymore were in rehearsal.

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A SCENE from Louis B. Mayer's first picture, "Virtuous Wives." In the picture are Hedda Hopper (left), Edwin Arden, and Anita Stewart.

I've seen her fall at Ethel's feet in true tribute to a sublime talent. Naturally every time she acted that way in those days it brought her attention.

I suspected I was going to have a baby when Wolfie started his second season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Dr. Ross McPherson confirmed my suspicion and together we figured out that he would be born on February 17, 1915.

I never had any doubt of the baby's sex. I always knew I'd have a son and his name would be Bill. As I was leaving his office, the doctor said, "Report to me in a month." Then I told him I was going to tour the country with my husband until the baby's birth, but I assured him I would be back in time for him to deliver my son. "But who's going to take care of you in the meantime?" he asked.

"Me," I said. I wanted no one telling me what I should eat, how many hours' rest a day I should take, or the best remedy for morning sickness or headaches. To avoid free advice I decided the best thing to do was to keep the pregnancy a secret. There were no snooping columnists in those days to pry out every kernel of information. To-day I realise with shame to what lengths I will go to get a story.

On our travels I discussed my coming motherhood with no one. I had a weird and unfounded fear, which I would confide to no one, that my baby would be born without hair. You see Wolfie lost all his hair—even his eyelashes—at the age of fifteen after a violent case of typhoid fever, and it never returned. He wore wigs for the rest of his life.

When I met him, he didn't have a grey hair in his wig; when I left him it was more salt than pepper. Anyway, I was ignorant enough to think this condition could be inherited; and superstitious enough to think that if I didn't talk about it, I could keep it from happening. You might wonder how I concealed the fact that I was expecting. As my girth increased, I wore long, straight coats over my dresses,

and carried a large sealskin muff. Morning, noon, and night that muff was never out of my arms.

We travelled from coast to coast while I was pregnant; and not until we reached Cleveland, Ohio, did I cry, "Uncle!" and returned to New York without Wolfie. When I showed up alone at the Algonquin, Frank Case was horrified. "Oh, no!" he cried. "You and Wolfie haven't separated, have you?" I confided to Frank my reason for being there and implored him to keep it secret. Frank was wise. "Everyone will leap to the same conclusion as mine," he warned. "Let 'em," I said wearily. By that time all I wanted was to be left alone.

Naturally, there was much gossiping among my girl-friends. They were sure I was ready to announce a divorce. So I thought I'd still their fears, and arranged a luncheon for twelve. Noting the eager tone of their acceptance, I was perfectly certain that they were all expecting the worst. To surprise them even more, I ordered an orchid for each. They never got the food or the flowers. I was downstairs arranging the table when suddenly I was seized by a sharp pain. This was January 26—not February 17—and I said to myself, "Oh, no, it isn't true; it can't be." But to play safe, I phoned the doctor.

He made me describe my pain, and said, "Pack your things, take a cab to the Lying-In Hospital immediately, and I'll meet you there."

"But I can't," I screamed between pains. "I'm giving a luncheon to-day, and I've ordered orchids!"

He roared with laughter, and said, "Mrs. Hopper, I'm terribly afraid the luncheon will have to be postponed; you're having a baby!"

Frank Case told Louise Dresser right after I'd gone to the hospital. Every hour on the hour, she telephoned. Louise was doing a Broadway play, and when she heard the glad

tidings, she made a curtain speech between acts and announced that I'd given birth to William DeWolf Hopper, Junior.

Wolfie was playing a matinee in Chicago when he received the tidings. He burst into a violent perspiration. His pride was so great, you would have thought he was the mother, too. He remembered to send me a telegram, but forgot the flowers. Enrico Caruso sent a phonograph with twenty of his favorite records. I still have them. Many are collectors' gems.

When D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" hit the screen, it gained many converts and fans for the movies from the legitimate theatre stars, who, up to then, had looked upon motion pictures as a not quite bright member of the entertainment family. So when Douglas Fairbanks was approached by D. W. Griffith to come to Hollywood and star in "The Lamb," he quickly said yes.

HE was roundly criticised by many colleagues, but after the picture was a hit, Wall Street promoter Harry Aitken sold New York bankers on backing Broadway's top names for motion pictures, and got the money to form the Triangle Film Corporation. The biggest names belonged to the oldest faces, unfortunately, and the bankers had no idea then that this was a medium of youth. After the close-up was invented they learned fast! Wolfie, like the others, had an offer for a year in Hollywood with options.

Fairbanks' first wife, Beth, found a home for us and engaged a Japanese couple to run it. The Fairbanks' also had a Japanese couple, so when either of us entertained they pooled servants. Twice a week we dined at the Fairbanks' modest house on Franklin Avenue, or they at ours.

There were rivalries, but no rapier jealousies like those of to-day. Feuds weren't as much fun then. You were all in the same business, the studios were

close together, and sometimes you were in the same pictures. In the early days no false lines were drawn, no social hoop-de-do, and no such thing as a caste system.

During that year I saw many pictures being made. I wanted to learn about them. Wolfie had insisted when I married him that I give up my career, which was beginning to bud. He thought life owed him one wife who'd stay home while he did the acting for the family. Nevertheless I watched closely. I saw D. W. Griffith put finishing touches on "Intolerance," with eighty girls dressed as angels on fluttering wires thirty feet above the stage. A third of them became airnick before they could be lowered to terra firma. In making scenes Griffith worked directly from the Bible. He was meticulous about the effect he wanted.

D. W. Griffith was the father of our industry. Many men have tried to claim the title since, but it was due to Griffith that Hollywood grew great. He was one of the great pioneers in developing screen technique, but his cameraman, Billy Bitzer, and not Griffith, as is so widely supposed, invented the close-up. After giving us "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Way Down East," "The Orphans of the Storm," and "Broken Blossoms," he started to grow old, and younger producers said his usefulness was at an end. In the latter years he lived at the Knickerbocker Hotel. Griffith didn't need money; he needed a job to uphold his pride. He wandered around Beverly Hills and Hollywood from tavern to tavern. Several times I saw him almost struck by passing cars. I went to several bigwigs in the business. "You must find something for that man to do—give him back his faith in life."

"What could he do?" they asked me. They had the face to ask that question! "The industry has passed him by!" Passed by the man who made it possible for all of them to be where they were!

I talked to the executives of the Motion Picture Relief Fund Country Home. "Give him a job," I begged. "Let him go over the lists of applicants—he will give understanding to people who, like himself, have grown old in this business and are now on the shelf. Make the money nominal—fifty dollars a week—D.W. doesn't want or need charity, but give him back his sense of belonging." Well, they didn't quite see how it could be done. Finally, on July 23, 1948, Griffith died. Could it be because he no longer had the will to live?

While we were in Hollywood that year, my parents visited us. It came about in a curious way. I had wanted them to visit us, but Wolfie had so many dependents leaning on him that I didn't think it was cricket to burden him with mine. Unintentionally, however, he made it easy. There was a man who had briefly been Wolfie's Press agent some twenty years before. Now he was living downtown at the Alexandra Hotel, our best, and had run up a bill of four hundred and seventy dollars. He couldn't pay it. So he took a taxi—it must have cost twenty-five dollars for the trip—arrived at our house and appealed to Wolfie's better nature.

I saw red. To my knowledge that was the fifth time an old acquaintance had cornered him and got money. I put my foot down, extracting a promise that before he did such a thing again he'd first talk it over with me. Delighted at being let off so lightly, he promised. Wolfie kept promises nine times out of ten.

Later on Beth Fairbanks and I were downtown shopping. Wolfie was to meet us for tea. We ordered, the tea came, we drank it, an hour passed. No Hopper. Finally he rushed in, red-faced and with a guilty countenance. Sure enough, he'd done it again. He blurted out that he had loaned his friend Tyrone Power, famous stage star and father of the present-day movie star Tyrone Power, five hundred dollars. I gritted out, "Wolfie, your promise."

"For heaven's sake, I intend to keep it. This was different. He's my friend; he needed it."

"Naturally. I hope that Bill and I will have friends who give us assistance when we need it, because from the way things look, we're going to need it." Then I said, "Do you know what day this is?"

"Why, yes; Thursday, isn't it?"

"Yes, but what date on the calendar?"

"Let's see—June second."

"Does that mean anything to you?" I said icily.

"No," said the great man.

"No? Well, it does to me. It's my birthday and you gave away the price of a present. Besides, you broke your promise. So now, if you please, get out your checkbook and make out a cheque payable to me for five hundred dollars." He was like a small boy let off a licking! You could see every line of his body relax in relief. If he hadn't had the five hundred dollars, he'd have borrowed it from Beth. And so on that money I brought my parents to California.

Many years after Tyrone Power passed to his reward I grew to know and love his son, who has become more famous than his father. I told him the incident of my birthday and he then and there wrote me out a cheque for the full amount. In all honesty I must add that it came in mighty handy at that time.

By the time my parents joined me in Hollywood, things were all right between Dad and me. Sometime back I had written him a frightening letter, pointing out all his shortcomings as a father, including his dash to the Klondike leaving his wife and family with nothing to support them but a stack of uncollected bills. The letter cleared the air between us. And he had graciously forgotten about horsewhipping the man who had run off and married his daughter. He was free to lap up Hollywood, which he did. At one time I thought he wanted to be an actor. He had certain qualifications, including no money and a total lack of responsibility.

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DON'T 'CHOK' SKIN GLANDS WITH DULL, DEAD SKIN CELLS!

POND'S

"Magic Minute Mask"

dissolves off dead particles . . . leaves your face clearer, brighter, softer!

Your skin is constantly renewing itself. Every day fresh, new cells are building up from beneath. And old, dead cells are being cast off from the outer layers of the skin.



The Countess Alain de la Falaize says: "A Minute-Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream wakes up my complexion—leaves my skin looking so much clearer and brighter—all in one refreshing minute."

But some skins are slower at shedding these flaky, dead skin cells. These dry particles accumulate on the skin surface—layer upon layer—until they begin to "choke" the tiny sebaceous and sweat glands. Your skin begins to look dull, flaky—and worst of all, pore openings begin to enlarge . . . blackheads are apt to appear. Your skin takes on a drab, not quite clean look.

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Astonishing results in 60 seconds!

Just spread a Coat Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream lavishly over your face—everything but your eyes. Leave for a full minute. Its "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn dead skin cells—dissolves them

off—frees the tiny openings of your skin glands so that they function normally again! After 1 minute—tissue clean. How delightfully fresh and tingling your skin feels. How much brighter it looks! Smoother . . . clearer . . . lighter!

Always before you go out, give yourself a "Magic Minute Mask" with Pond's Vanishing Cream. A Mask two or three times a week will keep your skin at its loveliest.

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PV31A

Continuing . . . From Under My Hat

I did all the tourist things with Mother and Dad; took them to Catalina Island and hired a fishing boat and Mother caught a thirty-five-pound albacore. Dad, his ego blasted, kept saying, "Mother, are you sure this is the one you caught?" I didn't let him get away with it. I never let him get away with anything. Sometimes in the still of the night, I wonder if I wasn't too hard on him. Now I'm older, I'm certain I was.

You can talk about your stars and their talents—Valentino's charm, Clark Gable's American he-man ruggedness, Jack Gilbert's poetic loveliness, Wally Reid's boyishness—but Douglas Fairbanks had something none of the rest ever possessed. It was a combination of good manners, looks, athletic skill, and extrovert charm. Doug loved everybody and his infectious grin and breezy way made everybody love him. His first wife, Beth Sully, was the daughter of Daniel Sully, known as the Cotton King of Wall Street.

Beth inherited a good head for figures. I recall dining at her house one night in Hollywood when four New York bankers were present. After dinner Beth and the bankers continued their conversation about pictures and what she thought Doug was worth to them. A couple of hours later, after Beth had squeezed the last penny out of them, one banker thought to inquire, "Where is Mr. Fairbanks?" He was asleep in a swing on the front porch. He'd been up since dawn, jumping over bars—if he'd thought he could make it, Doug would have jumped over the rainbow.

Douglas fell in love with Mary Pickford. After Doug and Mary married, he said to his new bride, "For a year I'll be known as 'Mr. Mary Pickford.' After that you'll be Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks and don't you ever forget it." She never did. Their European honeymoon was like something out of "Arabian Nights." In England they were cheered by crowds such as turned out for Royalty.

Mary and Doug had bought and furnished what we called "The White House"—Pickfair. Hundreds of thousands were spent on it by the Fairbanks' and it's still pretty impressive.

Doug and Mary were displeased when Doug, jun., married Joan Crawford. He was too young and he was very much part of the Hollywood aristocracy.

Of all the rags-to-riches stories, Joan's is the most fabulous. She's also the most completely starlike star we have, working at it twenty-four hours a day. She's earned her success.

When Joan goes in for something she goes in not just to her neck but over her head. She's taken up and put down more projects than anyone I know, but made each of them teach her something useful. She adopted four children. On them she pours out her rich capacity for affection. She never allows their training to fall to a governess. Joan is their mother, confidante, disciplinarian and friend. Her house is cleaner, her food tastier, her children better mannered than in many other homes in Hollywood.

When Joan married Doug Fairbanks, jun., Pickfair was in its heyday of visiting royalty and Miss Crawford just didn't fit in. Then Lord and Lady Mountbatten spent part of their honeymoon there. They were enthusiastic and curious about movie stars. Lord Mountbatten was particularly interested in Joan Crawford and asked to meet her. So she and young Doug were invited to a ball for the great ones.

Instead of being resentful, Joan was pleased as punch. She ordered her first ball gown—white satin with a long train. On arriving at Pickfair, Joan nervously stepped in front of

an on-rushing butler in the entrance hall. She kept on going—the train remained under the butler's foot. When she heard a loud rip, Joan turned. Seeing what had happened, she scooped up the tattered remains and fled in tears, with young Doug after her. Nothing like that could happen to Joan to-day. She's played too many high—and low—born ladies in too many pictures. Now she'd pick up the shreds, wrap them tightly around her, tie them in a splashing bow, and make an entrance, crying early, "How do you like the new style? Your butler helped me create it in your front hall!" And she'd bring the house down.

AFTER Mary made "My Best Girl" with Buddy Rogers and Douglas had met Lady Sylvia Ashley in London, there came the sad news of the separation of our king and queen. Nobody wanted it. Douglas least of all. But finally he returned to New York and was moping around, not knowing what to do with himself, when he dined with Bertha and Frank Case at the Algonquin.



THE PARTY SPIRIT is portrayed by ventriloquist Edgar Bergen (Charlie McCarthy was not invited) and Hedda Hopper at a Hollywood costume ball.

They talked the whole thing over. Doug said Mary insisted on a divorce; there was no hope of a reconciliation. Said Frank, "Well, that being the situation, why not let her have it and marry Sylvia?" Doug said, "I guess you're right. Will you book passage in your name on that ship that's sailing for England to-morrow noon?" At three o'clock that afternoon, Frank had a frantic telephone call from young Douglas. "Where's my father? Mary tried to get him on the long distance from six last night until one this morning. She didn't leave her name—too proud—but she's ready for a reconciliation."

Douglas had already been at sea for more than three hours. Mary missed the reconciliation and Sylvia was married to Douglas.

While he enjoyed royalty and the importance it gave him, international society as a steady diet was wrong for him and he knew it. Doug was a man who enjoyed going to bed at nine, getting up with the birds, leaping over a wall to wake himself up. He lived by day; the night was made for sleeping, not for howling.

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Doug was taken ill. No one thought it was serious. He died suddenly.

Bowing to Wolfe's wishes, I turned down several picture offers during our year in Hollywood—one from the great D. W. Griffith himself—but when our friend William Farnum pleaded that he couldn't find a leading lady for his next picture, my lord and master changed his mind and gave permission.

That's how I got into my first film, "Battle of Hearts." For me it was starting at the top. Farnum was William Fox's brightest, highest-paid star. His salary then was six thousand dollars a week; I got one hundred. I had visions of fluttering my eyelashes, languishing in a scented boudoir, and indulging in passionate love scenes with the handsome hero in my screen debut. But no, "Battle of Hearts" wasn't a picture; it was an obstacle course.

Playing a fisherman's daughter, I wore a faded blue skirt or a pair of man's pants, a turtle-neck sweater, hip boots

up then and started shooting with half the deck under water. I was terrified of deep water. I'm an expert swimmer as long as one foot's on the bottom. When I told this to Farnum, he hired three deep-sea divers from Catalina to come along and protect me. He assured me there was no danger.

Oscar Apfel stood on an improvised railing to direct a scene in which I was to dive off the ship. Said he, "Now when I say 'Camera!' you count three, then dive. I'll save you." Oscar yelled, "Camera!" the railing broke, he fell backward into the Pacific and came up with a baby octopus round his arm. That killed any plans he had for me to dive overboard. Nevertheless I did have to hang on to a stout piece of driftwood, supposedly in mid-Pacific, and wave one arm while screaming for help. Hidden out of the camera range under my log was a husky diver.

That picture nearly ended me—I lost thirty-five pounds. Watching kids to-day who have everything done for them—doubles for danger, every sort of device to make them look good without any risk—I marvel that any silent star ever survived to tell about it.

When I saw Wolfe in "Don Quixote" on the screen I knew he would never have success in pictures. He was too old and his medium was too young for him. When his year's contract was up and it was time for him to return to New York, he insisted on motoring. It would be difficult to bundle son Bill, his nurse, and me into a new car for a cross-country ride. Wolfe decided we should stay in California and join him later at the Algonquin.

Having been absent from New York a year, he found getting back into the theatre a tough proposition. He wired me about a vaudeville offer—Mr. and Mrs. DeWolf Hopper in a domestic skit on the Keith Circuit, I answered, "Vaudeville is highly competitive. Neither of us knows anything about it. I may have a place in pictures and since you've reversed yourself on letting me work, I'd like to keep at it till I find out."

Wolfe was disappointed, but he didn't object. So when the Shuberts offered him "The Passing Show of 1917" at the Winter Garden, he took it. The Winter Garden was a barn of a house. Wolfe never had a chance. His voice was on the classical side; he was a dignified comedian; and he couldn't play down to slapstick. "The Passing Show of 1917" passed all too quickly for Wolfe. After a few months in Hollywood I joined Wolfe at the Algonquin. Living at the hotel was fun for us. Wolfe was just a stone's throw from the Lamb's Club and I could see all my pals again and take in the current plays.

But while Wolfe and I were having fun, Nannie was grouching that a New York hotel was no place for a young baby, after he'd had the benefit of the wide open spaces and the sunshine of California.

Wolfe and I were still living at the Algonquin when Bill celebrated his second Christmas. Believing that a Christmas tree and all the trimmings are a child's birthright, I ordered a live tree and got him his first electric train—a luxury in those days. I set up the tracks around the tree, building a little village to go with this layout. I now was all set to enjoy my son's delight on Christmas morning. At 5.00 a.m. Wolfe came in as usual from the Lamb's Club. He had brought Doug Fairbanks and Bill Farnum.

That's the first time I ever saw three grown men wreck a child's train.

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ARRID

Continuing . . . From Under My Hat

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By the time they'd finished playing with it, the train was completely ruined. I was more disappointed than Bill—after all, he'd never seen one.

That experience, added to others, convinced me that a hotel was no place for a child and that Bill must have a home in the country. I got a quick argument from Wollie. But we compromised and rented a house in Great Neck, Long Island.

In Great Neck we met Charlie Goddard. He was president of the golf club and had built a huge home on the clubhouse grounds, with a permanent dance floor on the lawn. Every Saturday night he gave the best parties on Long Island. Broadway stars came out after the show to dance. The music was excellent and the food the best. Nobody thought of quitting till day-break. Once, passing a front window of the house, I noticed a pair of enormous eyes peering from behind the venetian blind. I saw they belonged to a child, but thought nothing more about it.

Years later I interviewed Paulette Goddard beside the pool, in Charlie Chaplin's Beverly Hills garden. Charlie had not yet announced on the radio that they were man and wife. She was curled up like a kitten in a big lawn-chair. "I've known you since I was twelve," she said. "We have the same birthday in June." When my left eyebrow went up in surprise, she explained, "Mother and I used to spend summers with my uncle at Great Neck, Long Island. Those nights Charlie Goddard gave the parties I didn't waste my time sleeping. I took in everything from behind the venetian blind—the merriment, the dancing, the champagne. I made a vow to myself that some day I'd be more famous than any of 'em."

Sam Goldwyn and Edgar Selwyn went into partnership, formed their own picture company, and rented a barn of a studio in Fort Lee, New Jersey. Making pictures under the same roof was Lewis Schrock, the father of Myron and David. I don't know whether it was Sam or Edgewood who remembered me. But when I was invited to make "Nearly Married," with Madge Kennedy, for them, I didn't say no. At Fort Lee there wasn't any caste system. All dressing-rooms were alike, match-boxes, open at the top—building material ran out before they got to the ceiling! It was real neighborly unless you had something to conceal.

I met Mary Garden first at the Fort Lee studios. She was putting her favorite operatic role, "Thais," on the screen. It was all wrong for pictures, but Mary insisted on doing it just the way she'd done it at the Met. Music was Mary's life. Years later a wise man at M.G.M. engaged her to scout singing talent. She found some fine voices, but was content to work for such a small salary that the big boys had no respect for her. That's our Hollywood, where everything is measured by a price tag.

Not long after I finished "Nearly Married" with Madge Kennedy I had a brainwave about a popular novel titled "Virtuous Wives." The book had been sold for a movie and George Loane Tucker was to direct. I knew the part I wanted in "Virtuous Wives"—a scheming dressy society matron. I walked into George Tucker's office one afternoon dripping femininity. Dressed in grey chiffon with a grey hat trimmed with ostrich feathers, I carried, believe it or not, a grey chiffon parasol. Why George didn't laugh in my face I'll never know; but he looked me over with a twinkle in his eye and said, "You're perfect for the part. Just what we want—the

smart, sophisticated Fifth-Avenue matron type. There's one slight hitch. The star, Anita Stewart, has to okay you—it's in her contract."

"So when does she do it?" "She's making tests out at Vitagraph Studios. My manager will pick you up to-morrow and drive you over. But," he said, "you look awful smart to me."

"Don't worry—I'll get by," I assured him. He introduced his manager to me and we made a date for ten o'clock the following morning at the station. I was on time. So was he. For some minutes I watched him look about. Then I strolled over and said, "Well, shall we go?" He all but swallowed his Adam's apple. "You're not the woman I met yesterday," he gulped, "or—are you?"

"Simple," I said. "Yesterday I dressed for Mr. Tucker. Today I'm dressed for Miss Stewart." I was wearing a ten-year-old hat and dress almost as ancient. I looked like something left out in the rain.

Anita Stewart was a top star then. When I was introduced to her she looked me over approvingly and said, "You're perfect—what I dreamed of for the part." I laughed to myself. She may have dreamed—but not of me. So I signed for ten weeks at five hundred dollars a week. With that important piece of paper clutched in my fist, I took off for Lucile, Inc., Lady Duff Gordon and one of the greatest dressmakers of them all. I knew I could make a reputation in "Virtuous Wives" and so I shot the works. By sinking my entire salary I got some of the loveliest, most feminine tempting clothes you ever saw. Miss Stewart evidently decided to save money on her own wardrobe.

She didn't see my glad rags until we were on location at Huntington, Long Island. The first glimpse she had of me was when I was standing at the entrance of a marble palace, dressed to the teeth in a Lucile tea gown of lilac and mauve chiffon. It floated and so did I. I was thinner then. Anita was wearing a dark blue taffeta number.

MY week-end guests, in the picture, were thirty expensive extras, dressed for my marble setting. Also on hand were cameramen, assistants, props. But—we never got the scene that day. Said the star, turning to Mr. Tucker, "I'm sorry, but she isn't dressed properly."

"Who?" he said, knowing darned well who.

"Her. That Hopper woman."

"What's the matter with her?"

"That floating thing—what is it?"

I strolled up. "Lady Duff Gordon designed this especially for this scene," I said. "Perhaps someone else could do better."

"But what is it?" Anita Stewart said again.

"It's a tea gown," I said, "to be worn at home for tea, cocktails, or informal dinners." I hit below the belt. "I wear such gowns in my own home on such occasions."

"I don't like it," she said coldly.

"I'm terribly sorry but it was made for this scene. I have nothing else to wear. If you'd like to delay the picture a couple of weeks I'll have something else made. I never wear anything ready-made." As heaven is my judge, I said it with a straight face.

Miss Stewart walked off the set. She stayed away for three days. On the fourth day she saw the light and we began shooting.

The air was charged with electricity. I couldn't be fired



HEDDA HOPPER as she appeared in one of the closing scenes in C. B. DeMille's "Sunset Boulevard" a few years ago. In this film, Gloria Swanson, a top star of Hollywood's golden 'twenties, made a startling comeback to the screen.

I had signed a contract and had already spent my money. But thunder rolled with each change of costume. When I shoot the works, I shoot 'em! My clothes built to a crescendo. We had spent ten days in Huntington when I wore a four-hundred-and-fifty-dollar evening gown—red satin, pulled up in a pouf in back, with tulle and paradise feathers. We all but needed the riot squad for that one!

Many times during the picture our star waxed temperamental. When she wouldn't play ball, Mr. Tucker would say, "Okay, Hopper, I'll give you the scene."

I ended up with four times the footage I started out with. The picture made a solid reputation for me as a clothes-horse and upped my salary. Producers who didn't know my name began saying, "Get what's-her-name who played the rich woman in 'Virtuous Wives'—she'll dress the show."

All the while that picture was being made a little round man kept getting in our way, pecking out from behind some bush just when we were ready for a take. Always the top sergeant, I'd say, "Hey, you're in the camera! Mind getting back where you won't be seen?" He'd squeak, "Sorry," and scamper off. When the picture ended he came up to me and said, "Miss Hopper, I want to thank you for all you've done to help in saving this picture."

"Well, now, that's generous. Who are you?"

"I'm the producer. It's my first picture and it might have been the last. And that's how I met Louis B. Mayer."

In 1919 I renewed my friendship with Frances Marion. I had met in Hollywood. After writing "Pollyanna" for Mary Pickford, Frances came to New York to do the screen play for "Humoresque." Frances Marion became an important friend along life's way. When I met her she already had arrived as a writer and overseas correspondent and was getting four thousand dollars a week for turning out scenarios that didn't talk. Photographer Arnold Genthe said that Frances was one of the ten most beautiful women in America. She was slight, of medium height, with dark-brown hair, and lustrous eyes. She was terrifically feminine and no man who married her ever wanted to give her up. She was to have four husbands. She wrote most of Mary Pickford's early pictures; also Marion Davies.

Frances was married to Fred Thompson, her third husband, in New York in 1919. She first introduced her bridegroom to us at a dinner-party given by Zabelle Hitchcock. When Fred walked into the room we all gasped. Here was America's Greek god. Every girl in the

room envied Frances. Then the Thomsons took off for a European honeymoon which lasted eight months.

While touring Ireland, Fred Thompson saw a magnificent grey Irish hunter. The horse was an outlaw and Fred picked him up for a song and named him Silver King. Man and horse fell in love with each other. Seeing them together gave Frances an idea. "You were born to be a Western star," she said to Fred. She kept on saying this and began working on a scenario for a man and a horse—a man with Fred's looks and principles and a horse like Silver King. It wasn't long until Fred was starring in pictures and earning ten thousand dollars a week! Frances made piles of money, too, when she worked for Mr. Hearst. She and Fred took seventeen acres on top of the highest hill in Beverly and built a great castlelike place with twenty rooms. There was a twenty-five-thousand-dollar stable with a mahogany floor, because nothing was too good for Silver King. Fred and Frances led an idyllic life there for nearly ten years. Between them they earned more than three million dollars. Not long ago I asked Frances what became of all the money she'd made. She smiled in a satisfied way and said, "I spent it!"

Wollie went touring in "The Better Ole" for two seasons. While he travelled I went from one picture to another.

Roots may be expendable to grown-ups, but they are important to children. Bill loved the country, where he could have animals, freedom and be outdoors the livelong day. I decided it was time to buy a permanent home.

Wollie loved the comforts of a home, but—though he'd pay any price for a new automobile—he hated the responsibility of owning a house. He never bought a piece of real estate in his life and wouldn't put money into a home. So if we were to have one, I'd have to buy it.

I found just the right place in Douglastown, Long Island. "Are you out of your mind?" said my spouse. "You'll never be able to make the payments." "My pictures will do that for me. Anyhow, I'm going to make the try."

Every time a payment came due, my picture jobs enabled me to meet it. Wollie spent his winters on tour; his summers at home so he could watch his beloved Giants at the Polo Grounds. He never missed a game while they were in town. Being married to the all-time Giant fan, naturally I went along.

I loved those players. But as I sat beside Wollie in his box day after day, I began wondering what I was doing there.

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AWW PROJECT

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Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

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AWW PROJECT

**The Australian Women's
Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

Issue 1953-07-01

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● One-piece tunic dress, above, designed for comfort combined with tidiness. The model is Chinese in conception and coloring.



● Mimosa-yellow nightgown, above, has Empire silhouette with moulded bodice in contrasting lace and narrow cape sleeves. The style is equally pretty in pastel cotton minus lace trim.

● Broderie anglaise is used for the delightfully airy summertime dressing gown, left. Self frills outline the cape collar, wrists, and front opening. The graceful skirt floats out into a brief train.

● The amusing nightgown, above, is made in verandah-blind stripes. Fullness falls straight to the ground from a rounded shoulder yoke. The gown is a modern floor-length version of the old-fashioned nightshirt.

Dorothea Johnston

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pauses. After all, it's only eight hours a day, five days a week for the best years of their lives. If you were nineteen, would you mind?"

Humphrey Peart said: "I think you can over-estimate what people want, you know, Lawrence. You wouldn't like it and nor should I, because we want to think. But plenty of people don't. A simple manual job that gets a living..."

Lawrence said: "When I was young I saw a man, a laborer, get his hand crushed. When I cried, my aunt said: 'Never mind, dear. You must remember that they don't feel pain as we do.' It's a useful concept."

Moir said: "Oh, there's your 'Rene'—the one who'd hurt her knee..."

Mr. James Talbot-Rees took a cigarette from the gold engine-turned, initialled case and flicked the lighter at the end of the case into flame. "I realise Productions' difficulties," he said in a beautiful round, musical voice. "But to ask me to sell an appliance—and an appliance with a seasonal use—on a nine months' delivery date..." He spread out his hands.

Walter Lang sat and stared at him for a moment and then turned to Martin and said: "Nine months is bunkum, George. We must get it better than that. It oughtn't to be three months at the outside." He stared unwinkingly at Talbot-Rees again with the heavy sullen face, that looked angry even when it wasn't, and said: "Would three months be all right for you?"

Talbot-Rees leant forward with a hand dramatically extended, palm upwards. "Walter—you've got an excellent appliance. You've got the best medium-sized sprayer in the country. Give it to me on three months' delivery and I'll put the Parker sprayer and the Cleanwash off the market."

Lang said: "What d'you think you could do with it if you had a clear run?"

"Given a few thousand pounds in the agricultural papers, I could do six times our present output. And that's conservative."

Lang said: "Six times? I want twelve times." He smiled the sudden brief beautiful smile that flashed on and flashed off again, leaving no trace behind it on the sullen face.

"Well—that's not impossible. I was being conservative..."

George Martin stirred uneasily in his chair and picked at the top button of his white coat. He said: "I don't doubt we could sell the job if we could make it. But there it is, Mr. Walter—we haven't got the stuff."

"Well, what is it that's holding us up?" said Lang irritably. "Mostly steel rod for the carriages," said Martin patiently. "That and angle." Lang had asked him this question and been given this reply about four times a week for the past year.

"Well, we can't have the whole job held up for a few tons of steel rod. Can't you, Lawrence get on to the stock-holders and say it's urgent? We do enough business with them, don't we?"

"Mr. Lawrence is on the telephone to them every day." "What's the good of that? He ought to go down to see them."

Martin shook his head. "I really don't think they've got it, Mr. Walter. Steel's very short all round. Everybody's in the same boat. What with re-armament and..."

Talbot-Rees said gently: "It's not my pignon, but—well, I know steel's short, but I sometimes wonder whether we do as well as we might in getting it out of people..." He smiled at Lang confidentially.

"Yes," said Lang. "It's no good Lawrence just sitting telephoning. He ought to go

Continuing . . .

out and get the stuff. I'll have a word with him myself."

Lawrence was saying: "I'm sorry about this coffee. The problem of the coffee we get in these offices baffles science."

Lang opened the door without knocking, put his head in and said: "Oh, sorry," and disappeared again. Lawrence rose and called: "Come in, Walter..."

"I want you to meet Humphrey and Moira Peart..." Walter Lang, our managing director.

Lang switched on the traffic-light smile, shook hands, said: "How d'you do?" and switched the smile off again. Lawrence said: "I've just been showing them round the place."

"Oh, yes?"

Moir said: "It's awfully interesting. I've never been in a factory before."

"I have," said Humphrey. "When I was fourteen. We were taken over a tyre factory from school."

Lang turned to Lawrence and said: "Well, don't let me interrupt, but I'd like to see you for a minute when you're free."

Lawrence said: "I'll come along soon."

Lang smiled briefly and said: "I want to know where my steel is."

"I want to know where it is, too," said Lawrence, smiling back at the steady stare.

Lang gave a grunt and turned away. "Well, we've got to do something about it." He nodded to the Pearls: "Good-bye. Glad to have met you."

When the door closed, Moir said: "That's a rather disconcerting character."

"I hope you caught the implication," said Lawrence, lighting a cigarette. "That I ought to be looking for this steel—which by the way is non-existent—instead of sitting drinking coffee."

"It's rather a good head," said Peart. "But something's gone wrong with the mouth."

Lawrence shook his head. "With the heart, Humphrey. Poor old Walter," he said reflectively. "He lost his wife a year ago. I don't think he ever noticed she was there much when she was alive, but it's made a lot of difference to him. When Jean was alive, Walter was almost human at times. But he's completely lost the knack now."

"Is he the chairman's brother?"

"Half-brother. Gustavus was old William Lang's son by his first wife and Walter by his second. He's twenty years younger than Gustavus."

"And Walter really runs the place?"

"Runs is the word. He runs it ragged. He gets here at nine, never leaves much before seven, and expects everybody else to do the same."

Peart said: "Is he good?"

Lawrence hesitated. "I don't know," he said slowly. "He's not my kind of man and I'm not his, so I'm not evidence. He's certainly successful in terms of the Profit and Loss Account..." He paused and then added almost to himself: "He'd better be."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I've never seen quite what would happen to him if he wasn't."

Moir said: "You hate him, don't you?"

"What, me?" said Lawrence. "Hate dear old Walter? Walter who's our mainspring? Walter who keeps us all on our toes? Walter who has a genius for leadership? Walter who's even got a heart of gold somewhere or other? My dear girl, you must understand that the cardinal principle of this place is that we're all devoted to Walter."

Sundry Creditors

(from page 10)

It was a quarter to seven when Lang turned his car down the road marked "Private Road. No Through Way." The big houses, most of them built at the beginning of the century, stood well back in their large gardens, each with its sweep gravelled drive, its lawns, with a big cedar or a clump of rhododendrons, and its climbing roses or honeysuckle.

Rosamund came into the hall and kissed him and said: "Hallo, darling. Had a good day?" It was one of the formulae that she had taken over when Jean died—the coming into the hall, the kiss, the question: one of a dozen things like putting out a clean handkerchief, and warming his shoes on cold mornings and pouring out the tea.

She had been just seventeen and a schoolgirl of whom he was vaguely aware and vaguely proud and vaguely fond. And then Jean had died. For a fortnight he had been without these things, then they were there.

He kept his arm round her waist as they went into the big square drawing-room. Rosamund said: "Sherry?"

"Just time for one," said Lang.

"You are dressing for the Spellmans, aren't you? I've put your dinner-jacket out."

"Yes." He took his sherry. "You want some?"

"Please," said Rosamund. She looked critically at the half-filled glass he handed her. "That's a measly drop."

"Plenty for little girls." Lang leant back and looked at her with his curious unwinking stare. "I suppose I might have taken you to the Spellmans, if I'd thought of it. What are you going to do this evening?"

"Oh, this and that. Who's the man you're going to meet?"

"Sir Francis Proudfoot. Head of the Richmond Glenn group. They control Lovats and Beal Carter and United Agricultural and Lord knows what. I suppose this man's one of the biggest operators in light engineering in England. Or in the world."

"Isn't that the man who keeps giving people a million pounds?"

"I don't know about a million, but he's given a lot away. He's a pal of Henry Spellman's." Lang frowned. "You know, Roz, this steel business is getting serious."

"Really?" said Rosamund, gazing at him with large solemn grey eyes.

"I mean here we are talking about nine months' delivery on the sprayer, simply because we can't get ordinary half-inch rod. Mind you, I don't believe it's true. There must be the stuff. But, of course, young Lawrence just sits and drinks coffee and says, well, he's rung up and they say they haven't got it and..."

Young Lawrence. Not so young now. Not as young as he was coming back in 1913, handsome in his major's uniform and the black beret, and with his arm in splints. One had been nine then, and had a long plait, and he liked pulling the plait.

Daddy had got out a bottle of champagne and he and Mum and Henry Spellman had drunk Lawrence's health; and when he went away, Daddy had shaken hands with him and smiled at him in an odd way. But now he wasn't trying hard enough to buy half-inch rod.

Rosamund said: "Darling, you ought to go and dress. It's after seven." When he had gone she uncorked the sherry bottle and added enough to her untouch glass to fill it. Leaning back in her chair she sipped

the wine, savoring the acid unpleasantness of it.

Lang came to the head of the stairs shouting to her to come and tie his tie.

As he was leaving, he put his head out of the car window: "I don't expect I shall be very late, but don't wait up for me."

"All right, darling. Good-night."

She watched the car turn out of the drive, with the thick drizzle showing in its headlights. She shivered slightly as she went in and shut the door. Only the centre light was on in the drawing-room and the fire was low.

Rosamund stood for a moment feeling the profound silence of the house. She had sent Mr. and Mrs. Dart, the married couple, out for the evening just to produce this silence and aloneness, and now here it was—that blank silence, like a blank sheet of paper ready for writing. Turning, she went out into the hall and stood looking up the wide polished oak staircase, and said aloud one of her charms:

"O thou art summoned to the deep."

Thou, thou and all thy mates to keep.

An incommunicable sleep..."

The hall was a good place to say it, because it was bare and echoing. But it needed a man's voice. She said sharply: "What's your name, girl?" and then softly: "Rosamund Lang."

It was a nice name. She said again: "Rosamund Lang," very gently and demurely.

Her watch said a quarter to eight, but it was a bit slow. She was not hungry, but unless she had supper the rest of the evening couldn't begin. Mrs. Dart had left the tray all ready for her on the kitchen table. A glass of milk and some tomato sandwiches and some meat sandwiches and some cheese and biscuits and an apple.

Rosamund took the tray and carried it along the corridor. Halfway along she raised it carefully, so as not to spill the milk, and balanced it on her head, keeping only one finger on the side to steady it.

She went to the drawing-room door and looked in. But the fire was almost out and the used sherry glasses and the bottle were not attractive. She switched off the light and went upstairs, bolt upright to keep the tray balanced...

Ever since his sister had begun to keep house for him, thirty years ago, hospitality at Henry Spellman's had been rather peculiar; and now that Miss Spellman was seventy, anything might happen. But this was one of her better evenings, and apart from a large artificial rose fixed on the crown of her head, she seemed normal.

Even so, it was an odd-looking party, oddly arranged. Old Henry was a huge, bald old man, rather like a good-humored, slightly sleepy sea-lion; while his chief guest, Sir Francis Proudfoot, was a dapper little grey man about five foot three in height, with a large head and a pointed nose.

Characteristically, Spellman had put Sir Francis on his right and Lang on his left, leaving Lawrence and his wife to sit on either side of his sister at the other end of the table.

Sir Francis said: "Personally I find it difficult to see the French. Impressionists apart from the aura created round them by French art dealers and Chicago meat packers."

"If it comes to that," said old Henry with a grin, "I can't see your Italians at all for house-dirt and Berensonian scholarship."

Lang frowned slightly and

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shifted in his chair. "What's going to happen in Lancashire?" said Sir Francis politely.

"When Japan gets going?" "Oh—textiles?" Sir Francis shook his head. "I don't know a great deal about textile industry. But . . ."

"Of course, the fascinating thing," old Henry said in his bass tuba voice, "is that if you lose a war and all your plant is destroyed you start with a clean sheet. You've got to have brand-new plant to start at all. But the chap who wins still has all his old stuff."

"Precisely," said Sir Francis. He shifted rather wearily, like a bored tiger dutifully preparing to jump through an accustomed hoop. "Take the Ruhr. What's going to happen there?"

As the entree was removed, Laura Spellman took out a cigarette and lit it and said to Lang's left shoulder: "How's Rosamund?"

Sir Francis paused for a second almost hopefully.

Lang turned slightly and said: "Oh—she's very well, thank you."

"Why didn't you bring her?" "Well, it isn't really her sort of party . . ."

"Between ourselves," said Laura softly, "it isn't mine. What does she do when you go out? Stay at home by herself?"

"Yes."

"Rather dull, Walter, when you're eighteen—particularly when you're as beautiful as that."

Lang smiled back at her smile. Dark red hair, greenish eyes, and looked as though you couldn't cut her with anything softer than a diamond. Lang did not like Laura as Laura, but he liked handsome women. He said: "Oh, Ros is all right. She rather likes being alone."

"I must ring her up and get her over to us sometime."

"That would be nice for her," said Lang, not very enthusiastically. The combination of Lawrence and Laura was not one that he would have chosen for Rosamund.

"Like Burton and Swinburne," said Miss Spellman suddenly.

"Who? Dad and Sir Francis?" said Lawrence at once. He was used to his aunt. "Yes, they are rather."

"Henry will have to carry Swinburne downstairs under his arm," said the old lady firmly.

"Not necessarily," said Lawrence. "Burton didn't always carry Swinburne downstairs. Or even usually." He caught his wife's eye across the table. Lang's left shoulder had come round again and he was asking Sir Francis about American capital investment in the Far East. Laura made a tiny gesture of resignation and squashed out her cigarette.

"I can't remember what the sweet is," said Miss Spellman in a sudden panic.

"Never mind, dear," said Lawrence, reassuringly. "Wait and see what they bring."

Mr. Gene Kelly's feet performed their facile miracles, to the obvious surprise of Mr. Kelly's face; which was fine in its way but not what Jack wanted just then. He glanced at Hilda. Her face was a pale shadow in the darkness but, curiously, he could see her eyes clearly enough.

They seemed to reflect the light from the screen. Her lips were parted slightly, and she was half smiling as he gazed rapturously at Mr. Kelly. It was a strange feeling to be looking at somebody's face as closely as he was looking at hers, without her knowing she was being looked at.

Jack shifted slightly so as to

bring his knee against hers and pressed gently. There was an immediate and frank answering pressure and the hand in his gave his fingers a little squeeze. But she went on looking at the screen, and suddenly Mr. Kelly did something funny and she laughed out loud, so that for a moment he was slightly startled.

Jack gently withdrew his hand, and fumbled for and lit a cigarette. Then reclaimed the small, rather rough little hand that had remained lying where he had left it. It welcomed his back with another gentle squeeze, but the eyes never turned and the rapt little smile never altered.

He felt again that slight irritation that he had felt so often before in these circumstances. It was all right. It was fine. But in half an hour now it would be over, and it would be raining outside, and anyhow Hilda got into trouble if she was home late, so that would be the end of the evening.

With a little sigh he turned to the screen. The hard-boiled blonde was handing Mr. Kelly a drink, with a seductive smile. Mr. Kelly said: "Thank you," contriving to get into it all the wariness of a man walking the tight-rope. The blonde sat down and crossed her legs. Mr. Kelly's face showed a faint flicker of alarm.

It was all right but it wouldn't do. Jack shifted again in his seat and put his arm round Hilda. She half turned her head, and for a moment positively looked at him. But only for a moment. She leant slightly forward, so that he could get his arm comfortably round her, and then settled back with her head resting lightly against his shoulder.

IT was easier now that the ladies had withdrawn, and there was no longer any need to make conversation at the lower end of the table. Lang said: "I suppose you are finding this steel shortage pretty serious, too?"

"My people tell me it's getting tighter," said Sir Francis. "And it will be tighter yet. A great deal tighter." He smiled: "Of course we have certain affiliations that help us there."

"I suppose you haven't got any steel rod lying about that you don't want, sir?" said Lawrence with a grin.

Sir Francis looked slightly startled. "I tell you, my dear boy, I don't know anything about steel rod." He stared again at his cigar ash, his face curiously expressionless.

Henry began: "I heard the other day . . ."

The man you would have to talk to about that," Sir Francis said precisely. "Is my Mr. Falk. He is responsible for steel supplies to the group."

Lang sat up sharply. He was staring at Sir Francis excitedly. Lawrence said: "But—but could I talk with him? I mean is there any chance . . .?"

"I see no reason why you shouldn't have a word with Falk," said Sir Francis calmly. "I can't say whether he can help you, but he ought to be able to. I believe our steel position is—fairly satisfactory."

Lawrence said: "Well, if you don't mind, sir, I should certainly like . . ."

Old Henry chuckled and said: "Francis, this generosity is unlike you. I thought you never gave anything away but money."

"It's just that I'm getting old and silly," said Sir Francis with a slight smile. He turned to

Lang. "I should like to come and see your place sometime if I could."

Lang said: "We should be delighted. Any time . . ." He hesitated. "Forgive me—but about this steel, it's a vital matter for us. Can we go and see your Mr. Falk and say you suggested it?"

"I'll drop him a line saying that Lawrence will be coming to see him."

"I'll go myself if . . ."

"No," said Sir Francis gently. "Lawrence can go. After all, he had the impudence to ask me, so it's only fair."

Lawrence said: "And then you tell me I'm not enterprising enough, Walter."

Lang was smiling like a small boy who has been promised a bicycle. "Maybe. But I've never said you hadn't got plenty of check . . ."

The bath had been very hot; too hot, so that when Rosamund got out, she felt rather sick. She went back to her bedroom and lay down on the bed for a while with her eyes shut until the sick feeling passed. It would have been easy just to get into bed properly and go to sleep. But the show must go on.

With effort she got to her feet and put on her pyjama trousers and a brassiere. She looked at herself in the mirror and frowned slightly. The effect was not really very oriental. The trousers should have been much more baggy and the brassiere should have been gold and less like a brassiere. Moreover, she was not at all sure that trousers and a bare tummy were the right sort of oriental for Egypt.

She went to the chest of drawers and sorted out a belt with a big gilt clasp and bound it round her head. That undoubtedly improved matters.

"Give me my crown," she said quietly. "I have immortal longings on me . . ." She gazed for a moment at her reflection, and it looked back at her with big, grave eyes. Rosamund frowned crossly and said: "Immortal longings, you little fool. Immortal longings . . ."

The lighting was always a problem. There were only two lights in the room—the centre one and the reading one over the bed. Together they made the room bright, and brisk, and cheerful, and very nice for a drawing-room comedy. Separately they left it coldly dim or warmly dim, neither of which was right.

Going to the chest of drawers again, Rosamund found a dark red blouse and, standing on tip-toe, draped it over the centre light. The effect was rather good. It left a pool of light in the middle, almost like a spotlight.

"Haste, haste, Charmian, the bright day is done. And we are for the dark . . ." On that Cleopatra could move slowly into the shadows. And then the death scene could be played on the bed with the reading light tilted away slightly . . .

Rosamund went slowly over to the door and stood for a moment with her back to the room and her face in her hands. Antony—Antony. She had loved him. But she had betrayed him. She had been afraid and run away. And now there was nothing but shame and loss, and the feeling of waste, and the necessity of death. But she was not afraid of death now. She was one with death, and could take the asp and clasp it to her.

"Oh, eastern star . . ."

"Peace—peace."

"Do you not see my baby at my breast?"

Rosamund turned, drew herself up to her full height, and walked slowly into the central pool of light. The Queen gazed

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A good rule to follow after eating, drinking or smoking

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1 cup of Carnation makes 3 cups whipped. The secret of success is to have the milk icy-cold. Chill in the refrigerator freezing tray, or place tin directly on ice. Chill beater and basin, too. Whip till it begins to thicken (about 1 minute). Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice for every cup of Carnation. Whip till very stiff. Fold in sugar and flavouring. It's best prepared just before serving.



CARNATION CREAM GRAVY

"dresses-up" thrifty Meat Loaf or Rissoles. Mix 2 tablespoons of meat-dripping and 2 tablespoons of flour in pan over low heat. Stir in 1 cup of Carnation and 1 cup of water. Cook till thickened.

TO CREAM POTATOES

... mash just as usual, but use Carnation instead of milk and butter. Fry it once and you'll never mash potatoes any other way!



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cereals, fruits and sweets, in coffee, and wherever cooking recipes say "cream". When the recipe calls for table-milk, dilute Carnation with an equal quantity of water. It's still richer than ordinary whole milk, and adds extra nourishment, as well as delicious creamy flavour, to every dish.

Carnation MILK

Look for it at your grocer's—in the tall red and white tins!

back at her with grief and courage.

When the bus did come it was nearly full, and only two more from the queue were let on. Jack said: "Oh, come on—let's walk. It's not all that much."

"All right," said Hilda rather doubtfully. The rain was pattering on the roof of the shelter. She put the hood of the plastic mackintosh over her hair and took his arm.

It was difficult to walk fast arm in arm, and after a few moments they let go by mutual consent.

Hilda said: "I like her—what's her name—Leslie Caron. But she's not really pretty."

Jack said: "She'll do as she is for me."

"She's got a lovely figure," Hilda slowed down slightly. "I'm sorry—I can't go quite as fast."

"Your knee hurting?"

"Only a bit. It isn't anything."

"I wish there was somewhere we could get a cup of coffee," said Jack moodily. "You'd think it was worth while for somebody to stay open, wouldn't you? Not much more than half-past ten, and it's like the grave."

"Well, I couldn't, anyway. You know what Dad is."

They hurried on for a moment in silence. Jack said: "We don't always have to go to something—the pictures and so on. One time we ought just to spend an evening by ourselves, so that we don't have to rush all the time."

"Yes. That'd be nice," said Hilda rather vaguely.

The rain was getting heavier, and when they got to the door there wasn't anything to be done except to say good-night and go. Just as he had known it would be. He hugged the wet mackintosh to him and kissed the cold, damp little face. He turned away before the door was fully closed, and heard its soft thud behind him as he set off for home.

Slowly Rosamund took the belt off her head, put it back in the drawer, and started to unfasten the brassiere. But her chest was still heaving with little sobs, and it was difficult

Continuing

to undo the fastening when one was wobbling about like that.

She stood and fumbled for some time before she got it off and dropped it on the chair. She put on her pyjama coat and sat on the bed gazing straight in front of her.

"Oh, eastern star . . ."

Rosamund got up and went slowly across to the dressing-table. She picked up the green leather handbag and dug about in it listlessly. The packet of peppermint chocolate was half-eaten, but there were still some sections left. She broke one off and ate it slowly. The sobs had stopped now. She hesitated, and then broke off another section and put it into her mouth, blew her nose again, and then climbed into bed.

Lang put the car away and hurried through the drawing-room into the house. The light was on in the hall, but everything was very quiet. He took off his coat and went into the drawing-room.

The Darts were obviously back because the electric fire was on, and the whisky was on the table. He poured himself out a very small whisky and filled the glass right up with soda, and sat down by the electric fire. This was where you missed it—coming back when something good had happened and you wanted to tell somebody about it.

It had been fine when he left the Spellmans; and then all the way home in the car it had drained out of him because there was nobody to share it with. Jean had never even pretended she did. She would have smiled at him and said: "That's lovely, darling. Now you'll be able to play with your sprayer." Rather mockingly.

And he would have said: "Yes, but you see if we can get the steel from Proudfoot it alters the whole situation . . . And the fact that she didn't know about steel and didn't care wouldn't have mattered, because she cared about him and nothing else at all."

The pain was almost physical

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and he got up, leaving the whisky untouched and put the fire and the light out and went upstairs. There was a light under Rosamund's door, and for a moment he half-hoped she would be awake and could help. He opened the door of her room very gently and went in.

She was asleep, but her arms were outside the bedclothes and both the lights were on, as though she had just fallen asleep without meaning to.

Very gently, Lang pulled the clothes up round her shoulders. She was lying in a queer, rather uncomfortable looking position, half on her back and half on her side. Her lips were slightly parted, and her lashes were very long and black. As he looked he suddenly realised that her eyelids were slightly swollen, and that there were faint marks on her cheeks, and there came to him as a cold shock the realisation that she had been crying.

Laura's green eyes looking at him in that cool, thoughtfully appraising way, "What does she do, Walter, when you go out like this . . . ?" Lang hesitated and passed a hand over his eyes.

For a moment he wondered confusedly whether to wake her up—to make her tell him why she had been crying—to hold her closely and tell her it should be all right . . .

WALTER switched out the bedside light and turned slowly and wearily towards the door. There was something odd about the lighting of the room, and, looking up, he saw that something was draped over the centre light. He took down the red blouse, looked at it with vague surprise, and then dropped it with her other clothes on the chair and went out, switching out the light and closing the door very softly behind him.

Rosamund poured Lang out his second cup of coffee, took a deep breath and said: "Daddy

There was a long pause. Then Lang lowered his paper and said: "What, darling?"

"I've looked at my frock, and it won't do for the Works Party. I'm sorry, but it just won't. After all, I've had it since I was sixteen."

"Grown out of it?"

"No. Grown into it. I'm miles smaller now. Don't you remember—I was like a balloon then. Anyhow it's too—too childish. It was all right as a first frock but . . ."

Lang said: "You don't want to dress up too much for this thing."

"I know. But this won't do. Honestly."

"All right, darling," Lang smiled at her. "Have you any of your allowance left?"

"Eight pounds," said Rosamund carefully.

"Eight pounds?" said Lang surprised and gratified. "You'll be quite all right then." He picked up the paper again.

Rosamund hesitated. "I don't know whether I can get anything for that price," she said desperately. "But I suppose I can try."

"That's right," said Lang helpfully. "Have a look round." He glanced at his watch. "I must be off, pet. What are you going to do to-day?"

"Go and look for this frock, I suppose," said Rosamund rather sulkily.

He nodded. "Well, don't go and get anything too grand. Remember most of the girls in the factory haven't got much to spend."

"Then I won't go to Dior," said Rosamund. "I was going to, but now I won't."

He didn't even seem to hear, and if he had it wouldn't have meant anything to him.

Beale's had quite a lot of evening frocks for eight pounds or less. There was even one for five, but that was a peculiar shade of bluish-pink, appeared to be intended to fit somebody with a 40-inch bust and 32-inch hips, and had lipstick marks on it in three different shades. Most of the rest were just dull, and the only two occasions when they had any interest, they turned out to be about fifteen pounds instead of eight.

After a time they seemed to grow progressively worse, and Rosamund went back to the beginning and started to go through them again rather dispiritedly. There was one which fitted rather well but was covered in large pink flowers, and there was one which was a pretty shade of greyish-blue, but was undoubtedly too big.

The saleswoman came back and said, "Then there's this. It's reduced from fifteen. I'm not sure whether it'll fit you. The frock was bright yellow with a kind of green undertone and left her shoulders bare. The silk material clung close to her body. Behind, from the tight . . . were two flying panels, which was . . . as well. Whatever else it was, it was not dull."

Rosamund looked at herself and said: "That's certainly more fun. I'm not sure whether it's a possible garment, but . . ."

The saleswoman said: "It's lovely on you. Of course it's a different class of thing . . ."

Rosamund turned sideways, picked up one of the flying panels and lowered it again quickly. She said: "It is a bit tight . . ."

"Ah, well, you see, madam, it's supposed to be snug fitting."

When she was outside the shop Rosamund was seized with a sudden panic and started to go back and change it for the bluish-grey. But the bluish-grey was too big, and there wouldn't be time to get it altered, so she went on and went to Fullers and drank coffee and ate a cream cake, and only just had enough money to pay for it, because the frock had been nine pounds and she had to use her pocket money as well as the eight pounds left in her clothes allowance.

Going home in the bus she could not remember whether it was the gold sort of yellow or the greenish sort of yellow, and had to open the box and tear a little hole in the tissue paper to see. Looked at like that, it was the greenish sort of yellow and rather alarmingly bright. Rosamund replaced the lid rather soberly and decided firmly that it was enormous fun in a queer sort of way.

The Works Party always took place at the Palace Hotel—mainly because that was the only place in the district with enough room. Even at the Palace it meant taking over practically the whole of the ground floor. There were no rules about dress. Gustavus always wore a lounge suit; Talbot-Rees was in tails with a carnation in his buttonhole. Apart from that, gentlemen who had dinner-jackets wore them and gentlemen who hadn't didn't.

Gustavus had once asked the Works Council to consider whether in the interests of true democracy it would not be better if all forms of evening clothes were prohibited. The suggestion met with strong opposition from the workers' representatives, and was withdrawn.

On the other hand, such few ladies as had any choice in the matter were carefully restrained. Laura, for example, wore a black dinner dress that

could hardly have been simpler, thereby simultaneously making a sisterly gesture towards the factory girls and aiming a shrewd blow at the Honorable Amy Talbot-Rees.

The Honorable Amy herself, being no respecter of persons unless they were very rich or had titles, went the whole way and displayed a great deal of sallow skin and a lot of diamonds above, and a great deal of wine-colored velvet below. It was the arrival of the Talbot-Rees' at one Works Party that had caused Gustavus to murmur to Lang: "Well, I always say my business ought to be able to afford one gentleman."

The guests were received in the entrance hall by Gustavus, supported by the Works Council. Gustavus stood and beamed at the arriving swarm and repeated: "Hallo. Hallo there. Good evening. Nice to see you," and the Works Council stood in a group just behind him.

Jack Partridge had wanted a maroon tuxedo ever since he was eighteen, and when he was elected to the Works Council he had gone and cashed some of his Savings Certificates and bought one. This was the first time he had worn it in public, and he stood there shifting from one foot to the other and grinning sheepishly.

His tie was much straighter than Lang's and his wavy dark hair was shining with brilliance. Some vulgar female person let out a low wolf-whistle as she passed him, and there was a burst of giggles. Jack went bright crimson and continued to grin.

"What was that?" said Gustavus turning.

"Someone admiring Jack's suit," said Martin.

"So they ought," said Gustavus putting on his pince-nez and looking carefully at Jack with the fourteen-year-old's

grin. "It's a very nice suit. I wish I'd got one like it."

Traditionally, the Works Party had no formal design. It began at eight and the keen dancers usually carried it on till two. But a sit-down meal was out of the question, and apart from half an hour from the entertainer there was no fixed programme. There were two huge buffets, one at the end of the ballroom and one in the big reception-room. The band played. People danced or ate or drank. Old stagers went into the smoking-room and played whist; and a very large number sat or stood round the ball-room just watching.

At some point in the evening silence would be called, and Gustavus would explain that this was an informal occasion and that there would be no speeches, and then would make one.

Laura suddenly said: "Good heavens . . .!" and laid a startled hand on Lawrence's arm. Rosamund had just entered the ballroom and was edging round the wall. She wore an agonized smile, as her eyes searched desperately for Lang. The flying panels were floating treacherously. The Honorable Amy Talbot-Rees had seen her and was advancing on the left flank.

Laura said: "No—that I will not have," and went quickly across with Lawrence following.

Laura said: "Hallo, Rosamund. I was wondering where you were."

Rosamund turned and said: "Oh, hallo—hallo, Lawrence," with relief.

"You're looking very beautiful and very dashing tonight."

Rosamund looked down at herself doubtfully and said:

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As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): July 1 inclines towards extravagant shopping. July 4 could produce accidents, particularly through fire. July 6 is excellent for every purpose.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Avoid gossip on June 30. Social arrangements for July 2 should be highly satisfactory. If in love, a romantic date; for others a new friendship.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): If eager to sign on the dotted line, the morning of July 3 should give you a thrill. If you use July 5 for writing letters, be careful what you say. It might boomerang.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Many a Cancer native will glow with pleasure at a wish come true on July 1. July 3, afternoon or evening, may try your patience to the utmost, so keep your temper in check.

LEO (July 23-August 22): A tangled skein may be unravelled, July 1, when you may be relieved of a worry. July 6 is likely to give you a lucky break from an unexpected source.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): If interested in the opposite sex, July 3 rates high in your schedule. If older, you may be a partygoer, and have a fine time. July 5 may let you down.

LIBRA (September 24 - October 23): Mix business with pleasure July 2, when almost any undertaking is well aspected. July 5 inclines towards short trips or group activities.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 23): Down in the dumps June 30? Too much work and not enough fun? July 4 can remedy that and set your spirits soaring again.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): If you spend more than you can afford on July 1 and develop a financial headache, July 3 proves the bargain wasn't so bad after all.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Team up with associates for mutual benefits on June 30. If July 4 brings a storm, domestic or otherwise, try to dodge the issue.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Personal influence, the right approach may carry you farther than sheer merit, July 2. Prepare for the unexpected on July 4.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): A magic carpet may wait for you on your objective June 30. Only grim determination will serve against obstacles on July 4.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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"D'you think it's all right? I was afraid it was a bit much. It didn't look quite so—quite so much in the shop." She gave a slightly hysterical giggle.

Lawrence said solemnly: "No, no, Roz. Whatever else you could say about it, it isn't too much. Anyway, you look very pretty."

The Honorable Amy joined them and said: "Good evening, Rosamund." She looked the frock over slowly and carefully and glanced at Laura with a little smile. "I'm glad somebody else has come with bare shoulders. I was beginning to feel rather out of place." She returned to the careful scrutiny. "What fascinating stuff. Where did you get it?"

"At Beale's."

"Oh—I see. At Beale's?"

Laura said: "That's a very good dress department, isn't it?"

"Is it?" said the Honorable Amy with careful interest. "Do you go there?"

"Constantly," said Laura, her mouth like a rabbit-trap. She had bought a head scarf there, one rainy day in 1941.

The reception was over. Gustavus was pottering round the room with a beaming smile, stopping every few yards at this group and that. The grey lounge suit seemed too big for him, and his knees gave a little as he walked, but he looked very happy. He came up and said: "Why isn't anybody dancing? Never saw such a lazy lot. Come on, Rosamund, my dear. Let's show them the way."

He put his arm round Rosamund and clutched her right hand with his fingers carefully entwined in hers. The band was playing a waltz. Vigorously, though a little precariously at the knees, he whirled her out into the vast, empty, shining spaces of the ballroom floor. The flying panels flew.

Amy Talbot-Rees closed her eyes and said: "My dear..."

Laura turned to Lawrence and said: "I'd like to dance, please."

As they circled the floor she said through clenched teeth: "I'd like to murder that fool Walter."

Jack stood at the buffet with a group from the press shop. Everybody was drinking pale ales.

Somebody muttered in a very high voice, "Oh, Gustavus—you dirty old man," and there was a general titter.

Jack's eyes never left the figure in the yellow frock. He was grinning broadly.

Mac said: "She's only a kid, too. No more than eighteen."

"That's old enough for me, brother."

Talbot-Rees came up. He was smoking a cigar in a tortoiseshell holder. He said: "Hallo, chaps. Make room at the bar for a thirty one."

They grinned at him sheepishly and moved aside. Talbot-Rees said: "Scotch and splash, please." He took out a slim gold cigarette-case and gave cigarettes to Jack and Fred Boxall, but not to Mac.

"Well, you can say what you like," he said with a wink, "but we've got some pretty girls in this outfit. Who's that fair one in the pink dress?"

There was a moment's pause. Mac kicked Jack sharply on the ankle. Fred said: "That's Hilda Pinner."

"And very nice, too," said Talbot-Rees.

"That's what Jack reckons," said a voice from the rear.

"Oh," said Talbot-Rees. "Like that, is it? Sorry, Jack." Everybody laughed without great certainty as to who was laughing at whom. Talbot-Rees said, "Well, I shall now go and do me duty by dancing with Mrs. Spellman." He waved a hand and moved off. Their eyes followed him with derision.

The band struck up a rumba,

Continuing . . . Sundry Creditors

from page 45

Jack finished his pale ale, put the glass on the bar, walked over to Hilda, and held out a hand. She got up and smiled at him. The fair hair was close to his face and it smelt rather pleasantly of lavender. Jack said, "I've just been told you're pretty."

"Me? Who by?"

"Lord Duke Talbot-Rees."

Hilda giggled slightly.

Jack said: "You are, too." Her hand tightened on his shoulder, but she didn't say anything. Hilda never talked when she was dancing. Behind her, Rosamund was just getting up with Lawrence. Rosamund was saying: "I'm not sure I can do this. I can do either the rumba or the samba, but I can never remember which."

Lawrence said: "Darling, I can't do either of them."

Jack's eyes followed them as the yellow frock jerked rhythmically away. She was a hot-looking little bit all right.

The applause for the entertainer's final encore died down and picked up again as Gustavus mounted the bandstand. To some this was the end of the evening, to others its beginning; for after Gustavus had made his speech he would go, and a little while after, at decent intervals, the other directors and their wives would go; and then a man could just dance with his girl, or even somebody else's without being stared at by Mrs. Talbot-Rees.

There was no doubt that Gustavus' suit was too big for him nowadays, and he looked small and old. But his face was glowing and his eyes sparkled as he looked round.

"Ladies and gentlemen—you all know what I'm going to say. This is not a formal occasion and . . ." A chorus of voices added . . . there will be no speeches."

Gustavus smiled more widely. "That's right," he said, "no speeches. And what's more—no talking shop." He turned to Lang. "Hear that, Walter?"

Lang grinned back amid general laughter.

"This is an evening," said Gustavus, "when we put off the cares of business and come here to relax and enjoy ourselves and to meet one another on an equal footing as good friends."

"Hear, hear!" said Talbot-Rees, smiling round him with goodwill to all.

"So I shan't make a speech," said Gustavus. "All I want to do is to welcome you all most heartily on my own behalf, on behalf of the Board, and on behalf of the Works Council, to whom we are indebted for the excellent arrangements they have made."

"I can remember these parties now for thirty years, and one thing about them never fails to impress me—that we at Lang's have really got something that is rare in business—a sense of pulling together—of being a team with a single objective towards which we are all working, in whatever capacity."

The small-boy smile had disappeared now and had been replaced by the curious, half-puzzled, serious look that they all knew so well. It was as though he was pleading with them to agree—to see themselves as he had seen them over many years—as he had seen them first as a young man, and had gone on doggedly seeing them ever since; despite opposition, despite laughter, despite disappointment, despite failure.

He said: "A group of people working together—not just to make money for the shareholders—not just to get a living—but for something higher and finer. To fulfil in our little, insignificant way our duty towards God and towards our neighbor."

Everything was silent now. Lang was staring down at the

floor. Jack Partridge shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Much has happened in industry since I came to Lang's nearly fifty years ago. The whole position of the worker is different—and I thank Heaven for it. Many of the things that we started then—and were laughed at for starting—are now the law of the land. Decent working conditions—a fair wage for a fair day's work—shorter hours—proper pensions—consultation between management and workers—profit sharing . . ."

"All these things are commonplace to-day. But there's one thing I'd like you always to remember . . ."

Gustavus began to bounce slightly from the knees. "There is no law that can replace a sense of personal responsibility towards our fellow men. There is no law that can be a substitute for love. That is what I think we have always realised at Lang's, and what I hope we shall always realise."

"Hear, hear!" said Henry Spellman.

Gustavus smiled. "Now I'm going home," he said. "I'm an old man and it's time I was in bed. Now you young people can get on and dance as long as you like and nobody will interrupt you. Enjoy yourselves. Good-night and God bless you all and thank you for coming."

He nodded and turned. George Martin put out a quick hand and helped him down the steps of the stand. The handsome black-haired band leader was smiling a very white-toothed smile and clapping vigorously.

AS the applause died down, Lawrence said, "I am now going to dance with that little girl in pink."

Laura looked at her watch. "Look, Lawrence, I'm going to give it half an hour, and then I'm going. See?"

"All right, sweetheart. I'll be ready by then."

"And I shall take the car."

"All right. Take the car. But stop nattering."

As Gustavus waved good-night, Henry Spellman said to Lang, "The old man's looking a bit tired, but I think he's enjoyed himself. How good he is at this sort of thing!"

Lang said, "Oh, yes. Get Gustavus on the higher purpose and he's happy."

Lawrence said: "You don't mind my talking all the time, do you, Rene? You see, I can't dance, so I have to talk all the time, otherwise people notice that I can't dance."

Hilda said: "You dance quite nice."

"Thank you," said Lawrence. "Kind girl. Now that encourages me, which will probably be fatal. I shall now do my feather, but I shall have to hold you very close for that because my feather is very difficult to follow. Do you mind being held close, Rene? After all what's dancing for if not so that you can hold pretty girls close?"

He let go of her right hand and put both hands behind her shoulders, hugging her closely.

"Forgive me," he said carefully. "What I seek is not romance but stability."

Jack was dancing with Fred Boxall's sister, Nellie, a slant-eyed girl with dyed blond hair and a reputation as the factory's bad girl.

She nudged him and said: "What price Hilda, boy?"

"I know," he said disgustedly. He looked across at Hilda and Lawrence with sullen anger.

"Wonder what he'd say if I started bunny-hugging about with his wife?"

Lawrence always does that. Remember him last year? I said to him once: 'Hey, steady on.

You'll get us turned off the floor," I said."

"They make me sick," said Jack suddenly. "Him and Talbot-Rees and Lang and the whole lot of them."

The dance ended and Nellie made for the cloakroom. He went back to the bar and ordered another pale ale. It was his fourth and they were making his head ache slightly.

Hilda had disappeared or he would have gone and talked to her and told her to tell Lawrence where he could go if he asked her again.

Laura was saying good-night to Miss Spellman. Lawrence came and stood behind them, leaning against a pillar, and passed his hand over his eyes. He suddenly felt very tired and hopeless. As Laura turned he said quietly: "I think that's probably enough of that, my dear. Let's go home."

She looked at him with the wide green eyes thoughtfully but without emotion. "As you like," she said indifferently. "I shall go after the next dance, anyhow."

"No. Now."

Laura shrugged. "All right. I'll go and get my coat."

Hilda was in the ladies' room. She was talking in a low voice to Nellie Boxall and giggling.

They stopped talking when Laura came in. Laura went over to the counter and asked for her coat. If this was all if he wouldn't really come home now—it hadn't been too bad. Nothing like as bad as last year.

The band played a loud chord and the black-haired leader with the white teeth called in his toastmaster's voice: "Ladies and Gentlemen—the next dance will be . . . Ladies' Choice."

There was a flutter of laughter and excitement. Mac said: "Well, come on, girls. Here I am. Come and get it."

Fred Boxall said: "I'll bet our Nell asks Lawrence."

Jack said: "Well, she can have him." He looked round for Hilda. But she still hadn't reappeared from the cloakroom.

As the band started Rosamund muttered: "Oh, gosh . . ." and looked round rather nervously. The obvious person was Lawrence, who was leaning against a pillar with his eyes closed. But as she moved towards him a little slant-eyed girl with blond hair went up to him. Lawrence opened his eyes and looked down at her uncomprehendingly for a moment. Then a wide smile spread over his face and he opened both arms very wide and put them firmly round her.

That was that. Rosamund went up to Lang and said: "Will you dance with me, Daddy?"

He smiled and said: "Of course I will, darling. I'm flattered." He said: "Enjoying yourself, Roz?"

"Oh yes. It's fun."

"Let me know when you want to go."

Rosamund said: "Well, look—don't say about because of me, darling."

"Oh—no hurry."

"Look at our Nell, the little devil!" said Fred Boxall with pride.

Mac said: "Walter dancing with young Rosamund. That's a waste."

Jack said: "He'd see she didn't come and ask any of us, chum."

Mac said: "How about going up and excuse-me him and take her off?"

"Why not?" said Jack. "Who's he that you can't dance with his daughter?"

"Go on, then, Jacko," said Mac.

"I'm not afraid of him," said Mac.

"I'm not afraid of him," said Jack sullenly. "I would if I wanted her."

Beauty in brief:

Shapely legs

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If you are dissatisfied with the way your legs look, you can do two things about them—minimise their appearance and exercise to correct defects.

SHAPELY legs touch at the ankles, calves, knees, and thighs. The rest usually fall into five general categories—heavy, straight, and thin legs, bowed legs, and knock-knees.

The way to minimise the appearance of heavy legs is to stand with one foot slightly behind the other so that one leg is partly screened. Place weight on the back leg, knees bent slightly, and feet pointing out.

Skirts wide at the hem, dark stockings, and medium-heeled shoes are best.

If your legs are slightly bowed, wear skirts about mid-calf with some hemline width. Slant stocking seams slightly inward to offset that outward curve.

Thin legs appear to be heavier in lighter hose shades and solid-looking heels.

Exercise to reduce leg bulges, develop skinny calves, or counteract knock-knees or bowed legs.

There was a general laugh. Jack said: "All right—who's betting?"

"Twenty Weights you don't," said Mac.

Jack hesitated for a moment. His eyes were on the yellow frock. "O.K.," he said rather huskily. "You're on." He squared the big shoulders and walked quickly on to the floor.

Lang did not feel the first

tap on his shoulder. It was Rosamund's face that made him pause and turn. "Excuse me," Jack said again. His face was beetroot-red.

"What?" said Lang, puzzled. "Excuse me," said Jack, helplessly.

Rosamund said: "Oh . . . it's a sort of dance . . ."

Jack said croakily: "In a

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Ladies' Choice you can say excuse me and then I dance with her."

"Oh," said Lang, rather startled. "All right," he slowly released Rosamund. He was rather bewildered. "Then who do I dance with?"

"You go and excuse-me somebody else."

"I see," said Lang. "All right. Carry on."

He nodded and turned away and threaded his way through the dancing couples to the sidelines.

Mac said: "I wouldn't have done that for Twenty Weights."

"Nor me," said Fred Boxall, shaking his head. "Not with Walter. The fool."

"Jacko's Bolshy," said somebody. "That's all it is."

"Well, that won't have done him no good at all."

Jack was drenched in sweat and he could feel the wet shirt clinging to his back. The hand on her back was trembling absurdly. Once they got out of step and she said: "Sorry."

"All right," he said harshly. Then, after a pause: "You go to dances much?"

"Not very much."

"Why? Don't you like dancing?"

"Oh yes. I'm not very good, though."

"How can you be any good if you don't practise?" he said roughly.

Rosamund said: "Do you dance a lot?"

"Fair bit."

"You're on the Works Council, aren't you?"

"That's right."

"I thought you were."

He felt a sudden spasm of anger. It was all so cool and friendly. He hadn't walked across the floor and taken her away from Lang and maybe put himself in wrong for good, just to be talked to about being on the committee.

He said suddenly: "That's a nice frock you've got on," and then started down at her face with a fierce grin.

"Well, that's the trouble," said Rosamund calmly. "I'm not sure whether it is a nice frock."

"What's wrong with it?" he said with a sneer. "If you've got anything to show, why not show it?" That worked better. She didn't blush this time, but she looked away and didn't reply.

Over her bare shoulders he could see Lang talking to George Martin. Lang wasn't looking at them. He hated Lang and he hated her, and he felt a fool and ashamed.

He tightened his arm and pressed her against him pointedly and almost savagely.

After a while Rosamund said: "Who's the little man with the wooden leg?"

"Billy Peace," one of the lift men, he said through set teeth, and slipped his hand down her bare back to the base of her spine.

They had faded down the main lights, and apart from one spotlight that kept changing color, the floor was in semi-darkness. He smelt of sweat and brillianine and he was pressing her tight against a big body that was as hard as iron.

It was not like dancing, because held like that you became part of the rhythm of the waltz. It moved you without your volition, as though you were lying on one of those rafts in a gently heaving sea. Rosamund realised that she felt slightly sick, that her knees were weak, and that she was afraid the band would stop. But it played on and on, and now they were in the semi-darkness, and the hand on her back was gently moving up her bare spine.

Somewhere miles away there was the reflection that there was nothing to be done about it without making a fuss, and all you could do was to go on talking and pretending you hadn't noticed. She heard her voice talking coolly and steadily about George Martin, and the fact that he was going to retire. But neither the reflection nor the calm voice had any reality, and

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she was keeping the music going now only by the sheer force of her will . . .

He said curtly: "You ever go to the pictures?"

She started and only just repressed a slightly hysterical giggle, and looked up at him deliberately and said: "Sometimes," with no excuses at all.

He said: "Well, how about coming with me some time?"

Rosamund hesitated. Now she had stopped willing it to go on, the music was coming to a long-drawn, agonised end.

"That would be very nice," she said in exactly the same tone and the same words as she had used earlier in the evening when Miss Spellman had asked her to tea.

When the band stopped they were close to the door of the ladies' cloakroom.

Rosamund said: "I'm going in here. Good-bye and thank you very much."

He nodded and said: "Thanks. See you again some time," and walked slowly back to the bar to the startled, envious, admiring grins. He walked with a slight swagger and grinned back at them. He picked up a Pale Ale and said: "How about my Twenty Weights?"

Mac said: "You can have 'em. Did you see old Walter's face? Rather you than me, chum."

Jack said: "I'm not afraid of him." He grinned savagely. "Wouldn't like to have another twenty on something else, would you?"

In the cloakroom, Rosamund said: "Well, well . . ." to herself, and then giggled slightly, powdered the sides of her nose, and then, with decision, went to the counter and collected her cloak.

While they were getting it she said: "Well, well . . ." again under her breath, and then went to look for Lang. He was still talking to George Martin, but he was very willing to come home with her . . .

The old car's springing was usually soft and comfortable, but to-night it seemed to grow harder and harder, so that every little bump in the road sent a jar through his whole body. Once Gustavus nearly told Marsh to stop—to let him get out and rest from the intolerable vibration.

But he knew it was not the car, and that the only thing to do was to get home, and he huddled into a corner and pulled the rug tighter about him and shivered in the deadly cold—the cold that seemed to come from inside rather than from outside. His father's grudging voice was saying: "All right, Gus, if you want to. I suppose it can't do any harm."

All through fifty years there had been grudging voices—allowing, permitting, suspecting, but never really believing. Except for Miss Bell. And old Herbert Stevens, dead now for twenty years. And Henry Spellman in his way—the way of laughing and saying the cynical thing and then being on the side of the angels when it came to the point. And George Martin, who was a simple, good man . . .

It was not good to feel that one had fought alone, when there had been so many who had fought nobly alongside. And now it looked won, and there was no longer master and man, or so they said. But it was not won. It was only that the war was between more equal forces.

And it would not be won till there was no war and all were members of one another—until one could smile at a man and see the smile returned unfrightened, unwary, trusting and knowing his worth, and knowing yours.

It was not bumping and jarring any more, but it was colder. Marsh's voice was saying: "Here we are, sir." Marsh was holding the door open.

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He had a struggle to get out because the rug was round his legs and Marsh had to help him, and going up the steps he stumbled and if it had not been for Marsh's arm supporting him he would have fallen.

Gustavus said: "My keys . . ."

But Mrs. Poulton had opened the door and he was in the big hall and Marsh was taking his coat off. Mrs. Poulton said: "A little drop of brandy because it's cold outside."

Gustavus smiled, and said: "No, thank you," and then Marsh was saying: "Come on, sir, do you good."

Gustavus did not want the brandy, but he sipped it to please Marsh and Mrs. Poulton, who had taken the trouble to bring it.

After a while Mrs. Poulton said: "How did the party go, Mr. Gustavus?"

He said: "Very well. Very well indeed. Excellent. I think everybody enjoyed it."

Marsh was still there, and Gustavus said: "There's no need for you to stay, Marsh, thank you. I'm going to bed now. Good-night."

They were upstairs outside his bedroom door. The fire was on inside, but it was still very cold. Marsh was still there and he said rather irritably: "No, no. Not the slightest need. Good-night, Marsh."

Mrs. Poulton said something about a hot drink and he said: "Yes. Thank you. Very nice." to get rid of her, and went into his room and shut the door in their faces and started to undress. His hands were very cold and it took a long time to undo his waistcoat buttons.

It was necessary to get to the bed and he gave up the buttons and leaned against the wall for a moment to get his breath. He could hear himself panting, but the breath did not seem to be going into his lungs and he knew he must get to bed quickly because he wasn't well.

He was down on the floor and the carpet was rough against his face and his eyes were so close to it that it was a brown blur. He knew he must not lie on the floor like that or he would catch a chill. He tried to call Mrs. Poulton, but there was no air and no sound came out except a sobbing grunt. He was very frightened and there was dust in the carpet and it was stifling him.

He fought the dust and then suddenly it was quieter, and he was not afraid and there was no longer any urgency. He lay there and smiled to himself in sheer relief at the calm that came from the passing away of fear and urgency.

The dust was coming again, but he did not mind it now. He looked round at the big ring of faces smiling up at him and said: "There is no law that can replace goodwill."

"Hear, hear!" said Henry Spellman.

Rosamund said: "What does 'in trust' mean exactly?"

"It means that you get the interest on the money, but you can't touch the capital until you're twenty-one—at least, not unless the trustees agree." Lang kicked off his slippers. "Where are my shoes?"

"Behind you, darling. Who are the trustees? You?"

"No, thank goodness. Henry Spellman and North. Let's see—on £3000 you'll probably get about two hundred a year."

"And then when I'm twenty-one I shall get the five thousand, Daddy?"

"Yes."

"But you get your five thousand right away?"

"Yes. I'm considered to have

reached years of discretion."

Rosamund said: "It seems rather awful to be dividing the poor old boy up like this, doesn't it? I mean, it will be very nice to have another two hundred a year, but if I go and buy myself a silly hat or something it will be rather ghastly to think that it's a bit of Uncle Gus."

"Oh, I don't know," said Lang indifferently. "It's no good to him any longer. Anyhow, if he'd been a different sort of person he ought to have left you the lot."

"I'm rather glad he didn't. How much will there be to go to the Benevolent Fund?"

"I don't know. A lot of it will go in death duties. But the main question is what they'll get for his shares in the Company." Lang smiled rather grimly. "And that's where the fun begins."

He took out a pencil and turned over one of the envelopes from the morning's mail. "It's rather an interesting situation. There are only two hundred thousand ordinary shares. Gustavus had another eighty thousand. I've got sixty thousand. Old Henry and his family are in bits and pieces—between four or five other people—old Mrs. Horseman and so on. So if I can buy another forty-five thousand of Gustavus's lot . . . he spread out his hands . . . Bob's your uncle."

"Why? I don't see."

"Because that would give me a hundred-and-five thousand, which would be a controlling interest."

"Meaning what?" said Rosamund, puzzled.

"Well—I shall have complete control of the Company."

"Haven't you now? You're managing director?"

"Yes, darling—but financial control. If it ever came to a showdown, the person who's got the majority of the ordinary shares can outvote everybody else—and say what's going to be done."

"And you can do that—get the other forty-five thousand?"

"Who's going to stop me? Under Uncle Gus' will they'll have to sell the shares to somebody. If I'm prepared to offer the proper market value, then as the son of the founder I've obviously got a right to demand that they shall be offered to me first. As a matter of fact, some people would say that Gustavus had no right to leave the shares outside the family like that. But if he wanted the money to go to his beloved charities and wanted to make me buy the shares, I really don't care."

Lang glanced at his watch and finished his coffee. "It'll be a sizeable operation, of course. Those shares are worth something over two pounds each. The forty-five thousand I want will cost the thick end of a hundred thousand."

"A hundred thousand pounds?"

"Yes."

"But, darling, have you got a hundred thousand pounds?"

Lang grinned. "Not actually in my pocket. But that's what banks are for. What are you going to do to-day?"

Rosamund said: "Oh—this and that. I think I shall borrow Mrs. Dart's machine and do the landing curtains. I like machining."

When he had gone, Rosamund poured herself out a cup of rather cold coffee and picked up Lang's pencil and envelope. There were fifty-two weeks in the year and so it was fifty-two into two hundred. She wrote down two hundred and put fifty-two underneath it and then brought the two hundred into just the right position to be divided.

The extreme tip of her tongue protruded between her lips with concentration of

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mathematical effort. It came to 38.46 and a bit. But it couldn't possibly be £38 a week. It must be shillings, and yet one was working in pounds.

Ten minutes later it was sorted out, and it was £3/17/- a week, which seemed less than two hundred a year ought to be, but would still be nice. Suddenly she remembered that they had found him lying on the floor. He had died by himself with nobody to help him and his glasses had fallen off. Her eyes filled with tears and she said chokily: "The fools—the fools—leaving him alone like that."

Henry Spellman took off his glasses, put them on his desk, gave them a slight push, and shook his head. He said: "I'd rather not, Walter. It's nice of you to suggest it, but... I don't think I want it."

"Why not?" said Lang. "I'm too old for one thing. And too lazy for another. If I take it on, in three years you'll want another Chairman."

"So much the better. Anyhow, Henry, you're the senior director."

Spellman said: "Why don't you want to do it yourself? You're your father's son and..."

"Plenty of time for me later. Anyhow, I don't think anybody can be Chairman and Managing Director. And Managing Director's more my job."

"I see," said Spellman with a grin. "What you want's a King Log, eh? Takes the chair at meetings and doesn't interfere?" He picked up the spectacles. "All right, Walter. I'll think it over and tell you later. I don't suppose any of our colleagues is likely to disagree with whatever we suggest..." He smiled.

"I wouldn't think so," said Lang smiling back. "Right. Now then something more important. What're you going to do about Gus's shares?"

Spellman glanced at him quickly and hesitated. "I don't know yet. Haven't had time to think about it yet."

"They'll have to be sold?"

"I suppose so. Under the terms of the will."

Lang said: "What d'you reckon they're worth?"

"Don't know exactly. Been no market in them for years."

"Two pounds a share?"

"Something like that."

"And it's eighty thousand altogether?"

"So I'm told," Spellman hesitated again. "You want to talk about this now, Walter?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then we'd better have North in, hadn't we?"

"What for?" said Lang frowning.

"Well—he's a trustee with me."

Lang said: "North'll do what he's told. He lit a cigarette. "Look, Henry—I want to put in a bid for forty-five thousand. I don't want any favors. You get a proper valuation, and then all I want's first refusal at that price."

There was a moment's silence. Spellman said: "Well, of course, Walter, you'll realise that as executors and trustees it's our job to do the best for the estate."

"Yes?"

"... which means selling at the best price we can possibly get."

"Oh I dare say," said Lang impatiently. "But if I'm ready to match any offer you get from anybody else you're all right, aren't you?"

"Yes..." Spellman shook his head rather doubtfully. "Of course, this is a pretty important thing, Walter. I'd have to talk to North, and think it over before..."

The man who had been telephoning picked up his briefcase and came out of the box, but Jack walked past it again. Even if he did get Lang himself it was right. He'd only

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have to say: "Can I speak to Miss Lang, please?" and if they asked who it was he would give any name. "Mr. Parsons." And if she brushed him off or pretended she didn't remember, what did it matter?

He went back to the telephone box and looked up the number. There were about a dozen Langs and it was the last one. "Lang, Walter S." It didn't ring for a long time and he was just going to dial again when it started. It was a slow, lazy "br-r-r-r," and it rang only three times before the voice answered. He thought it was her voice, but he wasn't taking any chances, so he said: "Can I speak to Miss Lang, please?" and it said: "Speaking."

He took a deep breath and said: "Hallo, how y' doing? This is Jack Partridge."

"Who?"

"Jack Partridge."

There was a slight pause and then the voice said: "Oh... hallo," and after that he knew it was going to be easy.

He said: "Get back all right the other night?"

"Oh yes, thank you."

"You might've said good-night."

"You were dancing and—and I had to go."

He said: "Well, how about our evening out?"

There was a long silence—so long that he thought the telephone might have been cut off. He said: "Hallo..." The voice said: "Hallo..."

"I said what about our evening out? You ever seen any dirt-track riding?"

"No."

"Well, how about it if we went to that? To-morrow?"

"I can't to-morrow."

"Well it's Tuesday, Thursday or Saturday. Say Thursday. You know Phillip's corner?"

"Yes. By the Queen's."

"That's right. Meet me outside there at seven. O.K.?"

She suddenly said: "Look, I'm sorry but I've got to go now."

"Well, Thursday at seven, then?"

The voice said: "Good-bye, and thank you," and there was a click. He said: "Hallo," but she had hung off. He looked at the receiver with a frown and then jabbed it down irritably. The old game, trying to leave you guessing.

Lang was hanging up his coat as Rosamund put down the receiver. He said: "What was that?"

Rosamund said: "Laura. Wants me to go to tea."

"Laura?" Lang's head came up. "Well look, Ros—I think perhaps you'd better get out of it. There may be going to be some fun with the Spellman family, and I don't want to cross any wires."

She said: "I've told her I can't anyway..."

The appointment with Mr. Falk was at ten-thirty.

Before they went in, George Martin asked Lawrence, "Do you know what we're going to say to this chap?"

Lawrence shrugged. "It rather depends on what he says to us."

Mr. Falk's office was panelled in walnut and his chairs were upholstered in green leather. From his windows, high up in the big building, one looked out on the river from two angles. Mr. Falk himself was a hunchback, and when he sat in the big armchair the top of the back of it was above his head. It was not clear whether he was angry about this interview or merely angry all the time.

Falk said: "So there it is, gentlemen. It's no easier for me than it is for you. You want steel—I want steel. Everybody wants steel." He hunched back in the chair and gazed sulkily out of the window.

"Three tons?" said Lang. "That's a fat lot of use, isn't it?"

Lawrence said: "It's just three tons better than nothing."

Lawrence closed his eyes tightly for a moment and then opened them and said: "Of course, we fully realise the difficulties. But Sir Francis did rather suggest..."

"It's all very well for Sir Francis," said Falk irritably. "But where am I supposed to get the stuff? I don't make steel. I only buy it. And if anybody'll tell me where to buy any more, I'll be obliged."

Martin smiled and said: "Of course, by our standards, the quantities we're talking about would be very small indeed."

"I daresay. But it's all extra, isn't it?" Mr. Falk suddenly whipped round and stared at Lawrence with apparent dislike. "And what's more," he said, "I tell you gentlemen frankly, I don't see why we should do this for you."

"Nor do I," said Lawrence with a grin. "I never have."

"Oh," said Falk rather blankly.

There was a moment's pause. Martin began: "It may be..."

"I suppose the truth of it is," said Falk bitterly, "that somebody took Francis out and gave him a decent bottle of wine and a good meal and after that he'd offer anything."

"And a rather good glass of brandy," said Lawrence. "I was there."

"Oh, were you?" said Falk. He stared at Lawrence for a moment, and then suddenly smiled rather grimly. "Ah, well, then we know where we are."

He thought for a moment and then frowned and shook his large head. "You see the trouble is, gentlemen, even if I could find you a ton or two, just to carry you on, I couldn't guarantee to do it again. In a month's time I may be better off. I may be worse. I just don't know."

MMARTIN said quickly: "We only need about three tons a month at our present output. You see, we practically use steel only in the carriage of the thing. Most of it is brass."

"Three tons a month," said Mr. Falk reflectively. "Well, of course, that isn't anything much. Mostly rod, eh?"

"Rod and angle."

There was a long silence. Falk picked up the letter from his desk, looked at it and sighed. "Well, gentlemen, Sir Francis seems to have liked your brandy, and he's the boss, so I suppose it's up to me to help you somehow..."

He gazed out of the window for a while in silence.

"I tell you what I'll do," he said at last, not looking at them. "I'll find you three tons from somewhere. God knows where, but I'll find it. That's a month's supply. Meanwhile, I'll look round and see if I can possibly continue that month by month. But..." his eyes came round to them, flickering from one to the other, "but—after the first month it's got to be understood that there's no promise. If that's any good to you, you're welcome. Otherwise..."

Martin said: "It'd certainly be most helpful."

Lawrence hesitated for a fraction of a second and said: "It would indeed." He looked at his cigarette end. "And you think there's a reasonable chance of being able to go on?"

"A reasonable chance, but no promise."

"And how should we know if you could go on?"

Falk spread out his hands. "You'll simply have to write to me or come and see me and find out. I'm sorry, but there's nothing else for it."

"Three tons?" said Lang. "That's a fat lot of use, isn't it?"

Lawrence said: "It's just three tons better than nothing."

"And no promise that it'll go on?"

"No. It's a month's supply..."

"Oh, bunkum. Surely if he was going to give us anything, you could have got a bit more than that out of him? I wish I'd gone myself."

"I share your regret," said Lawrence carefully.

Martin said: "Well, Mr. Walter, there was a time when I thought we weren't going to get anything at all."

Lang turned to him. "It really was sticky, eh?" he said as though to confirm, from a reliable source, an otherwise improbable story.

"It was. I thought Mr. Lawrence did very well to get anything."

"Yes," said Lang without enthusiasm. He shrugged. "Well—there it is. We shall have to limp along as best we can."

He could have rung up to make sure she was coming, but he wasn't going to run about after anyone, and certainly not Lang's daughter. In fact, on Thursday morning he had practically decided not to go to Phillip's corner at all, and then if she did come she would just find herself stood up, which would touch her not to try to keep chaps guessing.

But by Thursday evening there wasn't anything else to do, and he decided to go to the dirt-track, anyhow. He would have to go by Phillip's corner, and he would just look to see if she happened to be there at seven but if she wasn't, no waiting about or anything like that.

It hadn't occurred to him that she might come in a car, and when he saw the little coupe across the road and somebody waving a hand to him, he was puzzled for a moment, because apart from anything else she had a hat on and looked quite different. He went across and she smiled at him and said: "Hallo."

Jack said: "I didn't know whether you were coming. I nearly didn't come myself. You'd have looked fine then, wouldn't you?"

She said: "Why did you think I wasn't?"

"Well you cut off so sharp on the telephone without saying. How was I to know?"

"Somebody came in and I had to stop. But you'd said here at seven o'clock."

He tapped the running board of the car with his toe and said: "This'd for you want to bring this thing for? We don't need it."

"Well, I'd got to get here and back, hadn't I?"

He said: "I suppose you don't go in buses."

"You try to get home from here in a bus!" she said calmly. "You'd better get in, hadn't you? I'm not supposed to park here."

He hesitated for a moment and then went round to the other side and got in beside her. The little car was very shiny and new. He said: "This your own?"

"Not really. But Daddy's always using the other so I use this. Which way are we going?"

"Straight across along Leeds Street and out on the Coventry road," he said reluctantly.

She drove well for a kid, whipping the little car in and out of traffic as though she was used to driving a lot. Several times they were stopped at traffic lights, and he was afraid someone he knew might come along and see him being driven in a car by Lang's daughter. He would never live that down if they did. He said: "I reckon you'd catch it if anyone was to see you out with me."

Rosamund smiled without taking her eyes off the traffic. "I expect so," she said. "But that's half the fun, isn't it?"



"Well, here comes Mr. Fine and Warner."

"Oh, is it?" he said almost angrily. "It's just a bit of fun you're having, eh?"

Rosamund said: "Anyhow, I've always wanted to see dirt-track racing."

She had never seen it before, and when they had never seen it before it always got them. It was why he had brought her. He was used to it, and nowadays it was only the first heat that got him—the first moment when the lights in the stand go out and only the track is lit, the engines go up to a roar and the four men go hurtling into the first bend with the cinders flying and the roar echoing away round the track.

He had meant to watch her, but it was a close race, and on the last bend someone went hard into the retaining fence and took what looked like a fourpenny one, and he never even remembered that she was there. It wasn't until the third race that he had time to sit back and look her over.

She was staring at the track, leaning forward. Her eyes were shining and her lips were a bit apart, and she was pulling at her handkerchief with both hands. It always got them. And particularly when it looked like as though someone was going to break his blasted neck.

That was what they liked.

She wasn't as pretty with a hat on—at least not that hat, which was just a silly bit of velvet that came down to a point over her forehead. And she certainly didn't look as hot in the blue coat as she had in the yellow dress.

But she was all right. There was no doubt about that.

When the first interval came he said: "Come on," and led the way up the steps to the bar at the back of the stand. Jack said: "What'll you have?"

She hesitated and said: "Do they have sherry?"

"I should think so," he said, and fought his way through the mob and came back with a dubious looking brown stuff and a pale ale.

When they were back in their seats, he put out his hand and took hers, and when he did that she didn't look at him, but looked down at their two hands and gave a little laugh to herself as though she thought something was funny.

But she didn't try to take her hand away. Her hands were soft and smooth, not like Hilda's. But that was because Hilda had to work and she didn't have to, but only to drive a car around and be Lang's daughter.

She wouldn't have another drink, which was all right because the stuff she had cost two bob a go, and anyhow he didn't hold with girls drinking, and certainly not kids like that. She wouldn't smoke, either, though when he asked her she said she did sometimes but not much.

The trouble about dirt-track was that towards the end you always got tired of it, with nearly every beat being settled at the first corner and hardly ever any overtaking after. But she went on staring at it like

that to the end and once she dug her nails into his hand when there was something exciting.

It was a bad car-park with narrow gates and it took a long time to get out. Rosamund said: "I'd better drop you first. Where's the best place for you?"

He said: "No—I'll come out with you to your place."

"But then you'll have to get right in again and it takes hours at this time of night."

He said: "That's my worry. I'm a big boy now. I don't have to be taken home."

They didn't say much driving back into town, except about the racing, and she said she'd enjoyed it and thanked him for taking her. But when they got into town she tried again and pulled up at Phillip's corner and said: "Look, let me drop you here. It's silly for you to come all out there and then have to come back."

He said: "Why should you worry about me?"

"Well, there's no sense in it."

He said: "Afraid I shall ask myself in or something?"

"Of course not," said Rosamund in a low voice.

"O.K. Then carry on."

She had always known that this was the bit that might be difficult, but she had gambled on the fact that he would get out in town, and now the town was behind them and it was going to be difficult, and she desperately didn't want it to be, because she felt sick. Not the same sort of sick that she had felt at the party, but a sick desire not to be touched—to be home and safe by herself.

She hadn't liked him much the first time, but all the same she had been terrified the band would stop. But this was different and he was just a big, rather common young man who spoke rudely and grinned at her, but not in a friendly way.

They were outside the town now and off the main road, the lights were poor, and she had to use her headlights. Rosamund said rather unsteadily: "I have to turn down to the left about two hundred yards on. It's a private road. I'd better drop you on the corner."

"All right," he said briefly. "Pull in here."

She went on as near to the corner as she dared and stopped. He leaned forward and switched the headlights off, and as he did so he opened the door on the driver's side and got out and stood beside the car. There was a moment's pause.

He said to her: "What you getting out for?"

For the life of her she couldn't think of an answer. She said: "I..." and stopped.

"Get in again," his voice

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

said with quiet anger. "And you can shut that door."

"No," she said. "No, I'd rather not. I'm sorry. But..."

She could only see his face as a white glimmer in the light from the dashboard. "Well," he said quietly, "you're a nice young lady. With real nice manners. What d'you think anybody's going to do to you?"

Rosamund said: "It's not that at all."

"If it isn't that then get back in, and I'll get out." He said it with all the bitterness of disappointment turned to injury — of one deeply wronged. He said: "You're treating me as though I was..." his voice choked with anger. "You get back in here and I'll show you," he said hoarsely. "And it won't be what you think. Call yourself a lady and treating me as though I was dirt just because I work in a factory."

Rosamund said in horror to him: "It's not that at all. Of course it isn't..."

"Oh yes it is. I watched you all the evening. You think I don't know how to behave because..."

She said: "That's absolutely untrue. I haven't done anything—and I haven't even thought of it."

"Then what d'you want to get out for?"

She hesitated for a moment and then on a sudden impulse got quickly back into the car and shut the door with a bang.

"There," she said defiantly. "Now do you believe me?"

There was a long silence. Jack was staring sullenly at the road ahead. Then he said in a slow crescendo of anger: "You think you're so much that a chap can't keep his hands off you."

"I don't," she said with childish indignation.

"Yes you do. But of course, being Walter Lang's daughter with a car and all of it, you don't want to get yourself dirty touching a chap who works in a factory."

He whipped round suddenly so that his face was close to hers.

"Well, I'll tell you something. I wouldn't touch you if you were the last girl alive. I don't

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let anybody treat me like dirt." He turned away, fumbled for a moment with the door catch, scrambled out and started to walk back the way they had come with head held high.

Rosamund hesitated for a moment and then called: "That's the wrong way. It's much quicker for the buses if you go on..." But she was in the car and he was already twenty yards away and if he heard her he did not look back.

Lang did not particularly want Henry Spellman to walk round the factory with them, but since Spellman knew Proudfoot and wanted to come, there was nothing to do about it. In fact, it worked out quite well, since Sir Francis, who obviously knew nothing about the practical side of factories, could walk with old Henry, who didn't either, while Lang talked to Winter.

Winter was a big, dark man of about forty-five, who was introduced rather vaguely by Sir Francis as: "My collaborator in these things." Whether he was a personal assistant or a director of Richmond Glenn or what was never clear. He had very thick, black eyebrows and a flat nose like a prize-fighter, and when he smiled, which was very seldom, he simply showed his teeth without anything happening to the rest of his face.

He gave an odd impression of really being somebody else in disguise, and later on Rosamund, who went to the pictures more than Lang, assumed without hesitation that he was Sir Francis' bodyguard.

But whatever Winter was, he certainly knew about workshop practice, and long after Sir Francis and old Henry had tired of it and gone back to the office he walked about the press-shop and the foundry watching, and occasionally asking Lang and George Martin detailed questions about outputs or plant.

He seldom made any comment on the answers or on anything else, except to show his teeth when Lang pointed out

the horrors of the layout of the paint spraying and to say, "Very nice job" when they finally left the press-shop.

Rather to Lang's regret, Winter did not show much interest in the assembly shop, dismissing it with, "Not much in my line." But what was in his line he knew with a certainty and keenness that warmed Lang's heart. "George," he said to Martin, "what a joy it is to take somebody round who knows what he's talking about and wants to know the back-end of everything."

"He certainly does that," said Martin dryly. "How much of the back-end d'you want him to know?"

"How d'you mean?"

"Well, he's asking me if he can see some of our castings. Wants to know how we allocate overheads on press work."

LANG said: "I don't suppose he wants to see actual figures. There's no reason why he shouldn't show him the methods we use. Nothing new about them."

"And if he does want to see actual figures?"

"Well, it doesn't matter much, does it? We're not in direct competition with any of their outfits. After all, George, they're helping us out. And they're very useful people to be on good terms with."

"Then I'm to show him everything he wants to see?"

"I should think so. Within reason. Why? What's the matter, George? Don't you take to him?"

Martin said: "Oh—he's all right. You know he was putting a stop-watch on some of those jobs in the press-shop? Had it in his pocket."

Lang chuckled. "Was he really? He's a keen member, all right. Well I hope he liked what he got."

The dinner which followed at the Lang home wasn't too bad, Rosamund decided, though it

was always a mistake to let Dart serve, because he had a way of creeping up behind people and then shoving them suddenly over their shoulders in a most startling way. Once when he had done it to old Miss Spellman she had let out a loud scream and turned round and said: "Gracious heavens, my good man, how you frightened me!"

Apart from that, and the fact that Lang was so preoccupied with Winter that he forgot to give Rosamund any stuffing, it wasn't too bad. But four people at the big table were rather a long way apart, and though Sir Francis was nice and talked to her quite a lot, there were times when he was talking with the others, and one felt rather silly and unnecessary.

They were deeply in it when the end of the meal came, which was rather awkward because she couldn't very well just get up and go without their noticing, and she couldn't catch Lang's eye. But she managed to catch Sir Francis', and he saw at once and rose as she did and trotted across to open the door for her very nicely.

Lang and Winter got up when they realised what was happening and stopped for a moment and Lang smiled at her.

Out in the kitchen Mrs. Dart was washing up, quite calm and happy now that it was all over. Rosamund said the dinner had been nicer than it had been and told her about coffee and then went into the drawing-room.

She had been sitting there for quite half an hour looking at a picture-paper when the telephone rang.

He said: "I want to see you."

His voice sounded very close.

She said: "Oh...hallo."

"I want to see you. I got something I want to say."

She hesitated and then said: "All right...When?"

"Now. I'm in a box just outside. If you came out to the gate it wouldn't take a minute."

She was startled and said: "But I can't. There are people here. I can't come out now."

"It won't take a minute. I came out specially."

"But I tell you I can't. I can't go away and leave them..."

"Well, later on then? After they've gone?"

"They won't get till late."

"Well, you can go away for just a minute, can't you?"

She glanced at her watch. It was a quarter-past nine. They might come out of the dining-room at any time now, or they might be another half-hour.

"Half a mo' while I think," she said desperately. She took the receiver away from her ear and looked quickly round the hall. She could hear something that he was saying crackling in the receiver. It was no good. She couldn't risk it. But once they had settled down she needn't stay long...

She said in a low voice: "Listen—I can't come now, but if you wait till ten I can slip out for a minute. Is that any good?"

"All right," he said. "That's all right. And I'll be outside in the road. Ten. See you then."

Rosamund said: "Yes," rather breathlessly and hung up. She got back to the drawing-room just as the other door opened and they came through. Sir

Francis said: "What—all by yourself? Never mind. It's better than being bored by a lot of shop."

She went across and rang the bell for coffee and said: "Oh, I'm used to that. I quite like hearing people talk about business."

"Extraordinary taste," said Sir Francis. He glanced across at Lang and Winter. "Between ourselves," he said confidentially, "it bores me to tears."

It was quite all right. By ten o'clock it was perfectly natural for her to say good-night and go to bed. She would have done so, anyhow.

Rosamund closed the drawing-room door behind her, went quietly across the hall to the cloak-room, and slipped on an old raincoat. The only risk was the Darts, and they would be safe now at the other end of the house. She nearly forgot to leave the front door on the latch, which would have been a pretty mess, because she had no keys with her.

To get to the front gate you had to go past the drawing-room window, and she walked on the grass so as not to crunch on the gravel. As she passed the window, Lang's

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by TIM



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 1, 1953

Continuing Sundry Creditors

voice was raised saying: "Ah, no . . . wait a minute. It's not so easy."

He had said he would be waiting on the road, but he was standing among the trees inside the gate, and when he moved in the shadow and said: "Hallo," it frightened her for a moment.

She said: "Hallo. I'm not late, am I? I'm afraid I couldn't get away before."

They were standing three or four feet apart. He looked very big in the dim light that filtered through from the street lamp outside, and she could just see that he was wearing an overcoat and a muffler. He never wore a hat.

Rosamund said: "I can only stay a minute."

"All right," he said, and seemed to hesitate. Then he said rather stiffly: "I wanted to see you to say I didn't ought to have said that and gone off, but I was mad with you. I'm sorry, anyway . . ."

She said: "It was my fault, anyhow. I don't know why I did it. You were quite right. It was rude."

"Ah, well," he said, with more confidence. "Let's forget it, eh?"

"Yes."

There was a moment's pause. "My word," he said. "You're right about getting back into town from here. Took me nearly an hour."

"Well, you went the wrong way," said Rosamund with a slight giggle. "I called after you, but you didn't take any notice."

"It's better to go down the road, then?"

"Yes. Miles quicker. You get the bus just at the end."

There was another silence. "Tell you what," he said, "I've been thinking, if you could get your car, we might have gone out to the Palace at Birdwood one night and danced. It's a fine place, and nobody from the works there or anything, see?"

Rosamund said: "I don't think I could very well be as late as that."

"No reason why it should be any later than the pictures. Leave any time we like, can't we?"

She said: "I suppose so."

They were closer together now. He said in his rough way: "Well—would you like to come some night?"

"Yes," she said, without any hesitation.

"All right. Friday. Same place. Bout seven. Can you do that?"

"I think so. But can I ring you up in case I can't?"

"No," he said dryly. "You don't have telephones on presses, I'll ring you up and see. How about wearing your yellow frock?"

"I can't do that," she said hastily. "Why? Will it matter just coming in ordinary clothes?"

He chuckled quietly. "Course not. I was only kidding."

There was a long silence. Rosamund said awkwardly: "Well—I must be getting back."

"O.K.," he said coolly. "Thanks for coming out. Good-night."

"Good-night," she said, and turned away. She had gone a few steps when he said softly: "Hey—Rosey." Nobody had ever called her Rosey before, and he had never called her any name. She paused and turned. He took three quick steps so that he was standing close beside her. She could see the broad grin even in the darkness. He said: "You were right about getting out of the car when you did. See?"

"But you said afterwards . . ."

she began weakly. "Otherwise do you know what I'd have done to you?"

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"But you did say you wouldn't have . . ."

He said: "Well, I wouldn't have begun like this . . . and laughed, and his arms were round her and his body was as hard as a rock and her lips were crushed against his. After a while he loosened his grip and said: "Friday, then?" and she said, "Yes," breathlessly, and turned and ran up the drive. He called: "Good-night, Rosey," after her softly, but she didn't call back or look round, but ran on up to the house.

Sir Francis and Winter left about eleven-thirty.

As the car turned out of the drive Sir Francis said: "Dull, but otherwise satisfactory." He sighed. "You have to suffer if you're the boss."

Winter switched on his head-lamps and said: "I thought you were a bit quick with him. He pretty well tumbled to it."

"I've handled more men like that than you've ever seen," said Sir Francis contemptuously. "Your job's to decide if we want it. Are you sure we do?"

"We want the press-shop and we could do with the foundry. You can throw the rest away."

Sir Francis nodded, and they drove on in silence. Just before they reached the hotel Sir Francis said: "Most extraordinary, people of that type. I can understand most perversions without difficulty. But to marry sheet metal, and form an emotional alliance with a press-shop . . ."

"He's not bad at all. Bit out of date in places, but . . ."

"It must be the loss of his wife," said Sir Francis. "The daughter struck me as quite normal."

THE P74 assembly was the one everybody hated because it was a tall thing and you had to stand up to work on it and lean over the conveyor, which made your back ache. After a day on it you felt nearly dead and they had been on it now for three days.

Moreover, Hilda was doing Number Four, and they had never got the team properly balanced, so that Number Four was always hurrying to keep up and people farther on kept grumbling because there were some that just got by without the washers on. Everybody was in a bad temper and even Jean and Rene weren't talking.

Madge said: "If I'd known we were going to be on this again I'd have stayed away. I didn't ought to be doing it with my veins."

But the worst part of it was that if you were Number Four you couldn't think about nice things, because sometimes it was one washer and sometimes two, and you had to look at each one and decide which it was, and that meant the time went so slowly.

Hilda looked at her watch, and when it said twelve o'clock she thought it must have stopped because it had said ten to when she looked before, which was a long time ago.

It was a fortnight now and Jack hadn't said a word except once when they met in the yard and then only said: "Hallo, Hilda," and went on. Mum had noticed it and said you never go out now in a nasty way, because she had never liked Jack.

They hadn't had a cross word that she knew of, and last time he had kissed her good-night like always, and at the party he had danced with her, but not much, and she would have chosen him in the Ladies' Choice, but she was in the cloak-room and when she came back he was dancing with Miss Lang.

But she hadn't chosen anyone else but just sat out, so it

couldn't be that. If there was something he might have told her and not just not have spoken. Hilda could feel her eyes beginning to fill with tears so that everything was blurred, and that made her fumble putting the washers on and Rene said: "Oh come on, duck!" crossly.

Old Henry said: "From one or two words he's dropped, he's looking for a row. And the easiest way for him to get at me is through you. So don't give him an opening. See?"

"All right," said Lawrence wearily. "But you know what he is."

"Of course I do. If he gets his knife into anybody he can't do anything right. But it's very important just now that he shouldn't have anything to bite on to."

Lawrence said, with sudden fury: "One life to live, and half of it gone, and the best I can do is to spend my time sucking up to Walter Lang."

"Well," said old Henry dryly. "Any other ideas?"

Lawrence said: "How on earth have you stuck it all these years? You don't believe in any of it any more than I do. You've sold your life to them, and what you got out of it?"

"Half a dozen decent pictures," said Henry with a smile, "and a lot of amusement."

"I give you the pictures. What I don't see is the amusement."

Henry removed his glasses and began to polish them. "In my day," he said reflectively, "we didn't expect as much as people do now. My father and mother would have told you that this world was a vale of tears through which we pass, if we behave suitably, to eternal bliss. You people want the bliss in advance."

"You don't believe in eternal bliss."

"No, m'boy. But I don't believe in bliss on earth, either."

"Bliss?" said Lawrence bitterly. "What do I care about bliss? All I want is to get away from this place and Walter and poor old George Martin, and those poor little kids in the factory. I've seen and smelt enough dead people without wanting to live with them."

Old Henry shrugged. "All right, then. But if you're going away from something it means you're going towards something else. What are you going towards?"

There was a long silence. Then Lawrence's shoulders dropped suddenly, and he turned away from the window. "Heaven knows," he said.

There was another long silence. Henry said: "Well, you don't have to stay here, I suppose."

"Would you mind if I packed it in?"

"Good heavens no. Your life's your own. It just happens that this was something I could arrange for you, and it seemed the obvious thing. But I'm too old now to think I can arrange somebody else's happiness for him."

Lawrence said: "Of course it may be just that I don't like work."

"Nobody likes work. That's the only definition of work—something that you don't like doing. Only fools work. The rest arrange to be paid for doing something they like. What I don't know is what you like doing."

"Nor do I," said Lawrence. "At least, not anything that they'll pay me for."

"Well try and think of something," said old Henry

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vaguely. "And remember what I said about Walter."

As Lawrence got back to his office, Lang came out. He said: "Oh, there you are. I wanted to tell you, I was dining with Proudfoot last night and from the sound of it it isn't much good relying on them. So you'll have to find some steel somewhere else. How about these wretched stock-holders? Have you been to see them?"

Lawrence said: "I go to see them about three times a week."

"Well you want to keep after them," said Lang, as though Lawrence had said no. "You can't do this job sitting in an office."

He nodded curtly and disappeared down the corridor. Lawrence went into the office and picked up the papers in his IN tray. The top one was a memorandum from Lang which began: "I dined last night with Proudfoot and from what he said—"

Lawrence tore it up slowly, pitched the pieces into the wastepaper basket, and glanced at his watch. It was just half-past five. He put on his coat, put his head into his secretary's office and said: "I've gone." His car was parked just outside the window of Lang's office. In starting, he made as much engine noise as possible, to ensure that Lang looked out of the window and saw him go. That would give Walter something to bite on.

Laura was sitting reading a shiny weekly and listening to the radio. Lawrence said: "Hallo, honey," and she looked up and said: "Hallo."

She put aside the magazine and said: "What sort of a day?"

"Lovely," said Lawrence.

"You're early."

"That's why. I've had Papa on the necessity of keeping on good terms with Walter. As if anybody ever has been or ever could."

Laura said: "I think he must have told Rosamund that she mustn't come here. I've asked her to tea twice and she seemed very embarrassed and made very feeble excuses."

"Quite likely. I gather he's looking for a row with Papa

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over Gus' shares." Lawrence sat down and said: "I think I shall have to go up to London for a couple of days again next week, honey."

Laura raised the green eyes and looked at him. "Want me to come?" she said expressionlessly.

"Not unless you particularly want to. It'll be very dull."

She took a cigarette out of the box and lit it slowly and with care. "Lawrence, dear," she said gently, "there's a thing I'd better tell you. . . . The eyes were still quite impassive. "If you start playing about with Moira Pearl again—or go on playing about with her, it probably should be—I shall leave you."

Lawrence smiled. "Now why would you do that?" he said with interest.

"Not because I'm jealous, or because I have any particularly moral feelings about it. I've told you long ago—I don't care if you must run after other women, as long as you don't rub my nose in it."

"Then why?"

"Because it—it's purely destructive. Destructive on purpose. It's the thing you do, like drinking, sometimes, just to make everything dirty and broken. And I can't watch you do that any longer."

"I see," said Lawrence.

Laura was gazing into the fire, the dark eyebrows arched very high. She said: "Moira and Humphrey are very fond of each other in their way. What earthly point is there in messing that up?"

He said: "I'm very fond of Moira. I always have been."

"It seems a poorish way to show it."

"At least she's always been kind to me—and tolerant," he said bitterly.

"Meaning that I haven't?"

Laura shrugged her shoulders. "That may be true. I never set up to have a heart of gold. You say I'm hard. But have you ever thought what would have happened to me if I hadn't been?"

She flicked the ash off her cigarette. The thing that you

always resented about me, darling, is that you can't break my girlish heart."

"The thing that I've always resented about you is that you won't try to help," he said sullenly.

"No? In what way won't I?"

"Listen," he said. "You're beautiful. You're faithful. You're straight. You do your job as a wife so that nobody's got anything on you. In fact you're just the sort of girl that any head-mistress would like to turn out. But you've never loved anybody in your life. Never. And I'll tell you why. . . ."

He got up and threw his cigarette end violently into the fire. "You've got no idea what it is like not to be beautiful and faithful and straight and admirable, and not an ounce of sympathy with people who aren't."

LAURA went on: "I should have said I'd put up with a good deal in our marriage."

"Put up with it? Of course you've put up with it. Because putting up with it is a part of being the perfect wife. But you've had your own back in every look—every word. You've never left me in any doubt that you were 'putting up with it.'"

Laura said: "What do you expect me to do? Throw up my hat?"

"Lord!" he said, "if only sometimes you could have called me a drunken devil and—grinned at me. If only you'd kicked up a fuss—if—"

"If only I'd walked out on you, so that you could have hated yourself and been sorry for yourself, and come and asked me to come back," she said with a tight-lipped smile. "I know, darling. I know." She shook her head. "But you see I can't do that. I never was any good at amateur theatricals."

"Amateur theatricals?" said Lawrence in a low voice. "Well—that's one way of putting it."

Laura said nothing. "Well,

anyhow," he said, "where we've got to is that you'll leave me if I go on with Moira?"

"Yes."

"Would you rather pack it in, anyway, Moira or not? I'm rather in a mood for packing things in, so say if you would."

Laura said: "No. I've never wanted us to break up, if it was avoidable. I'm only telling you that we might have to if—if we can't get it any better than this." She shook her head. "Perhaps somebody else could do it better for you, Lawrence. I don't know. But I can't. I've really tried, and I think, I'm just not helping."

There was a long silence. Lawrence was staring down at the carpet. "I don't appear to be very popular at the moment," he said at last. "What with you, and Papa, and Walter, and one and another. . . . Not that I see why I should be mind you," he added, leaning back and closing his eyes.

She looked at him for a moment and then learnt forward and took his hand in silence. Lawrence did not open his eyes but covered her hand with his and said: "Yes, yes, darling, I know. But it always ends this way doesn't it? And it doesn't get us anywhere."

"Need it?" she said quietly. "You seemed to think so. You say you'll leave me if I don't do this and that."

She took her hand away without a word and sat staring into the fire.

After a while Lawrence opened his eyes and said: "I promised I'd telephone Phil," and got up and went out.

The Birdwood Palace was a fine new place with a restaurant and swimming-pool as well as a ballroom, and as it was five miles out along the bypass you got a nice class there. As they got out of the car Jack looked at the parked motor-cycles and said: "Reckon I'll have to get a motor-bike. Been meaning to for a long time." He grinned at her. "You ever been on a motor-bike?"

"Yes," said Rosamund un-

expectedly. "During the war Lawrence came to see us on one—Lawrence Spellman—and he took me a little way. It was lovely."

"Ah," he said, slightly disappointed. "Well, you wait till I get mine."

It was a fine place, but it cost five shilling to go in. As they approached the pay-box Rosamund said quickly: "Look—it's my turn to pay."

He glanced at her quickly and then looked away frowning. He said: "When I take girls out I pay for them. What you think I am?"

"But don't you see—if you always pay I—I can't come out with you."

He hesitated and grinned: "All right. What's the good of having a rich girl if she doesn't pay? You can pay for yourself if you want to."

It was a lot easier this time than it had been before. In the car he had still been rough and off-hand, but now, as soon as they were inside, he began to smile at her and call her "Rosey."

They went into the bar, but this time he didn't ask her what she wanted to drink, but just went off and came back with a pale ale for himself and some lemonade for her. He said: "You can have sherry if you want, but I reckon you like that better, don't you?"

"I do, if you don't mind."

"Why should I? It's only kids that drink for swank."

As they went into the big ballroom, she saw his eyes flicker round it uneasily, and for a moment she wondered why. Somehow, when she was out with him, the possibility of meeting anybody she knew never occurred to her. She speculated, idly and without nervousness, on who would be the most embarrassing person she could meet, and plumped for the Talbot-Rees. But even they, curiously, wouldn't matter.

He danced very well—far better than she did, or than any of her male acquaintances like Lawrence. It was all a bit tricky, because something was happening all the time, and you needed to concentrate hard

to follow him. Rosamund suspected that it was the sort of dancing that looked rather common and dance-hall-ish.

Jack said: "What d'you do with your time, with your dad out all day, and you there by yourself? Must be pretty slow?"

"Oh—I shop and—and do things about the house and so on."

"Does he ever take you out? Take you to the pictures and things?" He chuckled. "You know I can't see your father going to the pictures, somehow."

Rosamund said: "He doesn't. He hates them. But he—he takes me to the theatre." He had done so just once since her mother's death. Six months ago. Suddenly one night. "Roz—I've got tickets for the theatre. . . . They had gone and seen a very bad farce at the Repertory Theatre. Never before and never since. She said: "And, of course, we have people in to dinner and things like that."

He shook his head and repeated: "Must be pretty slow." "It is," she said with sudden unintentional bitterness. His arm tightened round her slightly. Rosamund added quickly: "It must be even slower for my father."

"Ah," he said quietly.

"Course he works very hard."

She said: "Yes," and they danced for a while in silence.

It was the fortieth anniversary of George Martin's marriage, and he had bought Clarice flowers, as he always did. But it was young Bill and his wife who came in and insisted that they should go out to dinner and celebrate. Bill took them in his car and when they got there the table was booked and the dinner ordered, with a bottle of champagne.

Clarice was doubtful about her champagne, but Bill said he thought she could drink a glass on her fortieth wedding anniversary without becoming a drunk, so she did.

There were notices every-

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where boasting that the ball-room was air-conditioned, but it was very hot all the same. It was cooler in the bar, and quieter if you wanted to talk.

Jack said: "It's all right in its way, and I reckon I should find the difference if I was in digs. But you know—sometimes you wish you were on your own. Dad's all right, but Mother, she fusses about . . . He stared at his beer rather moodily. "I never noticed it till I went away and did my National Service, because I was used to it, see. But nowadays . . . I don't know."

Rosamund said: "What do you do at the works? You're in the press-shop, aren't you?" "That's right," he said. "Well, I work a press. You been round?"

Yes. "Well, then, you know. An' as far as I can see I go on working a press forever."

"Oh, come. You're on the Works Committee and . . ."

"That'll do me a lot of good," he said rather bitterly. He swirled the beer round in his glass so that it frothed.

"Twenty years' time I might be shop foreman. If I'm lucky. An' that's that. Look at Dad. He's been at Lang's thirty-five years. Foreman, pattern-maker. That's what he is, and that's what he'll stay."

He shook his head. "You don't know what it is, you people . . ." He paused and then got up quickly. "Well, come on, let's dance."

When they were dancing he said suddenly: "You ask your Dad about me some time. Know what he'd say? Him? He's got too much to say for himself."

"Why would he?"

He smiled grimly. "Your Dad doesn't like chaps that answer back: where's the boss that does, though?"

"But he's easy enough to handle if you know him."

"Maybe for you. But I'm not his daughter. But who cares, anyway."

Up till now they had just danced, but now it was like the Works Party again, with the big, muscular body pressed hard against hers. She said quietly: "You don't have to hold me like that just because you're cross about something."

He looked down at her in surprise and then laughed. "All right. Fair enough. Why? Don't

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you like it?"

"I—I don't mind. But not just because you're angry."

He said: "You're a good kid. Listen—I'll tell you something. That first night I danced with you was for a bet, see? They bet me I wouldn't, see? So I did."

"But why shouldn't you?"

"What—come and excuse-me when you were dancing with your Dad?"

"But that—that's what the Works Party's for. I mean—he wouldn't mind . . ."

He said: "Well, anyhow, that's how it was. I been wanting to tell you."

Something was expected of her. She said: "Well, I'm glad you won your bet."

"You're not mad with me?"

"Why should I be? Unless . . ."

"Unless what?"

"Unless it was—a sort of—"

They had stopped talking

He took her hand as they walked very slowly through the big car-park, but neither of them spoke until they came to the little car. Jack said: "How about letting me drive? I got a licence."

Rosamund said: "All right."

They had taught him to drive in the Army. He was quite good, though rather showy, with too much unnecessary slick gear-changing. Out on the bypass he said: "What time you got to be home?"

"Eleven," she said steadily. "Fine. Plenty of time."

"Drop off in the town. You don't want that foul journey again."

He said: "No, I've had that."

"After they had driven for about a mile, he said: 'I'm going to turn down right after the roundabout.' It was a question."

"All right," said Rosamund quite calmly. "Then we can go through Hemming and back that way."

They did not look at each other for a few moments. Then they turned their heads and gave a simultaneous giggle.

Jack said: "An' I suppose when I stop you'll be nipping out of that door so quick . . ."

There was a moment's pause. "When you come to think of it," said Rosamund suddenly, "by doing that before and—"

and sort of being rude, I've made it awfully difficult to do again if I wanted to. I hadn't realised that."

The driver gave a faint chuckle. "Haden't you, Rosey?" he said gently.

The turning down the right was still a country lane—one

well but one sheep. He killed the sheep, pa."

"And Moskou?" his father said again.

"Moskou is dead," he said. "I buried him, Ja," he said. "I buried him by the violets under the mulberry tree."

"A brave dog," his father said. "Ja, a brave dog."

"A brave boy," his mother said, stroking Jappie's forehead.

"Ja, he is brave," his father said, "but what else could he be with his blood?" Then he said, "How did you kill him, Jappie?"

"With my knife," Jappie said.

"But the gun? Surely you took the gun."

"I took the gun. But the shells are old, pa. It misfired and he charged. Moskou took him from behind, but he turned on him . . . and then I drove home the knife."

"I should not have left him," his mother said.

"He was big enough," his father said. "To kill a lynx with a dog and a knife is big enough."

"Moskou is dead," the boy said again, and turned his face away.

"Groot genoeg," his father said. "Big enough."

He jammed on the brakes so

hard that the car swerved slightly. "It's not complicated now, Rosey," he said between his teeth.

"You got to remember," said George Martin doubtfully, "that things are different nowadays." He stuffed a finger into his pipe and relit it.

"They may be," said Clarice, "but not as different as all that, I'll be bound. What you think Mr. Walter'd say? He'd be pleased, wouldn't he?"

"For all you can tell he might know."

"Don't talk such drivel, George. It's likely he'd let her go about hugging up to Jack Partridge, isn't it? He's no good, anyhow, not to any girl, if I know the rights."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Never mind," said Clarice darkly. "But he isn't. And I'll tell you another that'd have something to say, and that's Joe Partridge himself. He's got enough sense for that."

George said: "Well, I don't see it's our affair, Clarie. After all . . ."

Clarice smoothed back the wispy white hair. "George," she said gently, "she's got no mother. If she had, maybe it'd be different. But what good will Mr. Walter be looking after a girl that age? Him never thinking of anything but business, anyway? I knew when I saw her at the party, I thought, 'Somebody'll have to watch that girl or she'll turn out no good. Well there you are."

"It's no place for a young girl out there dancing and certainly not with him. You got a duty to do even if you don't like it. A duty towards God and a duty towards your neighbor. How would you like it if it was a child of yours, and people didn't tell you a thing like that? It's not fitting for her to be with Jack Partridge, now is it?"

"Maybe not," said Martin in mild exasperation. "But what you don't see is that if I go and tell her father it'll get young Jack into trouble and her as well. I dare say you're right. I dare say her father doesn't know. But where's the harm in two kids going out together dancing, just because he's in the works and she's Walter's daughter? You wouldn't say anything if it was a girl out of the factory."

"That's where half that's bad and dirty comes from," said Clarice quietly. "From asking 'what's the harm in it?' when you know."

"But I don't know," said Martin.

Clarice's lips shut to a thin line. "Well I do," she said. "You've got to speak to Joe Partridge to-morrow, George."

To be continued

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http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4383776

How science makes gems

NATURE is wonderful, they say; but when it comes to making precious stones, science is just as wonderful and very much faster.

Mother Nature makes, say, a ruby, by a long process of cooling and crystallising gases and liquids over millions of years. But chemists can make a ruby in a matter of hours.

These laboratory-made gems are synthetic, because they are not made by nature; but they are not "imitation jewellery" in the usually accepted sense.

In the current issue of A.M., Australia's leading fortnightly magazine, there's a long, illustrated article on this fascinating subject.

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To be continued

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"My husband's a different man!"



Thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Read for yourself this woman's grateful letter. She writes: "My husband has had a very bad spin with his stomach and kidneys. Many medicines failed to give him any relief. As I had been taking Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids with beneficial results myself for some time, he took some Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, too, to please me. Now, after the Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids treatment, he is a different man. I thank you sincerely."

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a great blood medicine containing Thionine. They help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

This simple home treatment contains no dangerous drugs and may be taken by the most delicate patients. In order that Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on kidneys and blood stream the prescription includes medications that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act quickly, relieving your aches and pains and making you feel happy and well again.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment for cleansing your body of the poisons that cripple you.

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backache
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headaches
dizziness

Free Diet Chart

Send a stamped addressed envelope to
British Medical Laboratories Pty. Limited, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, for your FREE copy of the Menthoids Diet Chart.

Continuing . . . A Girl to Avoid

[from page 3]

miracle of the black-and-white drawings transformed into graceful actualities.

"We're really a luxury business now," Nathan Peabody said. "I asked you about Spanish, because I'm considering opening an office in South America, Buenos Aires, or Valparaiso, or Rio. Our southern neighbors go for coats of arms and family mottoes in a big way, and there's plenty of money south of the equator."

The city names, the magic of the phrase, "south of the equator," excited Trav. "What if I learned Spanish?" he asked.

The older man smiled. "Just like that? Are you good at languages, Trav?"

"I don't know, sir," Trav answered. "I could try."

He had always believed that Nathan Peabody had created his job for him here at the glass works. Two days after Bill Gilmore's death, Mr. Peabody had offered Trav a position. It had been sufficient, with his mother's small income and his father's life insurance, to hold them together in their own home, to let Carol and Peggy continue their education. Managing an office in South America would be an entirely different matter.

Mr. Peabody was still smiling. "Nothing's definite, Trav, but Spanish is a useful language to any young man these days," he murmured. "Why don't you have a go at it?"

The dreams had begun then.

His mother's voice called him to dinner. Carol said, "You're a dope, Trav! Why didn't you come down and meet Eleanor Bonney?"

"I've got enough troubles," he retorted.

"She's fascinating," Carol told him. "She's had the most romantic life!"

"Other people's romantic lives do not interest me," said Trav.

"She's an orphan," Carol persisted. "She came up here in April to live with her aunt."

"Pet," said Trav, "even beautiful orphan girls have no place in my present plans."

As soon as dinner was finished he made for the front door.

"Are you going out again, Trav?" his mother called.

"Stretch my legs," he answered, because his plans were a secret.

Three nights a week, he had Spanish conversation lessons from a middle-aged dressmaker from Castile.

He was whistling as he climbed the stale-smelling stairs to her apartment. "Buenas tardes, senora," he said. She was fat and untidy, and he was utterly content.

At eleven o'clock he emerged on the dirty, noisy street. As he turned towards his home he saw two figures ahead of him—the bulky silhouette of a lurching man in shirt-sleeves and the delicate slenderness of a girl. She was trying to pass, and whichever way she moved he blocked her passage, arms outstretched. The girl was Eleanor Bonney, and she looked frightened.

Trav moved quickly. He caught the man by one arm, swinging him about. "That's enough," he said sharply.

The man said, "Yeah!" and grabbed hold of Trav's jacket.

"What's it to you?"

"The young lady is a friend of mine," said Trav. Dismissally, he heard the sound of ripped cloth as he pulled away.

The large man smiled drunkenly at Eleanor Bonney. "That right?" he asked.

Her eyes moved to Trav's face. She nodded.

"No offence," said the man.

He reached out unexpectedly and pushed Eleanor's face against Trav's. "Kiss 'n' make up." He bowed elaborately and shambled off.

A group of interested spectators had gathered. Trav's face was burning. He stopped a cruising taxi and helped Eleanor inside.

"You're Carol's brother," she said. Her voice was low and very lovely. "I'm extremely grateful to you."

"Don't you know any better than to come down here alone at night?" Trav demanded.

"I took a taxi down," she answered. "I was calling on an old friend."

He looked at her grimly. What friend could a girl like Eleanor Bonney have in this district?

She said, "I'm afraid he tore your coat."

Trav shrugged. Even with the cab windows open he could smell the perfume which rose from her hair and dress.

"Carol has told me a lot about you," she murmured.

He said nothing. It was a year since he had stopped taking Betsy Thompson to dances and movies. Until Carol was earning money he could not afford a girl. He was afraid of this girl beside him. She could mean nothing but trouble, expense, and wasted time.

The taxi stopped outside the big house in Sycamore Street, where she lived with her aunt.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Gilmore," said Eleanor Bonney.

"Okay," said Trav. The meter was already over a dollar; it would not cost ten cents more for him to ride home.

IN the morning his mother pronounced his jacket a job for the tailor. It was quite expensive to have it mended.

Two nights later, when he returned from work, Eleanor Bonney was sitting on the verandah.

Trav said: "How are you?" He went past her into the house. The dining-room table was set for five.

He went upstairs and washed and changed his shirt. He had barely glanced at Eleanor Bonney, yet every detail of her appearance was stamped on his mind.

From his father's chair at the dining-table he surveyed the four women covertly. Again everything about this Bonney girl was different.

"I thought we might play some canasta, Trav," Carol said after dinner.

"Count me out," he answered curtly. "I have an engagement."

It was beginning to rain when he went outside. When he got home at eleven the storm was in full fury. He had to fight the wind to close his garage doors, and when he entered his house Eleanor Bonney was still there.

"Trav, Eleanor can't get a taxi," his mother greeted him. "I told her you'd drive her home."

He went out grimly and struggled with the garage doors, backed the car as close to the house as he could. Eleanor made a dash through the downpour and got in beside him.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said. "I didn't want you to have to do this."

"It's nothing," he answered shortly. Water trickled through the sides of the closed windows, dripped on their feet from the

instrument panel. She neither moved nor spoke. He had made it apparent that he considered her his sister's guest and no concern of his. She was making it equally obvious that she expected nothing from him. Which, Trav told himself, was the way he wanted it.

His foot pressed the brake as they approached a crossing light. At the same instant headlights blazed full in his face. A truck with a long silver trailer careening crazily behind it was skidding across the road in front of them.

Trav jerked his wheel and pressed the accelerator. The old sedan whipped out of the truck's path. He stepped hard on the foot-brake and both headlights went out as the car smashed into the stone wall of the library. The truck, pulled out of its skid, disappeared into the darkness of the highway.

Trav swore. Beside him, Eleanor Bonney had not made a sound.

He said, "Are you all right?"

She did not move or speak.

He had never seen anyone faint. Panic rose in him as he bent over her, slipping his arm round her. The hood had fallen from her pale face. She looked like a drowned girl, beautiful and lifeless.

Suddenly she shuddered. Her arm rose slowly, and she brushed the back of her hand across her forehead. "Oh!" she said. Then, "I'm sorry."

"Are you all right?" he repeated.

She nodded. "Is your car badly damaged?"

"I don't know," he answered. At the moment he did not care. His heart was hammering as he bent closer and kissed her.

Neither of them spoke. Trav withdrew his arm and she sat up very straight. He opened the car door and stepped out into the rain. Both headlights were smashed and one fender was dented. He got in again, and the engine responded instantly to the starter. He backed gingerly from the wall and drove by the light of the spot.

"Please don't get out," she said, when he stopped the car.

The repair bill was no trifling. Trav told himself that it was healthier to go without lunch during the hot weather.

The next Saturday when he returned from work, he heard sobbing from the living-room. Peggy was lying face down on the couch, her shoulders shaking as she wept.

"What's wrong, kid?" he asked.

She wished that she was dead. This evening was the opening dance at the country club, the occasion for which she had bought the new dress, and her escort was laid flat with chicken-pox.

"Can't you go with Carol and Roy?" he asked.

She would rather die, said Peggy.

Trav pressed his white flannels himself. He had reason to distrust his younger sister with an iron.

Eleanor was dancing with Sid Vernon when they arrived at the clubhouse. Among the flowerlike dresses of the other girls, her smoke-grey chiffon floated and swirled like mist. Peggy said, "Look at Sid's face. Trav! He's really gone overboard for Eleanor!"

A hand tapped Trav's shoulder and he released his sister to a young man. At the edge of the dance floor, Nathan Peabody said, "I'm glad to see you here again, Trav."

Sid and Eleanor were moving toward them. "Do you

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think I'm too elderly to cut in on the charming Miss Bonney?" Nathan asked, and stepped out to touch Sid's arm.

Trav walked out to the terrace. The bar was crowded with people he knew. He could not afford to buy drinks. He wondered whether Peggy would be all right if he went quietly home.

"Trav! Gilmore!" Betsy Thompson, in a pink net dress, was holding out her hands to him. "Aren't you going to dance with me?"

The orchestra leader lifted his megaphone. "This will be a Paul Jones," he announced.

The third time the music stopped, Eleanor Bonney was in Trav's arms. Her dancing was like her dress, floating mist.

"I hate to dance with people I don't know," she told him. "Let's drop out of this."

He guided her through the door to the terrace that overlooked the golf course. Trav looked down and saw the moonlight on her hair and face. He said, "Eleanor," and he was not sure what he might have said further, because Sid's voice interrupted him.

"There you are! I've been looking everywhere for you. This dance is pretty dull, if you ask me. What say we go out to Lakeside Park?"

Eleanor looked up at Trav. "Want to?" she asked.

He did not want her to go without him. "Sure," he said. He arrived with Peggy at his own house at two o'clock. In his room he took out his wallet and counted the remains of his depleted money. This was what he could not do. Not if he wanted the South American job.

He did not see Eleanor again for three weeks. Not to speak to. He caught flashes of her in Sid's yellow roadster. He saw her coming up his own street with Carol. She was taking the same secretarial course.

"I don't know why Eleanor sticks with this grind," Carol remarked at dinner one evening. "She should leave, when all she has to do is say that one little word to Sid to wear mink and diamonds."

"Do you think she will marry Sid?" asked Mrs. Gilmore.

"She'd be a dope not to," Carol retorted.

Trav came face to face with Eleanor in the street the next afternoon. To his surprise, she flushed.

"You've been very exclusive," she told him.

"I've been working," he said.

"All the time?" She looked down. "You're ambitious, aren't you, Trav?"

"Aren't you?" Now his voice, in his own ears, was harsh.

Continuing . . . A Girl to Avoid

[from page 54]

She looked up at him quickly. "I don't believe so," she answered. "I suppose it depends on what one means."

He did not tell her what he had meant.

"Trav, have I done anything to make you angry with me?" she asked abruptly.

He felt as though his heart turned over. He said, "Of course not. How could you?"

He heard her catch her breath. "How could I?" she echoed.

"I'll walk home with you," he offered.

"No." Her head turned away from him. "I have some errands," she added, and went swiftly away.

At the close of his lesson that evening, Senora Martinez clapped her plump hands together and cried, "Bravo, señor!" Her small eyes glinted. "When you are in South America," she continued, in Spanish, "you must find yourself a senorita. Far better, to learn a language, when one has a romance."

"I'll make a note of it," Trav told her, grinning. He bowed. "Hasta la vista, senora."

In mid-August Carol came running out of the house to meet him.

"Trav, I saw Mr. Hughes today, and he's going to give me a job in the bank as soon as I'm through school!" She looked up at him, her eyes suddenly mischievous. "Eleanor Bonney's got a job lined up, too—though I don't suppose that interests you."

"Not in the least," he agreed. He wondered whether it showed in his face—the tremor that went through him when anyone mentioned Eleanor Bonney.

Peggy was granted a scholarship at college.

"I'm going to work in the cafeteria, too," she told Trav. She patted the sleeve of his old jacket, her eyes soft. "This will be your season to howl, darling. If you don't buy three new suits I'll disown you!"

The next afternoon he went into Nathan Peabody's private office. He said, "I came to report on my Spanish, sir."

"Oh?" murmured Nathan Peabody.

"I don't think anyone would mistake me for a Spaniard, but I speak pretty fluently, and I understand about everything that's said to me."

Mr. Peabody took a cigarette from a monogrammed crystal box.

"Have you decided anything about the South American office, sir?"

Nathan Peabody did not look at him directly. "I've been putting out feelers," he said. "I've been considering several possibilities." His eyes met Trav's. "I didn't realise—" he began, and paused. "There are so many things involved, of course. Social contacts, familiarity with the customs of the country—" His voice faded away entirely.

Trav was still standing. "I've read a good many books and articles on South America," he said. "Business relations, cultural differences—" He swallowed. "I think I know enough about Peabody products and know enough Spanish to be qualified, sir."

Nathan Peabody put out his cigarette in a crystal ashtray. "Trav, I will talk to you frankly," he said. "Since we first discussed this—and I hadn't realised how seriously you had taken our little talk—I have been investigating. At the moment, I will admit that I am considering someone else for the position."

HE looked up and smiled disarmingly. "There are many reasons why I would prefer to give it to you. On the other hand, there are qualifications which this other person has that you lack."

"I see," said Trav. Disappointment was like a tight band around his throat.

"I heard a rather amusing story last night," said Nathan Peabody. "It seems—"

Trav listened, laughed dutifully, and went out. He was nearly home when he remembered that his mother had telephoned and asked him to bring home a lettuce.

He stopped short. A lettuce. He was tired of errands; he was fed-up with domesticity. For four years he had gone meekly home every night; for four years he had had no life of his own. He turned back, but he did not go into the market. He pushed the swinging half-door of Casey's Casino and walked up to the bar. He said, "Rye, please," and drank it down at a gulp.

It was five-thirty. At seven Trav realised that whisky was no drink for the Snor Gilmore.

"Can you make a rum punch?" he asked the bartender.

At eight he twisted his glass idly in his hand.

"—all sorts of opportunities," he was addressing a face

across the metal table. It was a hazy face, and it reminded him of the Cheshire Cat in Alice in Wonderland because it appeared to have no body. "It isn't only the mining engineers and technical boys who clean up. There are markets for practically everything we manufacture, if you know how to contact them."

Walking back home he began to laugh, because the Cheshire Cat face floated beside him, affable, friendly, helpful.

At breakfast his mother and sisters looked at him oddly.

Trav said, "Mind if I take the car to-day, mother?" He added, "I'll probably be back early."

His mother's lips parted and closed without speech.

Nathan Peabody seldom arrived at the plant before ten, so Trav drove along the River Road. The River Road reminded him of Betsy, and Betsy reminded him of Eleanor because they were so unlike. He wished that things were different. He suspected that he would never forget Eleanor, never get over the dull ache in his chest which was hurting him now. She was not for him. She would marry Sid, of course. Somewhere below the equator he would receive a square envelope.

The norteamericano was a lonely man. His blue eyes were ironic as he read the engraved announcement. The sheet of tissue paper fluttered to the pavement and he watched it blow into the street. He clapped his hands for the waiter. "Otro, sirvase."

He drove to the Peabody Glass works. Nathan Peabody's gleaming car was in its usual parking space. Phrases ran through Trav's head: You've been very kind to me, and I appreciate it, but—all sorts of opportunities for the right man.

He walked into the outer office, and Eleanor Bonney, in a ruffled blouse, was seated at a desk, typewriting.

"Eleanor's got a job lined up, too," Carol had told him. "though I don't suppose that interests you." He remembered Nathan Peabody asking, "Do you think I'm too elderly to cut in on the charming Miss Bonney?" Perhaps she was out for bigger game than Sid, thought Trav bitterly. Nathan Peabody had never married.

She looked up, and cried, "Trav! I want to talk to you!"

"I have to see Mr. Peabody," he told her coldly.

Katie Hunt, at the reception desk, was watching them. "Mr. Peabody is in conference," she murmured.

Eleanor caught hold of his arm. "I want to talk to you before you see him, Trav! It's important!"

Trav laughed shortly. "Important to whom?" he asked.

Her eyes were very bright. As he looked at her, tears trembled against her lashes. Eleanor Bonney knew all the tricks, he told himself, from fainting to weeping. In a faint, she had looked beautiful. Now, with her green eyes glistening with tears, her mouth tremulous, she still looked beautiful.

She was unlike any girl he had ever known, and he realised all at once that he would be a fool to let her go. He had been in love with her since that afternoon when he had looked out his window and seen her with Carol.

"O.K.," he said. "Come on." He marched her past the interested gaze of Katie, down to the parking space. He opened the door of his sedan. "Get in," he ordered.

"I'll only take a moment," she said. "It's just—"

"Get in and shut up," said

Trav softly. His heart was hammering, but there was no ache in his chest. He drove rapidly to the River Road, where he had wanted so often to take her.

He said quickly, "You're not going to marry Sid, you know."

"I never intended to, Trav."

He stopped the car, put his arms around her and kissed her. "You're going to marry me," he added.

She smiled. "If you want me to."

"I want you to," said Trav. After a moment he laughed softly. "I don't want my wife working," he told her. "But it's just as well that you were there this morning or I'd be unemployed by now."

"That's what I want to talk about."

"What do you know about it?" he retorted.

"You don't know anything at all about me, do you?" she asked. "Why didn't you tell me before, Trav?"

He grinned. "That doesn't make sense, Miss Bonney."

"That you were studying Spanish, I mean," she said. "Trav, I spoke Spanish before I learned English. I was born in South America."

"What?" said Trav.

"My father was a mining engineer. I'd never been out of South America until last

spring. After he died." Her voice was steady, but her fingers gripped his hand. "Our car overturned on a mountain road in Bolivia. That was why I was so frightened the night we had the accident."

Trav stared at her. Suddenly he sat up straight. "How did you know that I was studying Spanish?" he demanded.

"Mr. Peabody told me today."

Trav Gilmore began to laugh. "Oh, no!" he said. "You mean you're the person he's considering for the South American office? Social contacts, familiarity with the local customs—Oh, no!"

She looked frightened. "I didn't know that you were interested, Trav," she said unhappily. "I've been so homesick, and Sid's pestered me so, and my aunt, and you didn't even seem to like me—" She buried her face against his neck.

Trav said, "Stop crying, you little idiot!" He wiped her eyes with his handkerchief and kissed her again. "Powder your nose. Comb your hair. Smile!" he ordered. "We're going back to see Mr. Peabody together. With your qualifications—and mine—" His eyes were shining. "What's Spanish for 'in the bag,' darling?"

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Unlike ordinary shampoos "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap. Its bubbly lather rinses out completely—leaves your hair livelier—and lovelier.

Give your hair this soft, youthful loveliness...



You'll find that "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo cleanses your hair so thoroughly—but gently. After your first fragrant shampoo you will see your hair come to life with a new soft, youthful sheen. And that gentle foam rinses out easily and completely—leaves no dulling film of soap over your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo is perfect for oily, dry or water-fast dyed hair. Try it this weekend—see how soft, shiny and easy to manage your hair becomes.



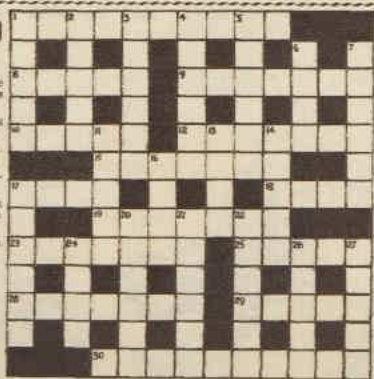
"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cos. d.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Daily allowance of fashion showing lack of extremity (10).
- Whey three-fifths of which is spirit (5).
- Capital of Kenya (7).
- Organs in domino section (5).
- Invent generation in money-making (7).
- Reprimand as by itself (7).
- Wet spongy soil which lads cannot collect if moving (4).
- Qualified an ungainly little bird who became beautiful (4).
- Swallows up in the French whiffpoofs (7).
- No consecrated, in most illustrious (7, 5).
- Flower which is suitable for a rest (5).
- Recipient of something by will (7).
- Rodent with long ears lends to women's quarters (5).
- Rejected a writer in a poke (10).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

- Worker in stone with mother and child (5).
- Penny and shilling filled with skill are good matches (7, 5).
- Negligent about young woman (6).
- The name of two cards in a hand, but they cannot be these two cards (6).
- A god whose wife is double goddess (10).
- Cold wind blowing in the Adriatic (4).
- Citrus mule with very distinctive clothing (6).
- EEL (5).
- By way of mouth (4).
- Westphalian city at the confluence of the Rhine and the Rur (5).
- Rain producers (4).
- Mix thousand with fire burning on the hearth (6).
- Sterile (4).
- Expresses in words (4).
- Male relative musically inured at that woman (5).
- The devil originating from a misanthrope (4).
- Pulvisation in stirred-up broth (5).
- Covered with heat from equid have been done by a poet (15).



Solution to last week's crossword.

I'll make golden brown toast

I'll cook your meals

I'll cook too

I'll protect your food

I'll boil your water

I'll do your ironing & faster

I'll iron your clothes

I'll boil in a jiffy

I'll do your washing

I'll clean your house

I'll cook quick meals

I'll warm your house

I'll give hot water

I'll polish your floors

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Hotpoint
family
and make life happier!

Hotpoint Electric Appliances take the work out of housework! With the complete family of labour-saving Hotpoint appliances throughout your home, household tasks will be completed ahead of time. The Hotpoint housewife conserves her energy and has more time for pleasure . . . to play with the kiddies after school . . . to entertain . . . to enjoy happier living. Remember, too, Hotpoint quality means lifetime service.

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ABOUT HOTPOINT ELECTRIC APPLIANCES. THEY

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APPLE marshmallow crisp, whole steamed pears set in jelly, and griddlecakes with maple syrup are three good desserts all surprisingly easy to prepare. See recipes below.

Hot or cold desserts, chosen to suit the weather and attractively served to please the eye, make a fine luncheon or dinner finale.

FRUITS—stewed, baked, or combined with other ingredients—are general favorites.

Tinned fruits in syrup or unsweetened fruit pulp help the cook to ring the changes.

Griddlecakes, pancakes, fritters, and waffles can be introduced into the menu, too. They are irresistible piping hot and freshly made.

The recipe for griddlecakes given here is an old one brought from Scotland by a family who have treasured it for many years.

It has a quantity of baking powder as well as self-raising flour.

Once tested and tasted, it was immediately included with the other delicious desserts featured here.

All spoon measurements are level.

APPLE MARSHMALLOW CRISP

Fingers of day-old bread, melted butter or substitute, 2 to 3 cups cooked sweetened apple pulp (flavored with lemon), 4oz. to 5oz. chopped marshmallows, 2oz. butterscotch.

Trim crusts from bread, dip fingers in melted butter or substitute. Line sides of ovenware dish. Fill centre with prepared apple pulp.

Emphasis on Sweets

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

Bake in moderate oven until bread fingers are crisp and lightly browned. When almost cold top with roughly chopped marshmallows and sprinkle with crushed butterscotch. If apple is hot when topping is put on, marshmallows will melt too much and appearance will be spoilt. Allow to become quite cold before serving. If desired, pudding may be topped with meringue instead of marshmallow. If meringue is used, the butterscotch melts very slightly while the meringue is setting in the oven.

GRIDDLECAKES WITH MAPLE SYRUP

Eight ounces self-raising flour and 4 teaspoons baking powder, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, pinch salt, 1½ cups milk, butter or substitute, maple syrup.

Sift self-raising flour and baking powder together. Add sugar, mix well. Make a well in centre, add eggs beaten with salt and mixed with milk. Stir from centre outwards until all flour is absorbed and batter is smooth. Prepare pan for cooking. Put a small piece of butter or substitute in pan, allow it to melt and

burn. Wipe out with clean kitchen paper and melt a fresh piece of butter. Pour sufficient batter into pan to cover base thickly. Cook over steady medium heat until set and lightly browned underneath. Loosen edges with a knife, turn griddlecake carefully and cook other side until brown. Lift carefully on to a plate over a saucepan of boiling water, cover with the saucepan lid and keep hot while making balance of griddlecakes. Serve hot with butter and maple syrup. Makes 5 large griddlecakes.

Variations: Spread griddlecakes with any hot fruit pulp, lemon spread, crushed strawberries when in season, or just before serving cover each griddlecake with sliced or mashed bananas.

Warmed honey or syrup (flavored with a little lemon juice) is delicious on hot buttered or unbuttered griddlecakes.

WHOLE STEAMED PEARS IN JELLIED SYRUP

Six small, firm pears, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup water, thin piece lemon rind, 2 cloves, 1 packet raspberry jelly.

Wash and dry pears, peel with a vegetable scraper to preserve smooth, even surface. Leave pears whole with stalk on. Bring sugar and water to boiling point in large saucepan with lemon rind and cloves. Stand pears upright in syrup, cover closely, and simmer until pears are tender but not broken. Allow to stand until pears and syrup are quite cold. Remove pears into serving dishes. Measure ½ cup of the syrup, heat, and add 1½ cups of boiling water. Use to dissolve jelly. When cold, but not set, spoon into dishes around pears. Chill until firm. Serve with cream or ice-cream.

BUTTERSCOTCH CRUNCH PIE

(Not an economical sweet, but definitely one to serve when you want to make an impression.)

One 8in. biscuit pastry case (or shortcrust), cooked and cooled, 2 eggs, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons water, vanilla, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2oz. or 3oz. crushed peanut brittle or peanut toffee, 1 jar cream.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs,

beat yolks with brown sugar, gradually add warm milk, and stir over boiling water until thickened. Add butter and vanilla. Cool slightly, add gelatine softened in water, stir until dissolved. When beginning to thicken, fold in egg-whites beaten stiffly with sugar. Then fold in lightly whipped cream and crushed peanut brittle or toffee. Pour into pastry case, chill until set.

STEAMED ORANGE PUDDING

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 dessertspoon orange marmalade, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and orange rind. Add marmalade and beaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk and orange juice. Place 1 or 2 tablespoons extra marmalade in bottom of greased pudding-basin. Fill mixture into basin. Cover with greased paper, steam 1½ to 1¾ hours. Turn out and serve with custard or fruit sauce.

FRUIT SAUCE

Three-quarter cup pineapple juice, ½ cup orange juice, juice of 1 lemon, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon water.

Combine fruit juices and place in saucepan and heat. Blend cornflour and sugar with water. When fruit juices are almost boiling stir in blended cornflour. Cook 2 or 3 minutes.

Nestlé's SOUPS are so tempting...



quick...

easy...

and

satisfying

too!

Nestlé's took the finest, freshest ingredients—cooked them to perfection and then extracted the moisture so you could make these flavour-true soups by simply adding water. Made in minutes, they're simply delicious and so satisfying served any time from mid-morning to midnight.



NESTLÉ'S SOUPS

Vegetable with Tomato and Noodles • Chicken Noodle
Onion • Pea with Ham • Oxtail

5 29, 28.

Cosy winter set

Accessories you can make

This flattering fur-fabric cap and matching satin-lined muff are ideal for midwinter wear. Both can be made in a few hours.

THE set illustrated at right is in white, but it could be made in any color chosen to accent your wardrobe.

Alternately, the cap and muff could be made of pieces cut from the good parts of a discarded coat or cape.

The directions are simple, but they need to be followed carefully to get a tailored effect.

Materials: 1/2 yd. 34in. fur fabric, 1/2 yd. 36in. satin for lining, 2 yds. cotton wadding for interlining, a ready-blocked cloche hat shape which can be bought at most city shops for about 3/6.

To Make the Cap: Cut a square of material that will completely cover the shape, plus an allowance of 1in. all round for turning. Place the material on the cross over the shape.

Working from the centre front, mould the material evenly over the shape towards the centre-back, pinning material into position as work progresses.

Ease the fullness into two

pleats at equal distances from centre-back, as shown in picture, and tack the fabric firmly in position.

To Make the Muff: Cut a piece of fur fabric 18in. x 28in. Working on the wrong side, sew the two shorter ends together, then pad with wadding all round, using two thicknesses or more as desired, and leaving an unpadded margin of 2in. at both ends of muff.

Turn back the 2in. margin on to the wadding and tack into place.

Cut a piece of lining-satin 14in. wide by the length of the inside of the muff (this will vary according to the thickness of the padding). Join the satin at the two shorter ends on the wrong side and slip the right side over the wadding interlining.

Turn in the raw edge to the lining, stitch in position, then turn the muff to the right side.

Trim round the edge, leaving a 1in. turning all round. Turn in the raw edge to the inside of the shape and stitch firmly.

Using the remaining satin, make a head lining for the cap and stitch in position.



OFF-THE-FACE cap and matching muff in white fur fabric are ideal accessories for winter. Side view of the cap (at left) shows the pleating near the centre-back. Complete, easy-to-follow directions for making the set are given on this page.



COLLAR AND CUFFS give a new look to a plain dress. Made here of velveteen, they also look fresh and pretty in linen, organdie, or broderie anglaise.

Collar and cuffs

THE Elizabethan - inspired collar and cuffs illustrated at left will ring the changes prettily on any plain, long-sleeved dress.

Here are the directions. **Materials:** Three-quarter yard 36in. wide velveteen, one-third yard sateen 36in. wide for lining, buckram for stiffening, 1 card bias binding, buttons, hooks and eyes.

Patterns: Make these from diagram, in which each square equals 1in. Solid spots mark edge to be laid on the fold of fabric; arrows mark straight grain of fabric, while the fold line on back is centre back and CF marks centre front.

Cutting Directions (allow 1/2 in. seams): Cut 4 pieces from Pattern A for front, 2 in velveteen, 2 in lining. Cut 2 pieces for back from Pattern B, 1 in velveteen, 1 in lining, and 3 pieces from Pattern C for collar, 2 in velveteen, 1 in buckram. Using Pattern D, cut 6 pieces for cuffs, 4 in velveteen, 2 in buckram, and for collar stand cut 1 piece in velveteen 7in. long and 3in. wide.

How to Make the Ruff Collar: Join shoulder seams of velveteen back and front sections, right sides together. Repeat with lining sections. Press seams open.

Fold collar stand in half lengthwise, right sides together. Stitch short ends 1/2 in. from raw edge, turn to right side and press. Place stand

1/2 in. up from lower edge on the left velveteen front, right sides together and with raw edges even, then baste.

Place buckram to the wrong side of one collar section and baste. Place collar sections right sides together, stitch outside curved edge, leaving neck edge open. Trim turnings, turn to right side and press.

Place velveteen and lining right sides together, raw edges even, and baste and stitch all round outer edge, leaving neck edge open. Trim turnings, turn to right side and press.

Place collar to bodice, right sides together, raw edges even, and baste.

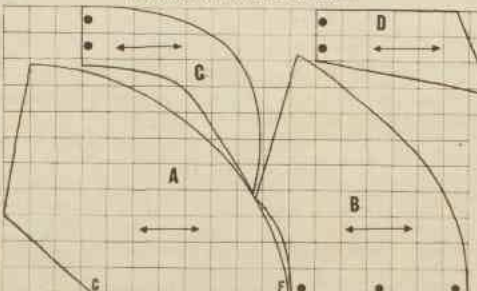
Place right side of bias binding to collar. Baste and stitch through all thicknesses. Trim and snip turnings. Fold binding to wrong side and slip-stitch in position to lining.

The Cuffs: Place two pieces of velveteen right sides together. Lay buckram piece on top. Tack down, then stitch all round, but leave the straight edge open. Trim raw edges, paring buckram almost down to stitching, then turn to right side and tack edges firmly.

Bind the straight raw edges of cuffs, stitching through all thicknesses. Press carefully.

Sew hooks and eyes to close front opening. Make the other cuff in the same way.

Sew buttons in position on cuffs and at centre front.



PATTERN CHART for the collar and cuffs illustrated above. Copy this diagram on to a large sheet of paper. Scale: One square equals one inch.



CORNER ARRANGEMENT not only provides an adequate dining area but is equally useful as an important part of the living-room. For card games the dining table could remain, but it would be a good idea to replace it with a coffee table for after-dinner entertaining.

The living-dining room

By JOAN MARTIN

Those who grew up in the middle-class home of 30 or 40 years ago will remember the importance that was placed on the dining-room.

EVERYONE who was anybody had a dining-room, and the notion of dining elsewhere would have been very strange indeed.

There was the large dining table, over which, hanging on gilt brass chains, was the most ornate lighting fixture in the house.

On the table were the stiffly starched tablecloth and—evidence of father's increasing prosperity—the silver entree dishes, nut bowls, and oddments which were added to from year to year.

Then there were the sideboard and the dinner waggon. All this required space—and it got space.

The dining-room was the setting for the family social circle, and it was there that to-day's middle-ageds played card games and did homework or home dressmaking.

But in those days there were few middle-class homes that didn't have an elder daughter at home or domestic help of some sort, and life moved at a more leisurely and gracious pace.

To-day the cost of living is astronomical, elder daughters have jobs, and help, even when available, is beyond the means of the average family.

Of sheer necessity the living-dining-room was born, and money is now diverted from space into labor-saving equipment.

A large percentage of modern homes and flats are built on these lines. Arranging the furniture to best advantage is sometimes quite a problem.

The amount of space you have, the shape of the room, and your own flair for home-

making will no doubt determine just where you will place the dining area.

Here are some suggestions for those who may be puzzled how to start:

The best dining area is in front of a large window, with, preferably, an attractive outlook. A bay window is the perfect place.

However, this is only ideal when the window is so situated that the meals may be set up and cleared away with the minimum of disturbance to the rest of the room.

If possible have your dining area in a space which is adequate and which will not necessitate the fuss and bother of unfolding a table and collecting chairs for every meal.

If space is limited and the accent must be on living rather than on dining, it may be better to use a folding table and to plan your furnishing in such a way that the chairs you use for dining will be equally as useful and comfortable in the roles of living-room chairs.

Maybe you are not a large family and could compromise with a table hinged to the wall like the one illustrated at left.

If, as shown, you make it important with hanging shelves (or maybe an attractive picture or a large mirror), it can become the focal point of the room and an asset rather than a liability.

Any irregularity of the walls can be helpful when planning your dining space, as it will automatically create a feeling of division and give a sense of privacy.

A corner arrangement is not only comfortable for dining, but with the dining-room table removed and replaced with a coffee table, it is a most useful living arrangement.



SHELVES with a collection of attractive plates and ornaments give importance to an ordinary hinged table and become a decorative feature of the room. This hinged table not only takes up little space but will substitute as a desk in a room that has no other writing facilities or in place of a cumbersome sideboard.

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TASTE the Difference!

Never before has wheat tasted so good! Kellogg's Bran Flakes now bring you **GLUCOSE**—the ingredient that makes every flake more delicious!

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Watch how each tempting, golden flake stands up to milk. Crisper and firmer than any other wheat flake or biscuit—because these new improved Kellogg's Bran Flakes are made from the outer layers of the wheat grain.

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These outer layers of the wheat grain are rich in Vitamins B1, B2, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron. That's why Kellogg's Bran Flakes are more nourishing than other wheat flakes or biscuits. Mildly laxative, too! Ideal for children and elderly folk.



**New
Kellogg's**

BRAN FLAKES

£5 prize to dinner dish

Two savory dishes and an eggless date loaf win this week's prizes.

OXTAIL, which wins the main prize, is an old favorite in many families. Try it flavored with onion, celery, and carrot and served with parsley dumplings. It is rich and very satisfying.

Potato nests crisped in the oven and filled with savory kidneys and bacon and a good lunch-box date and nut loaf win consolation prizes.

All spoon measurements are level.

OXTAIL WITH PARSLEY DUMPLINGS

One oxtail, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 large onion, 4 cups hot water, 1 dessertspoon meat or vegetable extract, 1 cup chopped celery, 2 carrots, 1 bay leaf, 6 peppercorns.

Have butcher cut oxtail into sections. Remove excess fat if necessary. Coat joints with seasoned flour, brown on all sides in hot fat. Add onion, cook further 4 or 5 minutes. Add salt, pepper, meat extract dissolved in hot water, bay leaf, and peppercorns. Bring to boil, stirring occasionally, cover, and simmer 1½ hours. Add thickly sliced carrot and celery, cook 1 hour longer. Prepare parsley dumplings. Drop heaped spoonfuls on to oxtail mixture, cover, and cook



OXTAIL with parsley dumplings is an appetising dinner dish ideal for winter fare. See main prize-winning recipe.

12 to 15 minutes. Serve immediately.

Parsley Dumplings: Sift 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, and pinch salt. Rub in 2oz. butter or substitute. Add ¼ cup chopped parsley. Mix to stiff dough with ½ pint milk and 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Day, 7 Bath St., Abbotsford N9, Vic.

KIDNEYS AND BACON IN POTATO NESTS

One and a half pounds potatoes, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 2 sheep's kidneys, 1 or 2 rashers streaky bacon, extra chopped parsley.

Cook and mash potatoes,

add onion, milk, parsley, salt, and pepper. Shape into nests on greased oven-trays, bake in hot oven until golden brown. Remove rind from bacon, chop roughly, heat in pan until fat is extracted. Add kidneys (soaked, skinned, and chopped), cook gently until kidneys are tender, remove. Make ½ cup gravy in same pan, add kidneys and bacon. Fill into potato nests, sprinkle with extra parsley, serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Kiesey, 117 Marnion St., Cottesloe, W.A.

DATE NUT LOAF

Two ounces butter or substitute, ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda, ¼ cup dates, 1 pkt. crushed nuts, 1 cup boiling water, 2 cups self-raising flour.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Add dates, then boiling water in which soda has been dissolved. Mix well, fold in sifted self-raising flour and nuts. Fill into 1 large or 2 small greased loaf-tins. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour for large loaf, 35 to 40 minutes for small loaves.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Seale, 397 Bronte Rd., Bronte, N.S.W.

Miss Precious Minutes Says

WHEN measuring syrup or treacle, coat spoon with flour to prevent sticking. When weighing, dust the scales pan with flour.

TOOTHBRUSH bristles will remain stiffer if not washed in hot water.

AFTER oiling the sewing machine, run a piece of blotting paper through as you would material. Saves fabric from being spotted by oil.

LUGGAGE labels may be made waterproof and ink prevented from smearing in rain if the label is rubbed over with a warm candle after the writing is dry.

TO prevent needles and pins rusting, stick them into a piece of material saturated with machine oil.

ALWAYS keep a wad of clean newspaper at bottom of your garbage can so that it is easy to empty and keeps the can clean.



TO CLEAN and sharpen the blades of a mincer run small pieces of a gritty cleanser or sandpaper through it.

TOO thick nail polish can be thinned down by the addition of methylated spirit.

TO rid kettle of fur, place on side of stove where it can get heated yet not burn. Tap sides of kettle and fur will fall down. Let kettle become quite cold before filling with water.

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:

- Plant Shrubs to Save Labor and Money.
- Home-made Gadgets for the Garden.
- How to Build and Furnish a Bush House.
- Planting, Pruning, Spraying Fruit Trees.

Name of leaflet (one only)

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

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IMPORTANCE OF MILK

MILK is an important "protective" food which from birth and right through the years of rapid growth should be the basis of a child's diet.

In the early months of life, no milk can replace the natural milk that nature intended every mother should give her baby, and it should always be remembered that breast-milk is a baby's natural birthright.

A rich source of calcium, milk is necessary for healthy bones and teeth and for the normal growth of children.

The protein in milk is easily digested, and it contains other valuable minerals and vitamins essential for good health.

A chapter on infant feeding in the parentcraft book "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A., describes milk used in infant feeding and gives directions for use.

The book is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Price 8/6, postage 9d. (registered mail 1/6).

Note: Names and addresses must be printed in block letters.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 471.—CARD TABLE COVER.
The cloth is clearly traced ready to embroider on British headcloth. Color choice includes white, blue, natural, pink, lemon, green, and grey. The cloth measures 36in. by 36in. Edge is finished with contrasting bias binding, but this is not supplied. Price, 8/11. Postage, 7d extra.

No. 472.—GIRL'S OVERALL.
A practical garment for the small girl is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes red, green, or blue spots all printed on a white ground. Sizes: 18in. length for 2 years, 15/8; 19in. length for 3 years, 16/3; 20in. length for 4 years, 17/3; 22in. length for 5-6 years, 17/11. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

No. 473.—SLIP-COVER FOR TELEPHONE BOOK.
The cover is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is British headcloth, and the color choice includes white, blue, natural, pink, lemon, green, and grey. Price, 4/11. Postage, 7d extra.

No. 474.—GIRL'S SLIP-AND-PANTIE SET.
The garments are obtainable cut out ready to make in British cotton. The color choice includes: pastel blue, lemon, pink, and green. The set is also obtainable in white. Sizes: Slip, 2 years, 18in. length, 7/11; panties, 3/3. 4 years, slip, 20in. length, 9/11; panties, 4/2. 6 years, slip, 22in. length, 10/9; panties, 4/11. 8 years, slip, 27in. length, 11/3; panties, 5/2. Postage slip 1/1d, panties 7d.

No. 475.—CHILD'S PLAYSUIT.
The playsuit designed for a girl or boy is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is British headcloth, the color choice includes white, blue, natural, pink, lemon, green, and grey. Sizes: 1 year, 12/11; 2 years, 13/3; 3 years, 13/11; 4 years, 14/6. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

F2630

Fashion PATTERNS

F2630.—Button-up coat-dress with ribbon trim at neckline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 2in. ribbon. Price, 3/6.

F2631.—One-piece designed on slim lines. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2632.—Tailored Slip-and-scarfie set with a lace trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 7yds. ½in. lace edging. Price, 3/6.

F2634.—Smart cardigan-type suit and matching stole. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material and 2½yds. 54in. silk for lining. Price, 4/6.

F2636.—Daytime skirt features unusual fullness. Sizes 24in. to 30in. waist. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material or 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

Pattern for Beginners

F2633.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make fur-fabric stole. Requires 1½yds. 54in. fur fabric, 1½yds. 54in. silk for lining, and ½yd. 2½in. canvas for interlining. Price, 2/6.



F2632

F2633

F2634

F2635

F2635.—Cossy wrap-over winter dressing-gown with a self-material sash. Sizes 34in. to 40in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 4/6. The pocket transfer is not included.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from: Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ullin, Sydney (postal address Box 4660, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 668, G.P.O., Auckland.

The Truth about SHRINKPROOF Socks

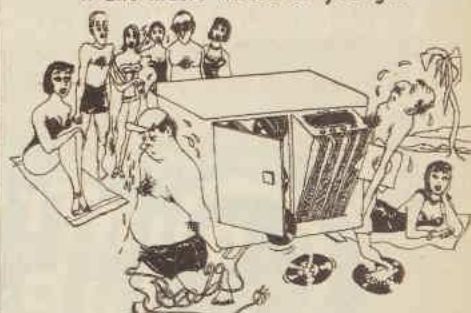


Despite what you may have read to the contrary there is nothing new about really unshrinkable wool socks. For the past 14 years the makers of Bell's socks have produced millions of pairs of "Belsulised" absolutely shrinkproof socks.

They are obtainable at all mens-wear stores throughout Australia in fancy, plain and ribbed styles and every pair is guaranteed.

Bell's
—the greatest name
in shrinkproof wool socks

Want music wherever you go?



Make sure your second radio's a portable—

and take your entertainment everywhere—indoors, outdoors—all year round. Life's more fun with a portable powered with



EVEREADY
PORTABLE
RADIO BATTERIES

The one brand recommended by every leading manufacturer of portable radios, because this mighty midget packs far more power and lasts longer, too.

"Eveready" is the registered trade mark of Eveready (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Rosebery, N.S.W.



AUSTRALIA'S FIRST jersey SHIRT

A BLEND OF SUPERFINE MERINO AND NYLON



A lightweight "elastic" knit for ease in action.
Scarcely needs ironing. Doesn't stretch.
Washes easily without shrinkage.
Moth resistant.

ONLY COUNTRY CLUB SHIRTS HAVE THE *NEATLINE* COLLAR

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with
PRINCESS NARDA: See a strange metallic dome in a field in the country. Mandrake stops to investigate, and enters the dome, followed by Lothar. Suddenly the door snaps shut and the dome hurtles into space with its two prisoners. It lands against the side of a huge mother-craft, which then moves off to an unknown destination. Narda runs for help. NOW READ ON:

NOW--WHAT WAS ALL THIS AGAIN?

SHE SAYS HER FRIENDS STEPPED INTO A BIG METAL EGG THING--AND IT SHOT UP--

IT DID--LIKE A BULLET--UP THERE! YOU CAN'T SEE IT--NOW--

NOW, NOW, MISS, YOU'D BETTER SEE A DOCTOR--

NO--IT'S TRUE! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME! TAKE ME TO THE OBSERVATORY--THE BIG TELESCOPE--

Tek-Tek--POOR WOMAN--

I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND. I THINK--REMEMBER, HOW WE FOUND THIS LITTLE EGG-SHAPED CRAFT IN THE MEADOW--IT SNAPPED SHUT AS WE STEPPED INTO IT--AND TOOK OFF--

HOW CAN WE FORGET?

THESE EGG-SHAPED CRAFT ARE ACTUALLY TRAPS, PUT IN VARIOUS PLACES ON EARTH! ANYTHING THAT WALKS INTO ONE, WILL SNAP IT SHUT, AND SET IT OFF INTO THE AIR!

INSTEAD OF ANIMALS--WE GOT CAUGHT! BUT WHO--WHAT--FISHED FOR--US?

WHOEVER--OR WHATEVER--IS INSIDE THE BIG SHIP! I MAY BE ALL WRONG--BUT--LISTEN--THAT ROAR--

WE'RE MOVING, LOTHAR! AWAY FROM THE EARTH--OUT TO SPACE!

OH, MINGOSH! WHERE TO?

A MIGHTY BLAST--THE VAST, MYSTERIOUS SHIP ZOOMS INTO SPACE, DESTINATION UNKNOWN!

INSIDE, LOTHAR, IS--NOT FRIGHTENED--BUT DEPRESSED! MANDRAKE STARES OUT, PUZZLED, WONDERING, AMAZED--

--AMAZED AT THE BRILLIANT BURNING STARS IN THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE--AMAZED AT THE SIGHT OF THE EARTH BECOMING A HUGE BLuish-GREEN BALL--

TO BE CONTINUED

HOW TO EAT WHAT YOU LIKE



Frightened to eat your favourite dish? Get a handy pack of QUICK-EZE and go for your life! In seconds QUICK-EZE relieve heartburn, fullness after eating, because QUICK-EZE neutralise excess acidity, restore the digestive balance and soothe the delicate stomach and intestinal linings. Always keep QUICK-EZE handy in pocket or purse.



take
QUICK-EZE
for
INDIGESTION

AND FEEL IT AS A PLEASURE
F2W 81



15 hairsets for 3/11

QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.
Get a tube of concentrated **Curlpet**—squeeze **Curlpet** into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.
Get concentrated **Curlpet** for 3/11 from your chemist or store.
QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
CN 4

AN ADORABLE COMPLEXION

Your skin will take on new loveliness while you sleep if you make **MERCOLIZED WAX** your overnight massage cream and daytime powder base.

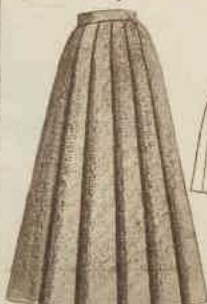
MERCOLIZED WAX
Large jar of cream only 4/6
THE IMPROVEMENT ON FACE CREAM

TEENA *by Linda Terry*



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



Naomi

● NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 61. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

"NAOMI."—An attractively designed skirt cut on the bias with all-round box pleats graduating to 2in. knife pleats. The skirt is obtainable in grey wool flannel or beige gabardine.

Ready To Wear: Grey flannel, sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, £7/11; beige gabardine, sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 85/-.

Cut Out Only: Grey flannel, sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 63/9; beige gabardine, sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 68/11.

"RACHEL."—A smart winter dress obtainable in check wool material in grey and blue or grey and green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £7/5/-; 36in. and 38in. bust, £7/8/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 6/0/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, £6/4/9.



Rachel

PAIN goes quicker with **DISPRIN**

... because **DISPRIN** is soluble



You get faster relief from pain with Disprin because it quickly dissolves and enters your stomach in solution, thus ensuring rapid absorption into the bloodstream. Because ordinary aspirin and a.p.c. merely break up and enter your stomach as undissolved particles, they cannot act on pain as fast as Disprin. You can end pain faster with Disprin.

Disprin is obtainable from all chemists, in packages of 100, 20, and the handy 3-tablet handbag or pocket pack.

TRY THIS EXPERIMENT

Drop a Disprin tablet and ordinary aspirin or ordinary a.p.c. into separate glasses of water. See how Disprin really dissolves; see by contrast how the others merely break up. They behave differently in water: they behave differently in your stomach.



DISPRIN Regd.
THE NEW Soluble ASPIRIN D7



Easier Teething

Ashton & Parsons Infants Powders are invaluable during teething, when inflamed and aching gums make your baby fretful and feverish. They ease distress, reduce high temperature, and soothe into restful sleep.

Insist on being supplied with
**Ashton & Parsons
Infants' Powders**
They contain no Calomel or other Mercury Compounds.

Too tired to enjoy life!



Is your energy at a low level... nerves on edge? Then take Wincarnis, the wine of life. See what this wonderful tonic, full-bodied wine blended with vital nerve and body-building ingredients will do for you. You'll be delighted with your new-found health and strength. Start taking Wincarnis today.

WINCARNIS

"The Wine of Life"
Ask for WINCARNIS from chemists



"Here's Your Health"

*Enjoy
what is good
for you*



Improve your digestion by eating Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits, the "slow chewing" biscuits with the wheaty, crunchy texture.

In these biscuits also the protein and mineral salt content of the wheat grain used in their manufacture is retained.

Arnott's

famous

**Shredded
Wheatmeal
Biscuits**

*There is no Substitute for Quality
so always ask for Arnott's.*